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July 1st-4th!

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High Times

July '78

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DOPE, SEX AND MAGICK:

Aleister Crowley, Beast 666

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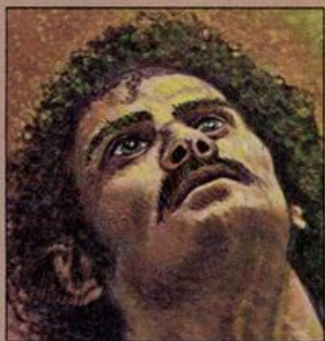
Interview: Laraine Newman

Harry Wasserman and
Carol Ryder **40**



The Inside Story: POTHibition

Michael Chance **46**



Hashish & Terrorism

Dean Latimer **50**



Nomad **55**



The Dope and Sex MAGICK of Aleister Crowley

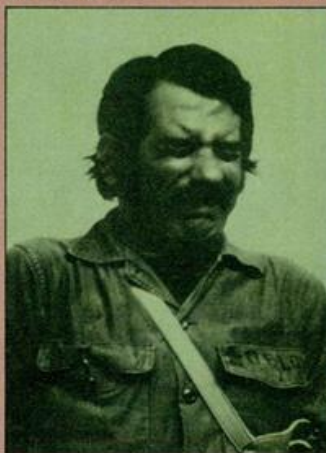
David Dalton **71**

Comix **79**



High Style: Bad Boys **86**

HIGHWITNESS NEWS **27**



Colombia Says "Kill Dealers"	29
Guajira Builds Bigger Banks	29
Dope Test Service	31
Smoke-In Update	32

NATIONAL WEED **91**



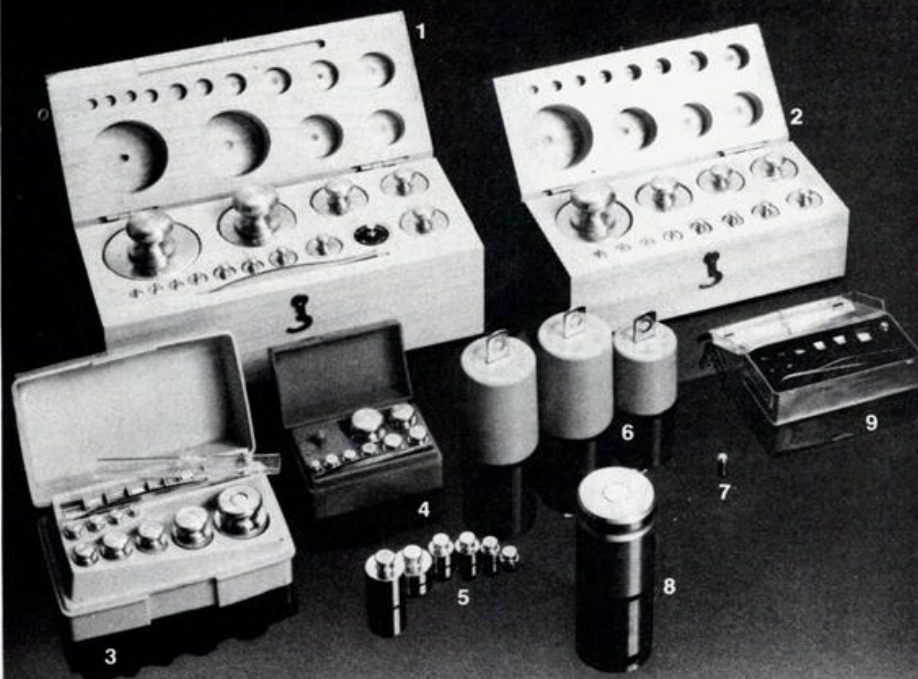
Six-Ton Bust in Pictures	92
Travels to Cuba	93
High Crimes	94
Hit Parade	94
Cocaine Confidential	95
Blimps Patrol Florida Keys	96

Cover by Steve Cooper and Black Star

DEPARTMENTS

Opinion	6
Letters	8
Adviser	10
Stash	12
Sex	14
Media	16
Sports	20
Natural Living	22
High Society	36
Dope	38
Culture Hero: Judge Bruce Wright	83
Trans-High Market Quotations	98
Technology	107
Law	109
Records	111
Books	115
Flash	121
Sideshow	122

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Fight for Your Pot Rights—Now or Never

On Tuesday, July 4, 1978, the patriotic pot smokers of America will celebrate the 202nd anniversary of the Revolution with our annual smoke-in on the lawn of the White House in Washington, D.C. It will be a festive event; a good time will be had by all. Yet we may well take pause amongst the frivolity to ask ourselves a solemn question: Who dealt this mess? What is the real state of pot politics today? Is the fight for pot rights gaining ground—or sliding back, inch by hard-won inch? We have won enough battles, but we can still lose the war. Consider these recent developments:

- The state of Georgia has passed legislation severely, possibly fatally, destructive to the headshop and paraphernalia businesses. Similar legislation is also pending in New York State, where one legislator has demanded a ban on sales of *High Times*.
- At recent smoke-ins in Atlanta, Grand Junction, Iowa City, Amherst and Ann Arbor, police have abandoned their longtime unofficial "hands-off" policies and waded into peaceful throngs of tax-paying dope smokers, laying about them with fist and club and carting off decent marijuana fanciers in scenes of shocking brutality recalling the recent NBC broadcast "Holocaust."
- The massive paraquat panic has swept the dope industry and damaged the cornerstone of free enterprise: the dealing and paraphernalia industries. While the actual harmful effects of paraquat are still in doubt, the government has finally succeeded in reviving the *physical fear* of marijuana of the *Reefer Madness* era. Ironically, the government that spent millions of dollars in ludicrous research programs to discover something wrong with pot—and failed—finally turned to an equally wasteful program to build chemical defects into a plant that was otherwise innocuous and probably beneficial.
- Meanwhile, the government continues to subvert millions of your tax dollars into refining the already formidable Arsenal of Narcocracy: the armored planes, ships and computers of the dope police empire, making pot smoking ever more difficult, dangerous and costly. Such funds would be better spent on housing, cancer research or neutron bombs! Every dollar wasted fighting pot is worth ten in the battle against multiple sclerosis!
- The decrim moderation of the mid '70s has tapered off with only one new state, Nebraska, added to the roster (11 states so far) this year. What has become of President Carter's campaign promises to pot smokers?
- Under the guise of protecting the public from itself, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) continues to absorb vast budgets. In fact, the DEA is a front for domestic operations of the CIA and is largely staffed by past CIA agents and some active CIA people on loan. The entire vast narc network is increasingly being used to entrap dissidents on pot charges and to plant informers in radical circles, justifying their presence to legislators and judges as criminal rather than political police.
- While a few states enact a mockery of decriminalization, their prisons still harbor thousands of prisoners of pot—living testimonials to American fascism in its most primitive, sadistic form. The loss to society of intelligent young individuals who might otherwise be making their contribution in cancer research, the Peace Corps or legitimate business enterprises is both tragic and incalculable.
- Despite international outcry, dope journalism, including *High Times*, is still banned in Canada, a stark and egregious reminder of frostback totalitarianism exercised by the hideous gangster junta of the puppet Trudeau, whose strings, for all we know, are pulled by his North Pole neighbors in the Kremlin—renowned anti-sinsemillites all.

Truly the people's struggle for pot rights has reached its crisis. Will we forge ahead, or will we succumb to the icy waves of the New Anslingerism? Will we allow our brothers and sisters, the pot plants, to be poisoned without resistance? Will we permit our comrades in pot prisons to be dragged off to the gas chambers, hung from the neck until dead and beheaded in public places without lifting our noses from the mirror to save them? Will we suffer Jimmy Carter to play fast and loose with the hopes and dreams of a generation? We will—if we fail to turn out in strength for this year's watershed smoke-in on the lawn of the White House.

We at *High Times* join the Yippies—the vanguard stormhippies of pot rights—in calling for a full turnout at this year's smoke-in. The Yippies have scheduled a week of pot-rights-related actions in Washington to build the smoke-in to antiwar demo proportions. Among the events are an abolish-the-DEA rally on July 1, an anti-S.1437 meeting, a mass turn-in of millions of pot smokers in downtown D.C. and a conference on future directions of the pot-rights struggle that no citizen can afford to miss. (Full details on Yippie events are on the back page of this issue of *High Times*.) If the Youth International Party's well-thought-out program of peaceful protest meets with the public enthusiasm it deserves—this means YOU, Mr. and Ms. Pot-Smoking America—the government will be paralyzed until we win our pot rights once and for all.

We must all smoke now, or surely we will all be burned later. See you at the White House on July 1-4th. ☐

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Mob in Business?

I thought "The Dope Industry" [*High Times*, April '78] was an excellent overview of the trade, but the article didn't mention one possibly major participant in it. What influence does organized crime have in this \$4-billion-a-year enterprise?

—Geraldine M., Ivins Falls, Mich.

The DEA likes to tell everyone that organized crime is responsible for all the pot brought into the U.S. Unfortunately, the term "organized crime" (when used by federal police agencies) is analogous to the Mafia, which is not involved in the dope trade.

In the U.S. it is against the law to import, smoke or sell marijuana, therefore making criminals of all those who deal in the business. And it's true that those hard-working importers certainly are organized. However, the longstanding crime families involved in numbers, extortion, murder, heroin, etc., are in no way connected with the importation of marijuana into the U.S., deigning not to lock horns with the many-faceted network of fiercely independent entrepreneurs described in the article.—Ed.

Best Busting Vehicles

Your special dealing and smuggling issue [*High Times*, April '78] was informative. As a postscript to "Best Smuggling Vehicles," here's what the heat are using to keep up with the Lamborghinis, et al.

U.S. Customs recently acquired a Cessna Citation 2 business jet as part of a program to modernize its antismuggling aircraft fleet. Included in the more than \$5-million special equipment package will be a Westinghouse pulse Doppler-type radar, a Texas Instruments forward-looking infrared (FLIR) module, a Litton LTN-72R inertial navigation system, Collins dual visual omnirange, a flight director and automatic direction finder.

On the U.S.-Mexican border, the Border Patrol uses International trucks, Customs uses Dodges and both fly Bell helicopters and OV-1 Mohawks. Dope pilots should not fly over Bimini Island in the Bahamas, for there is a red and white DEA Aerocommander stationed there. I encourage your readers to report where the Coast Guard patrol boats and the CGC Dauntless



Know the Enemy!

This is the mast of the notorious pot-busting scourge of the seas, the Coast Guard cutter Dauntless based at Star Island off

Miami. Each leaf represents a bust, the big one being the 54 tons nabbed on the *Night Train* last year. —Ron G., Davie, Fla.

tless are by giving current broadcasts of sitings on channel 19 on the CB or the ship-to-ship channels.

—Name withheld, Hanover, Va.

Forklifts and Dogfights

Your April centerfold gave me a real "lift." And that German shepherd gave me an idea—why doesn't someone train dogs to combat narc hounds?

—Lights Schwartz, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Acid Hit Parade

The first record referring to LSD was hardly the Fugs' "I Couldn't Get High" as stated in "Dope Lyrics" [*High Times*, March '78]. That song was recorded in the mid '60s. But several years prior to that, in the spring of 1960, there was an instrumental hit called "Moon Dawg" by the Gamblers, one of the rockiest records of the era. I bought the record at the time and noticed that the flip side was another instrumental with a title—"LSD-25"—that was meaningless to me. Years later I was flipping through my record collection and was astonished to see and finally recognize it. —Bruce Long, Paramount, Ca.

Many Pardons

In your January '78 guide to India, you printed a photograph of Gangotri Baba, a great Yogi whom I have known for over six years. You gave picture credit to

"Lorin Stanley," when in fact I took the photo.

For the record, Gangotri Baba is 56 years old and certainly is a herbalist, chillum puffer and musician. He holds three medical degrees (allopathic medicine, homeopathy and Ayurveda), speaks good English and is one of the very few Yogi-Sadhus who is able to express high experiences in terms understandable to



Westerners. I enclose a more recent photograph, also taken by myself. As you see, he looks even younger, having completed a period of fasting and special herbal preparations.

—Nik Douglas, London, England

Ace Inspiration

Thanks for the interview with ace smuggler Marty Houlton [*High Times*, April '78]. If grass is ever legalized, I can only hope that those who bring it to us will approach the enterprise with the same sense of dedicated professionalism as Houlton obviously has.

—Jerry L., Spokane, Wash. □

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Psychoactive Germs

Q: Back in your article on the federal pot farm in Mississippi [*High Times*, "The Garden," November '76], one government scientist said, "Certain micro-organisms improved the psychotomimetic activity [of marijuana] up to five times." How can I grow these little beasties on my weed?

—K.M., Manhasset, N.Y.

A: There seems to be some misunderstanding about this research, done at Ole Miss by Dr. Larry Robertson of the Ohio University School of Pharmacy.

It's not actually delta-9 THC that makes us stoned, but the compounds our bodies change it into. Human liver cells metabolize delta-9 into 11-hydroxy THC, while lung cells turn it into a side-chain hydroxy THC that is three to five times as potent as the liver's compound.

Robertson's unpublished work shows that hundreds of kinds of micro-organisms—including soil bacteria, fungi of the *Aspergillus* genus and molds called *Cercospora* and *Cannabina*—may metabolize delta-9 THC, perhaps into one of the potent side-chain derivatives. Although he suspects some of the "moldy dope" methods work occasionally, neither Robertson nor pot-farm director Dr. Carlton Turner was able to produce this effect consistently or in quantity. It remains a fertile field for amateur scientists as well as professionals.

Scentless Garlic

Q: I have the usual problem faced by all garlic fanciers—my lover can't stand it. Whenever I indulge in an authentic Neapolitan meal, I have to forget about love and affection for the rest of the day. What can I do? —Albano Morinelli, Bronx, N.Y.

A: Find a Neapolitan lover. But if you're not willing to switch, you'll have to wait until a newly developed strain of garlic with no nasal fallout is marketed worldwide. It tastes and smells like any other bulb, yet leaves no telltale after-dinner emanations from the breath or pores.

The result of 19 years of selective breeding by Japanese allophile Toshio Nakagawa, the mutant form is now being sold in Japan by the Mitsubishi Corporation. But because garlic is easily propa-

gated and Mitsubishi wants exclusive rights to its trade property, the new breed of clove will not be available overseas until the company figures out how to keep it in the family. Till then, you'll just have to hold your breath.

Deep Throat Lessons

Q: My man is a very sophisticated lover. I've learned a lot from him and want to do anything I can to please him in bed. In particular, I want to learn how to do deep throat and surprise him with it some night. How can I learn?

—Andrea M., Conshohocken, Pa.

A: Deep throat is impossible without control of the gag reflex, which normally keeps unswallowable objects out of the esophagus. First step is to practice relaxing your throat muscles when you insert a finger. When you can accommodate one digit without gagging, progress to two. Then move up to a dildo or cucumber, and you're ready for the big surprise.



Linda Lovelace: first lady of deep throat visits the White House.

Matches and Solvents

Q: I'm concerned about the possible danger of inhaling the compounds in match heads or butane lighters while firing up a joint. Also, can it be unhealthy to smoke homemade hash extracted with solvents like acetone or alcohol?

—Yarko, New York, N.Y.

A: That burst of sulfurous match gas or butane smoke is familiar to all dope veterans. But there's an easy solution—don't inhale the first toke. It's mostly paper anyway. If you are using a pipe, you may sacrifice some of the resin dust on top, but you can't have it both ways unless you light up with tongs and a brazier of charcoal, a la Morocco.

As to the solvents, avoid buying kitchen hash that's not thoroughly dried. If you do, though, just dry it yourself. Use a vacuum drier if you're a chemist. Other-

wise, patience and a warm (250-degree) oven will do. Check it often to make sure it doesn't scorch.

Great Speckled Bud

Q: I was going through my seed stash and found this freak. No, I didn't paint the dots on it; I don't have a brush that small. What's up? —Mark, Spring Valley, Ca.

A: What you have here is just your garden variety mutation. Marijuana shows



more normal variation and genetic accidents than most plants, so even this ladybug seed, though unusual, is nothing to be too surprised by. Why not plant it and let us know how it turns out?

Paregoric Smoke

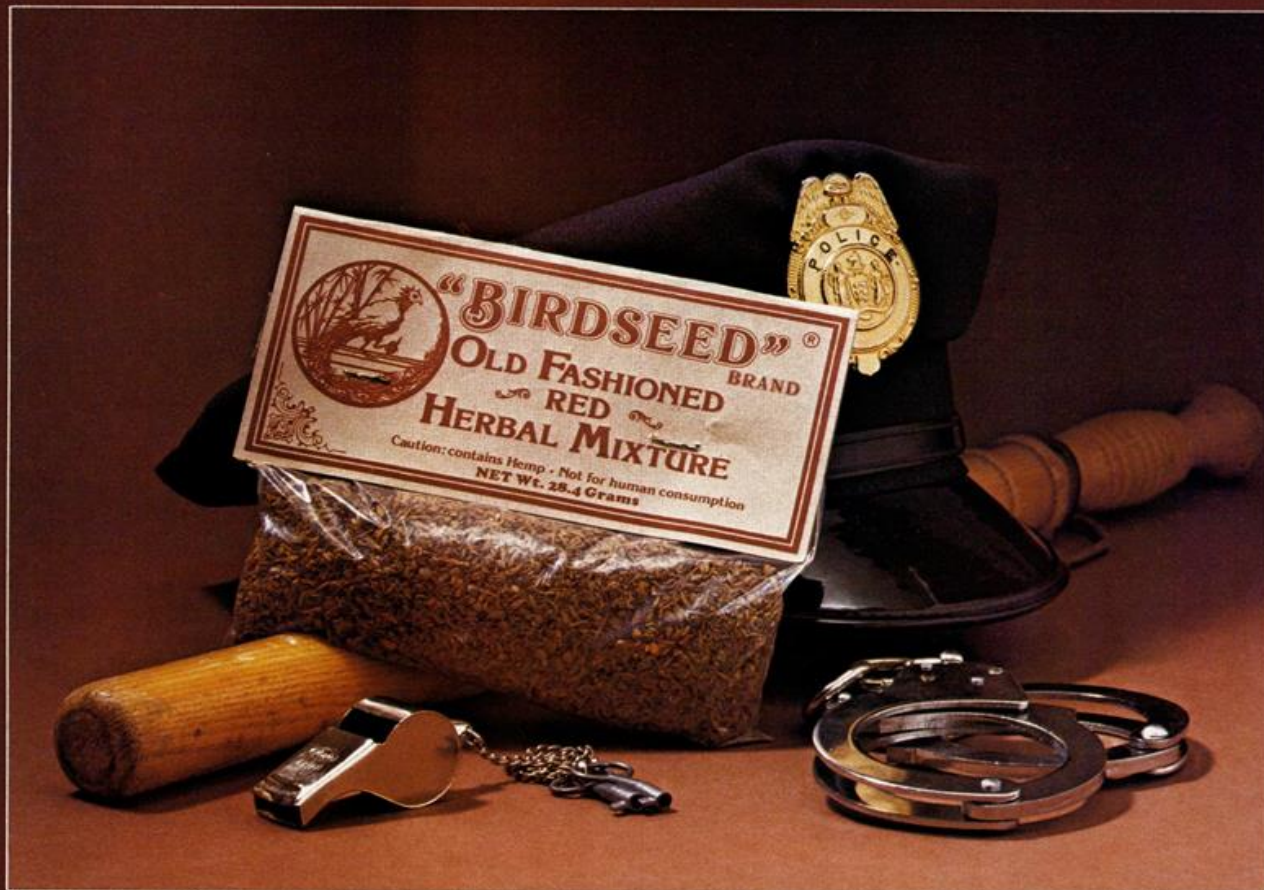
Q: I've been enjoying the relaxed high from smoking pot or hash soaked in paregoric. But is there a simple way to extract the opium in a solid, smokable form? —Doug J., Norwalk, Conn.

A: The recipe is just a variation on the old junkie style of cooking 'goric for a shot. Start with about two ounces of paregoric (tincture of camphorated opium) in a little saucepan over low heat. As it begins to simmer, burn off most of the alcohol by lighting a match to it. When the flame dies, add one cubic centimeter of water. When this has all gone up in steam it will have taken the rest of the alcohol with it. Turn off the heat and let the liquid cool for five minutes, then filter out the camphor, which should be forming a film over the surface, by drawing the liquid up in an eyedropper or syringe through a wad of cotton or a clean cigarette filter placed over the tip.

Now, instead of shooting the remaining 3 cc, place it in a small saucer (or a chemist's watch glass if you have one). Set it in a warm, not hot, place—like over a radiator—until the syrupy remainder reaches a smokable consistency. This should take anywhere from a couple of hours to one day.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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The High Times Dope Photography Contest started an epidemic—so many readers were bitten by the shutterbug (over 2,000 entries as we go to press) that we need more time to give each entry the careful evaluation it deserves. Therefore, the winners will be announced in our September '78 issue, rather than in August as originally planned. Meanwhile here are a few more contenders lusting after a two-week Caribbean cruise and other goodies.

Sweet Survivors

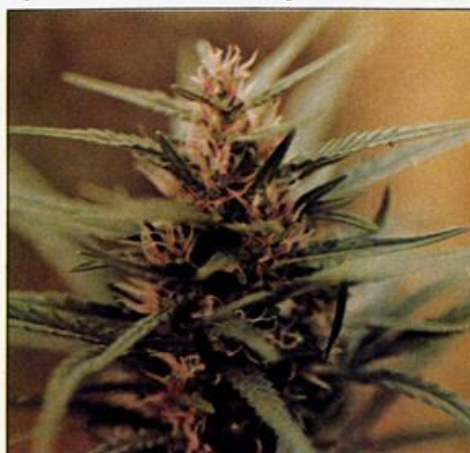
The fuzz have been busting heads (figuratively and literally) all over the mountains



around here, but we've been lucky, so far. Maybe we'll build a cabin out of these "logs"—and clean up on the fire insurance! —P. A., Roanoke, Va.

Planted with Pride

There's been a lot of talk about California homegrown, but don't forget us farmers up north! This is some primo sinsemilla



from the Yakima Valley, a corner of the earth that till now was known mostly as a watering hole for Lewis and Clark. Maybe they stopped for a few tokes as well before pushing on.

—S. S., Yakima, Wash.

Grandma Knows Best

Or so they always tell you. But our granny knows better: "Boys," she said after examining our latest gold-Mex cross, "smells good. Two, three hits and you



gonna be in Minnesota." Which is her way of giving approval—we live in Kansas! —Name and address withheld

Between the Buttons

Too bad Clarence Birdseye isn't around to see this: 20 pounds of fresh frozen peyote



buttons. They arrived too late for Christmas, but it certainly was an enlightening New Year's.

—Name withheld, Grove City, Pa.

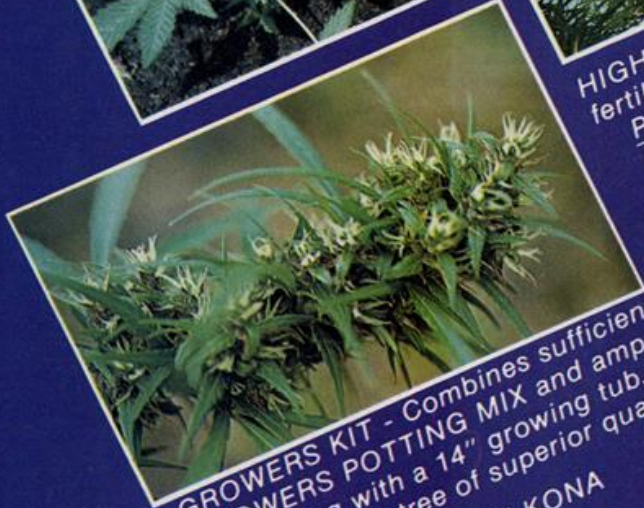
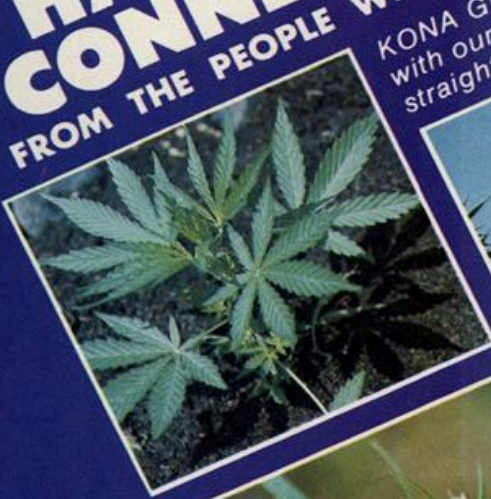
Alaskan Pipeline

Last winter, while most of the country was digging out of the snow, we here in Anchorage were shoveling it in. Mother Nature (and some hard-earned bucks)



dumped 14 ounces on our doorstep, enough to send us out of our muck-lucks. —Name and address withheld

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Martinique Sexcursion

I recently spent a week at the Club Méditerranée in Martinique because I needed a vacation in the sun—and I'd heard it was a wild place to go by yourself. At \$715 (including charter air fare) the price was right, if the action wasn't merely rumor.

At 14 degrees north of the equator and 425 miles from Caracas, Venezuela, Club Med has successfully refined and transferred the singles scene (ages 19 through 55) to tropical Martinique. Sex plus sports is what they offer. The sports (tennis, sailing, scuba, snorkeling, water-skiing, etc.) are fantastic, well run and easily accessible. But is there any sex? Well, the situation is unequal from the start. There are many more men than women. The men see this immediately and waste no time putting up a lot of sexual pressure, fast talk and hard sell. The luckier ladies have time to look around before making a choice.

The first thing I noticed was that the accommodations didn't suit overnight lovemaking, but rather sport fucking. Each person shares a small room containing two single beds. Thus, the sex is hit and run at odd hours and places. It may sound romantic, but it is really rather rugged. Sand everywhere.... However, there is an incredibly relaxed sense of the physical body. The club lifestyle is inherently sensual, from rubbing suntan oil on others to waterskiing topless. There are no locks on any doors. One is either nude or seminude all day long.

As always, the people with the drugs find each other. The most likely spot to start is the nude beach. If you like to see what you're getting before you get down, then this is the place. There's no paranoia about showing your wares, but people



Bob Miller

reserve their quality stashes (coke, Quaaludes) for themselves or to use in the hope of scoring some sex. No native dope ever appears at the club, so bringing a personal stash is smart thinking. Customs on the island are not too tough, if you're inclined to take the risk. And it is rumored that Martinique has an abundance of magic mushrooms that grow in the hills. Regulars say goats and oxen are usually tip-offs to the locations.

Any undue sexual pressure lessens a bit as the week progresses because: guys give up, or they try someone else (and else and else and else), or their penis is sunburned or they realize that they can enjoy their vacation without scoring. So all things considered, Club Med is a fabulous and friendly place to go alone. The weather is great. The sea is wonderful. There's always someone with whom you can talk, rap, chat, relate joke, dance, play tennis, dine, smoke, drink, swim and not fuck if you don't want to. All kinds are there. If you're into it, it's around and it's easy, so to speak. Even though sex is not necessary for a good vacation at Club Med, it certainly helps.

—Deborah Friedman, New York, New York

Candy Ass

Of all the aphrodisiacs in the world, would you believe Nestle's Crunch? Don't laugh—every time I see a Nestle's Crunch bar on a candy rack I get a little sex-buzz on, and I have to be very careful about eating one. If there's a woman in the same room when I rip back the blue and white wrapper to expose that gleaming crinkly tinfoil... but I ought to explain it.

It dates back to nearly five years ago, when my erstwhile old lady scored, through certain professional channels, some 600 doses of pure Czechoslovakian pharmaceutical LSD-25. We both quit our jobs and stayed stoned for a month straight, day and night, gobbling down another 250 mikes every time we reached

a peak and snorting coke to maintain the energy level. Anyway, it was midway through this eternity that one night we were simultaneously seized with the overwhelming desire to eat something.

We made our way to the refrigerator, a safari in itself, grasped the latch and opened the door. The light went on inside it, bathing the immaculate white interior with a radiance that positively anointed the pretty Nestle's Crunch bar lying there portentously. "Oh wow," we breathed reverently together, plucking up the Crunch bar between us. Tanya held the thing in her fingertips while I breathlessly ripped away the smooth paper epidermis, strip by strip, and let the rippings cascade brilliantly to the floor far below.

The tinfoil beneath was glorious, radioactive: it tasted like quicksilver under my fingernails, and once peeled back, there was brown chocolate and dappled golden rice-nuggets and her fingers holding it, and we shivered off a fragment and put it in our mouths, where it effloresced into all the fragrant colors of the spectrum. Luckily we were both naked. "What a candy bar!" she marveled, or it may have been me, as I sank effortlessly into her, through her, back through time to that eternal mandala of Lust.

So you can have your old yohimbine and L-dopa. Me, I'll take Nestle's Crunch.

—A.F., Columbus, Ohio

Snowbound Sex

You'll never catch me complaining about driving in winter again. There we were on Highway 61, halfway to Hibbing, when the snowstorm blew us clear up onto the center strip.

Little redheaded Leslie was nearly hysterical, and Pam and I were pretty shook up, too. Snowbound motorists had frozen to death by the score in the great blizzard of January, and here we were, nearly upside down on the median. During a brief lull in the outside bombast, we spied a blinking neon sign just down the road:

Seraglio Triple-X Motel, Adults Only.

They only had one vacant suite, thank god. Here for six months I'd been in the same car pool with these other two teachers at my school, and now we were trapped together in a pornographic motel! "Let's watch TV," said Leslie. I was more into inspecting the full-color hard-core posters on the walls, but I flicked on the TV anyway. It flashed onto a videotape of a big black guy getting energetically blown by two apple-cheeked Dutch girls in garter belts.

To paraphrase: when arousal is inevitable, relax and anticipate it. So obvious was my anticipation, in fact, that presently Pam was fishing it hastily out of my fly, while Leslie was dropping quarters in the handy bedside prophylactic machine. God bless the weather; we were stuck in there till four the next afternoon.

—R.S., Bentlake, Minn.

Gigolo High

I've always wondered if I could make a living with my cock, so I accepted a bet that I could make some woman pay me to fuck her. That Saturday night I got all dressed up in my French three-piece suit, smoked a Thai stick and headed down to midtown, checking out the hotel bars for good-looking women in for conventions or business.

Finally, I singled out a pair of ladies in their late thirties, stylish in an out-of-town suburban way. They were alone, which was surprising because they looked good. Anyway, I had drinks sent to their table. I was really high on the Thai, but I must have looked okay because they waved me over. We hit it off right away, and after another two rounds I suggested to the older one with the blond hair that we go upstairs to her room and get high.

I played suave and friendly, chatting about disco and Henry Miller. Joanna looked like one of those sexy older actresses such as Lee Remick. I settled onto the bed and started to roll a nice doobie from a new stick while she called up for a magnum of champagne. Sure enough she started to make friends with my other stick, which was rock-hard by now, by pretending to lean over to watch my rolling.

As I lit the joint and passed it to her, I gave her the line somebody told me hookers use: "My time is valuable." By then her body was about an inch from mine across the bed, and she lifted her lips and tits in my face and smiled and whispered, "So is mine." She was an expert. We fucked, licked and sucked like hungry animals. She knew how to get me off like none of the young ladies I've ever balled. The suite and champagne we drank must have cost her a bundle. I lost the bet, but now I come up a winner every time Joanna drops into town to "take care of business."

—J.J., Houston, Texas



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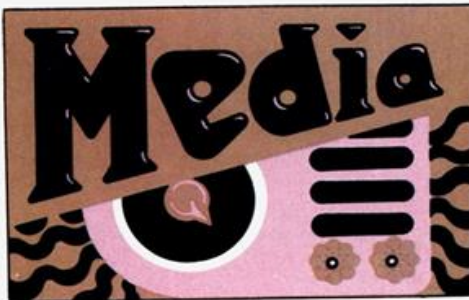
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Conspiracies and the Tom Robbins Gazette

by Gilbert Choate

Franklin D. Roosevelt once said, "In politics, nothing ever happens by accident. If it happens, you can bet it was planned that way." This is the spirit in which **Conspiracies Unlimited**, the most amusing newsletter I have seen in some time, approaches conspiratology, perhaps the most significant mass psychosis of our time.

"Frankly we are looking for plots, the more brilliant and ruthless the better," writes editor Robert Hertz, adding philosophically, "If conspiracies aren't true, then perhaps they ought to be—they make



Robert Hertz

for a world with maximum drama and responsibility. Our thesis is that *someone* profits from everything, and if there is no limit to power, then there is no limit to conspiracy."

In line with this thesis, each issue of **Conspiracies Unlimited** devotes a page to each conspiracy theory, neatly categorized four ways: a brief outline of the plot, an account of how its analysts say it works, a short list of sources and comments by Mr. Hertz. In the first issue, Hertz outlines nine conspiracies: "Nixon and the Mob," "Atomic Fraud," "Men from Tibet," "Ellsberg a Pawn?" "Cain and Abel," etc. Here is one of my favorites:

Atomic Fraud

Conspiracy #2: The Nuclear Hoax. The Russians and the Chinese have almost no atomic bombs, and the whole arms race is a fraud carried out by scared politicians on both sides.

How it works: The only bombs that the communists have were made by

renegade Americans with stolen U-235 and plutonium. They have no stockpile to speak of, and their maintenance procedures are extremely unreliable. Both Russia and China are still too backward industrially to produce the quality and volume of weapons that we have been crediting them with since the 1950s. Our own leaders do not want the communist hoax exposed, because then they would have to act like a real imperial power instead of a cautious, deterred democracy.

Hertz goes on to allow as how this theory is the product of John Birch-ite thought processes and probably disallowable ipso facto; still, a fascinating thing to speculate upon.

His succinct recapitulations and bald, spare statements of the crucial dogmas at

**"A religious sect
called Cainism is
responsible for
assassinations
throughout history."**

the heart of every conspiracy theory are what make **Conspiracies Unlimited** compelling reading: "Secret societies from Tibet were helping the Nazis to establish a demonic world religion." "The CIA released the Pentagon Papers itself, using Daniel Ellsberg as a cover for what amounted to a whitewash of its own activities." "A religious sect called Cainism actually glorifies murder and is responsible for assassinations throughout history." And so on.

By his brevity, Hertz avoids the claustrophobic monomania of the demented conspiratologist and exudes, instead, the inspired connoisseurship of the gourmet of commonsensical paranoia.

In future issues, Hertz will report on conspiracy theories of science, energy, space travel, swindling, propaganda, assassinations, rock music, cancer, Christ, government, business, dope, Dylan, Nazi occultism, strange religions, major religions and whatever else his readers send him. He will exclude only two types of conspiracy theory: religious prejudice (e.g., anti-Semitism) and racial theories (e.g., black intelligence), on the grounds that "too many innocent people have suffered and are still suffering from false allegations in this field." A Solomon come to judgment! **Conspiracies Unlimited** is a quarterly, \$2 a year (four issues) from Box 3085, St. Paul, Minnesota 55165.

Tom Robbins really understands women. This, I understand, is to be the title and presumably the gist of a projected article in what looks to be a promising new publication, the **Tom Robbins Newsletter**. Robbins, the object

of all this prognostication, is the best-selling underground author, culture hero and sex symbol whose novels *Another Roadside Attraction* (1970) and *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* (1976) have obsessed a generation, dazzled critics like Graham Greene and invited comparisons to James Joyce and Henry Fielding, and left J.R.R. Tolkien, Richard Brautigan and Kurt Vonnegut gathering dust on the bookshelves beside the collected works of Clara Weatherwax and Angela Thirkell.

The magic mushroom, the libido of the liberated woman and the mystical, wry sense of humor and bawdy metaphor peculiar to San Francisco and the Pacific Northwest are Robbins's main themes and are far more accessible in his work than in that of, say, Thomas Pynchon, to whom he is often compared. The Robbins phenomenon has assumed such tidal-wave proportions that even the staid, conservative New York Times ran a lengthy article in its Sunday magazine recently, just to put him down.

But Robbins is clearly here to stay—indeed, he published two fine pieces in *High Times* not so long ago, an article on the magic mushrooms he understands so well and a short story about the female parties he understands even better than they do themselves, which later turned up as a chapter of *Cowgirls*.

The Robbins newsletter, due this spring, will combine critical study of the masterpieces with as much gossip about the master's love life, fave foods, table talk



Wide World

Tom Robbins

and forthcoming works as the editors can gather. "This is a labor of love, something to bring Robbins fans together for our own shared sense of community in his work," Alice Shenker, an editor of the letter, tells me. "We hope Robbins will cooperate, but we've got a call in to Woodward-Bernstein just in case. We don't want to invade his privacy, but we want to find out more about the real Tom Robbins. Robbins is going to receive the plaudits of his grateful fans whether he likes it or not."

In addition to inside stuff, the Robbins

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All the top execs on Madison Avenue are memorizing **Subliminal Seduction** and **Media Sexploitation** by Wilson Bryan Key. In these two best-selling paperback attacks on advertising and the media, Key takes up where Vance (The Hidden Persuaders) Packard left off to expose the techniques of mind control and quasi-hypnotic suggestions the



Wilson Bryan Key

feather merchants use to sell us their cancer-producing tobacco, liquor, frozen foods, deodorants, cars and girlie mags.

Key's most explosive discoveries include the universal use of "embedding"—the writing of four-letter words so lightly on national magazine ads that only the subconscious mind perceives them, thus triggering a sexual impulse to buy non-sexual products. It sounds incredibly paranoid and so obvious that it couldn't possibly be happening, *but it is!* What's more, Key's books are being read by ad and media people who didn't know about these tricks before and are soon going to be increasing the present output of subliminal pollution for their own benefit.

Key's ideas are so fantastic that they sound laughable when summarized in a short space like this, but his books are essential reading for anyone who reads magazines, watches television or buys nationally advertised products—that is, for everyone. They're also funny as hell. His explanation of the Playboy rabbit symbol alone—those ears are a castration symbol, see—is worth the price of both books. ☐

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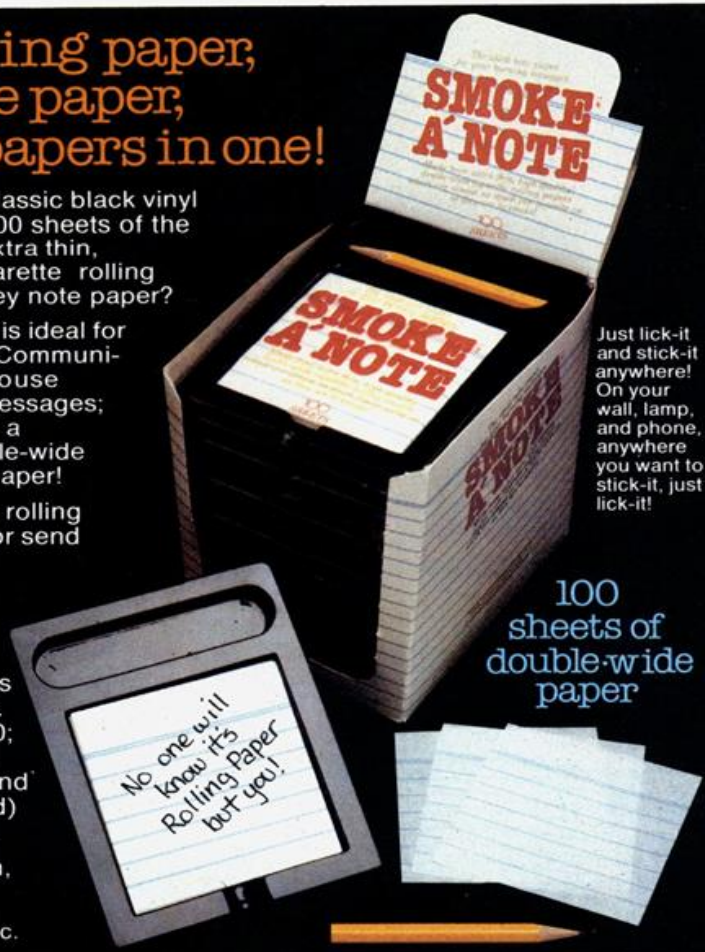
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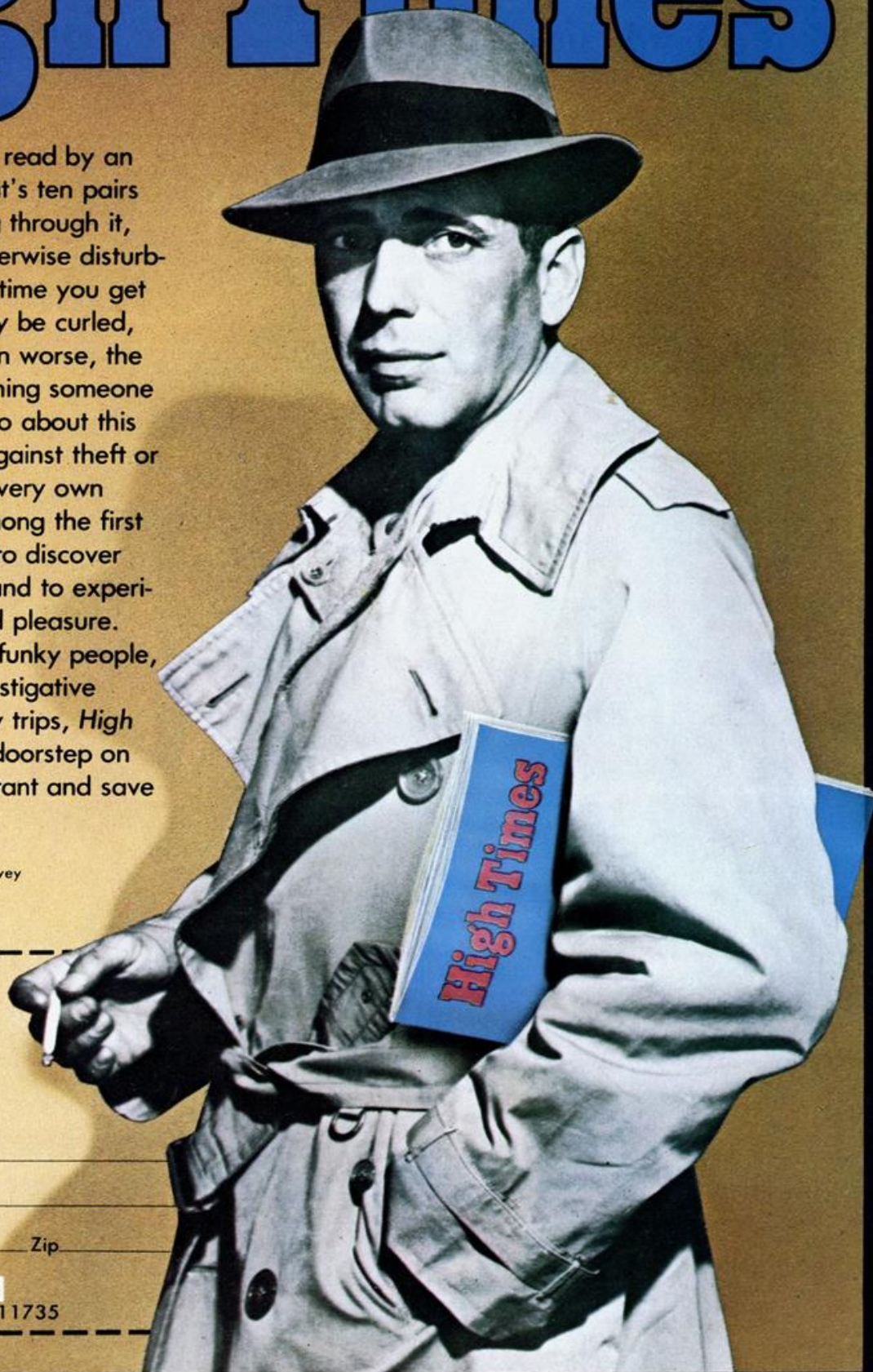
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Skateboard Punks of Dogtown

by Scott Cohen

Dogtown" is at the bottom of glittering Beverly Hills. It's the working-class guts of Santa Monica-Venice-West L.A., crammed with matchbox houses, fast food and dopers. The hottest, rowdiest, most radical skateboarders in the

whole world roll out of Dogtown.

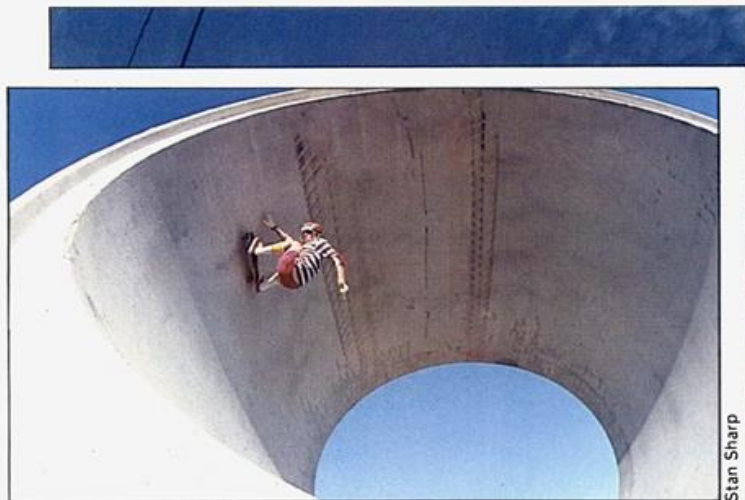
"Dogtowners" are the kamikaze kids of skateboarding. The original sidewalk surfers, they were cruising the streets when skating was big ten years ago. For these kids skateboards were cheaper than surfboards and a way to transport yourself coolly. They rode them right through skateboarding's commercial death and into its revival, with the introduction of the urethane wheel in California in 1974.

Skateboarding has become a booming \$500-million industry; last year alone six million boards were sold. With its urethane wheels and alloy tracks, the modern board is faster, more responsive and lasts a lot longer than the old wood-and-rollerskate combo of the past. Best of all, they've got lots of traction. At 20 mph the old composition wheels would disintegrate, but with urethane wheels you can skate vertically, just about defying gravity at 40 mph. Now the intrepid Dogtowners can tackle "terrains" that are real fun—dam spillways and empty reservoirs around town.

The Dogtown kids were the first to skate pools. The scene is to scout for an empty pool and go for it. Decent pool-owning burghers go away on a week's vacation and come back to find their pool drained. The kids will skate the pool one day, two days, maybe two weeks, then it's gone. Maybe the owners kicked them out or demolished it or filled it up with water.

Dogtown skaters name the pools. The local pool is called the Dog Bowl; the pool in a deserted sanitarium is called the Fruit Bowl. Once, at the Gonzales Bowl (named after Mexican film star Jose Gonzales), the hottest skaters around ripped the pool for four days.

Most of the Dogtown kids only skate pools or, if one's built, skate parks. But skating pools is a lot more fun than skating parks, where you have to wear equipment. Dogtown skaters don't dig lots of safety equipment. They say it's not consistent with the real feeling of skateboarding—they don't give a shit if they wipe out and "bongo" an elbow or knees.



Gregg Ayres in total frontside commitment on a 24½-foot pipe in California.



Dogtown's Ray Flores, "Riding the Edges of the Sky."

When Dogtowners want to skate, they just pick up their boards and go looking for empty pools or abandoned pipes in the Arizona desert.

Their boards are glass, plastic, metal or wood, made by over 60 different skateboard companies like Bahne, Hobie, Forty-Furst Avenue, Logan Earth Ski and Santa Cruz. They cost from \$30 to \$50 each. The wheels, sold separately, have names like Rainbow Ryders, Cadillacs, Alligators, Kryotonics, Power Paws, Verticle Terraines and Tunnel Rocks. The wheels and axles are attached to the deck by trucks (suspension systems) such as Mr. Bennett's (who invented them), Rebounds, Lazars and Energy.

Dogtowners don't have hospitalization insurance, 'cause they've got nothing in mind but that rush from radical weightlessness, the feeling of skating vertically, of getting up on top of a 12-foot pool and free-falling most of the distance. In the antigravity zone at 50 mph, the fact that they might fall and die never enters their minds. They just go for it. ■



Wynn Miller

"Mad Dog" Tony Alva, Dogtown champion, totally committed to an Upside Down Yellow Betty, 12 feet to ground zero.

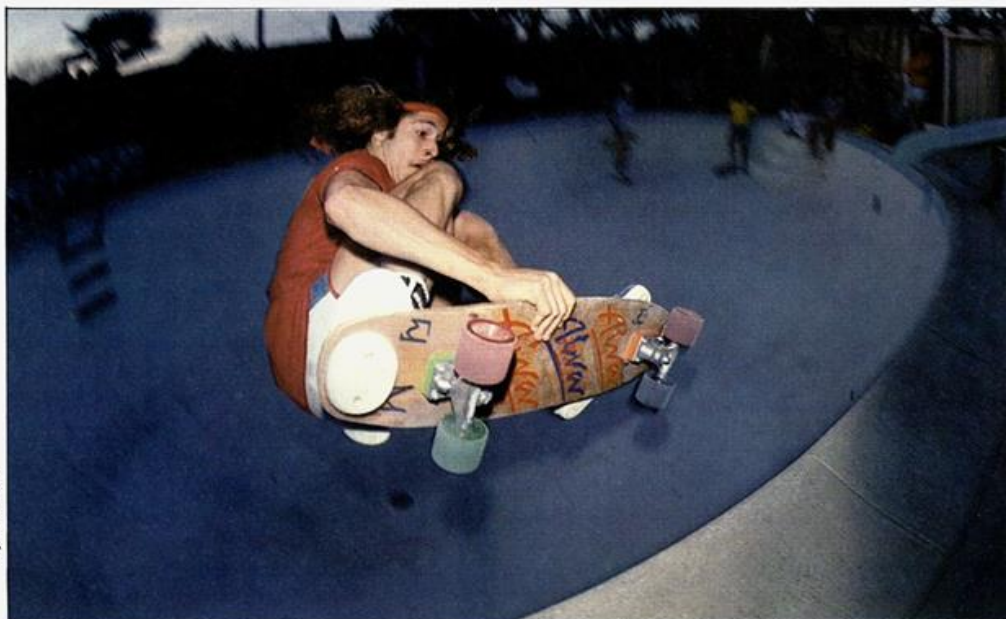


Wynn Miller



Wynn Miller

Tony doing a Frontside Axlegrind Lip Licker, Hollywood style. "A gnarly maneuver," says Tony.



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Tony "Pushing the Limits to the Max."



Stan Sharp

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Curt Cortum maximum-drum rolling in a 24½-foot pipe in the California desert.

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by Gary Stimeling

Aborigine Dream Power

The Senoi are a tribe of some 12,000 aborigines living in the jungle highlands of Malaysia. They are one of the few peoples on earth to whom violence is completely unknown. Not only do they never fight among themselves, but the warlike tribes who surround them leave them strictly alone, fearing Senoi magic. The Senoi credit this state of affairs to their unique social system, which is literally built on dreams.

The people live in long houses, each containing several related families. Every morning as the group gathers around breakfast, there is one topic of conversation: "What did you dream last night?" After this initial sharing, the adults go to the village council, where the most vivid or significant dreams are analyzed and used to plan the day's activities. Apparently because of this unusual level of deep-mind intimacy, the Senoi culture reconciles complete cooperation with full individual development. They practice all possible variations of monogamy, polygamy and polyandry without strife. They have no neuroses or psychoses and no possessiveness toward things or people. And they provide life's basic necessities with minimal effort, reserving the rest of their time for artistic or social projects suggested by their nightly visions.

All this may sound farfetched to Westerners who have trouble even remembering their dreams, but even for the Senoi it takes a lifetime of practice. From the age of first speech, every child is encouraged to recount dreams and given guidelines for using them. An adolescent is not considered an adult until he or she has banished nightmares and mastered the dream life. The process is not easy and usually takes years, but the Senoi aim toward the following goals:

- **Slay the Tiger.** The first and most essential step is to meet and conquer danger. All psychologists know that when aggression is portrayed in dreams, the sleeper is usually the victim. What many don't know is that people can train themselves to face their attacking muggers or monsters and kill them, instead of fleeing or waking up in a cold sweat. This mastery of inner terrors often sparks a breakthrough in coping with the tangible horrors of real life.

- **Ride the Seagull.** After this internal therapy, the Senoi use their dreams as a sort of funhouse for fucking and flying. They say you can never have too much love and use dreams to satisfy fantasies that circumstances make impossible in reality.

The Senoi also cultivate flying as a joyous and easy way to see the world. They teach their children not to wake up as they fall off a dream cliff, but instead to spread their arms, soar and enjoy the view.

- **Return with a Gift.** After the enemies are defeated, the Senoi go a step further, letting them live but changing them into allies and demanding a gift that can return to waking life in the form of a song, a story, poem, picture, solution to a problem or some other valuable idea. Gradually they acquire a whole headful of dream servants.

Study of the Senoi has led progressive Western psychologists to reassess the possibilities of dreams, recognizing them as more than Freudian allegory. But, although it may be helpful for some, a therapist is not necessary for dream control. All that's needed is the determination



The products of dreams have always been of paramount importance to painters and writers, as crucial as the visions they seek while awake. Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, used techniques similar to Senoi dream manipulation to come up with story lines and characters, and Edgar Allan Poe's reverence for the bizarre results of night's unleashed imagination is well known. The surrealists also valued their dreams, as proven by this image painted by René Magritte in 1934, "The Rape."

to follow it through gradually over the many years it may take. The best popular source of information—including techniques for remembering and becoming more conscious during dreams—is Patricia Garfield's *Creative Dreaming*, published in hardcover by Simon and

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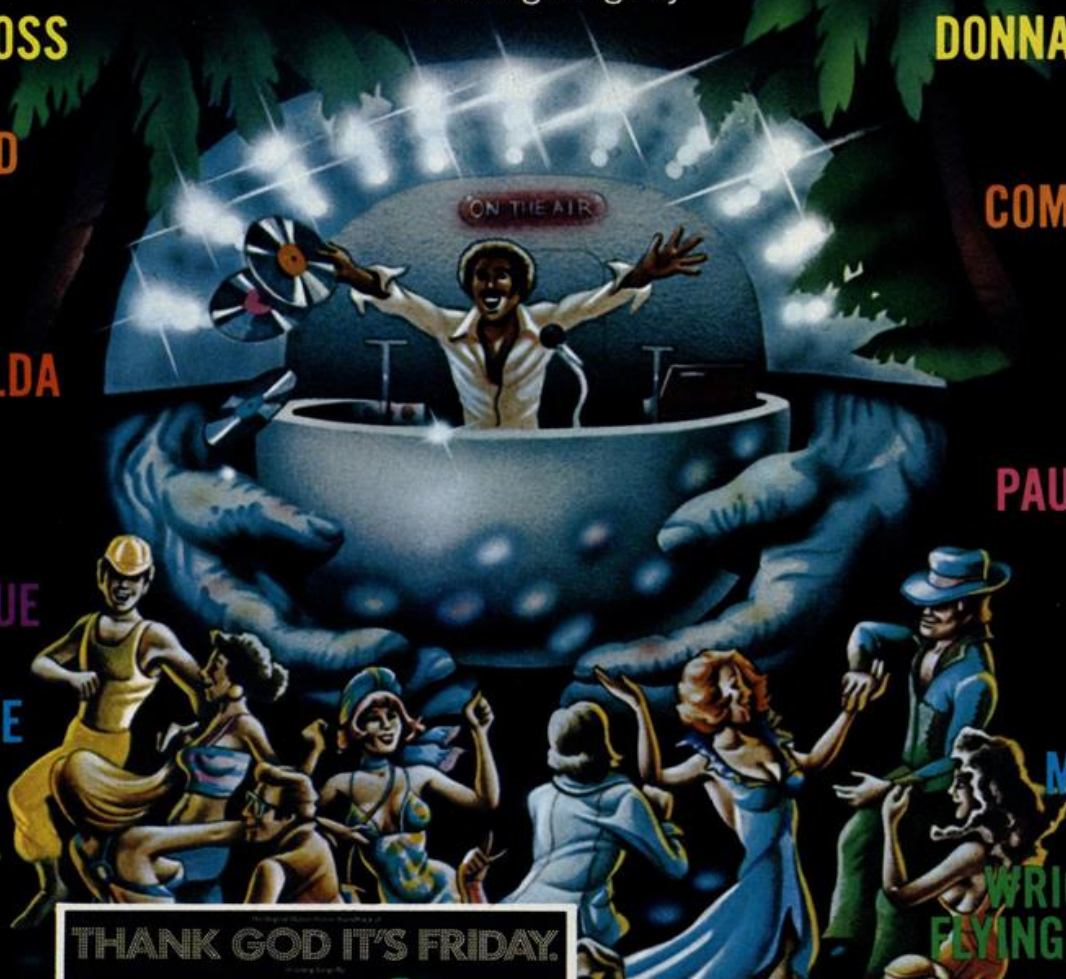
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Schuster and in paperback by Ballantine. Also try *In Search of the Dream People*, by Richard Noone, from Morrow, and the chapter "Dream Theory in Malaya" in Charles Tart's *Altered States of Consciousness* (Doubleday).

New Foods

Let's truck on down to the supermarket and get some... amaranth bread? buffalo gourd pudding? mesquite pods? eelgrass? We may soon find these on the shelves if Richard Felger has his way.

Felger, one of a hardy few scientists who doesn't feel research in agriculture is beneath him, is working on a problem that must be solved—how to feed ourselves



Pam Sawyer/People and Places

Arizona's Sonora Desert: the supermarket of the '80s?

without increasing reliance on the pesticides that are slowly poisoning our land. As he says, "With all the new pesticides, there are no fewer pests. The game is not being won, it's only being postponed."

The answer, Felger explains, is to end our reliance on Rockefeller-funded Green Revolution technology—growing huge acreages of single crops with irrigation, chemical fertilizers, profit-producing machinery and tons of bug and weed killers. Instead, we must learn to use a greater variety of crops grown in the habitats for which they are naturally suited. Agricultural diversity, he feels, can help solve ecological problems and foster regional independence of food monopolies and their sponsoring governments.

As research director of the Arizona Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson, Felger has been studying the plants local Indians once cultivated in areas too dry for farming as we know it. Among his discoveries are the amaranth, banned by the Spaniards because the Aztecs ate its nutritious seeds mixed with the blood of human sacrifices. Also worth cultivating are eelgrass, used by some tribes as a vegetable and a source of flour, and mesquite, a desert shrub that yields seeds, fruit, nectar for honey and strong, decay-resistant wood. These are just three of the 30,000 edible plants Felger believes we can add to the world's larder. ■



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HIGHWITNESS

July '78

No. 35

NEWS

Suspect 'Quat Pot a Scare Tactic: Dope Pros

The nation's consumer pot lobbies are warning marijuana users to be on the lookout for paraquat pot but caution that much of the alarmist publicity spread on the subject may be government propaganda. Meanwhile, in moves to protect potheads, a private research foundation has established a test for contaminated marijuana, and NORML has filed suit for an injunction to cease spraying of the 1978 Mexican marijuana crop with paraquat, scheduled to begin any day now.

NORML's suit against the U.S. Department of State, the Agency for International Development, the Department of Agriculture and the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) may result in an immediate cessation order by the federal courts. NORML claims that use of the deadly herbicide is in violation of the National Environmental Policy Act, which requires an environmental impact statement before such a spraying program can be undertaken. The plaintiffs, according to NORML, have filed no such statement.

Contaminated pot has turned up in the Southwest sporadically throughout the winter, and, though no harmful results have yet been reported, there is evidence that the toxic herbicide could cause lung or nerve damage if ingested in large amounts.

The first criticisms of the DEA-inspired program between the Mexican and U.S. governments came from Dr. Walter Gentner, a herbicide expert with the Agriculture Department who warned that "paraquat has caused more deaths, both purposeful and unintentional, than any other herbicide I know." In the year since his study there has been growing concern over how much paraquat pot is entering the country and how dangerous it is.

The National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) attempted to determine this by examining 699 pounds donated to them by the DEA. NIDA found "13 contaminated samples" in the 699 pounds, which



Mexico: DEA chopper drops paraquat on marijuana fields.

according to their figures was 21 percent of the number of samples taken. The concentrations were found to average about 450 parts per million (ppm). The tests also found that when marijuana contaminated at this level was smoked, all but 50 to 250 nanograms—that's a billionth of a gram—of the paraquat was broken down to bipyridine, a compound found in tobacco smoke. The study ruled paraquat was not much of a danger: one would need to eat 32 pounds of Alice B. Toklas paraquat pot brownies at one sitting for a fatal dose.

However, there soon followed another study, this one showing paraquat pot to be much more widespread and concentrated than previously thought. Some skeptics pointed out that there were so many inconsistencies between the two tests that this was beginning to look like a red herring.

For example, Yippie Steve de Angelo noted that the Department

of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) said the herbicide decomposed upon contact with the soil, while Gentner's study said paraquat never decomposed; the NIDA study found 500 ppm, the HEW an average of over 2,000 ppm; NIDA said that 25 deaths had been attributed over the years to paraquat poisoning, HEW said 100. One study said it would take a teaspoon of paraquat to kill, another claimed a few billionths could cause fibrosis of the lungs. Cynics noted that if that final figure were true, people were in big trouble in the Southwest, where soybeans and citrus fruits are routinely treated with paraquat at least to levels of up to .05 ppm.

Despite the differing opinions over how much paraquat pot is coming into the country, it is definite that there is some making it in. The PharmChem Research Foundation in Palo Alto, California, received over a thousand joints since

it instituted its paraquat analysis program, and of the first 80 tested 16 were found to contain paraquat.

People suspicious of their Mexican pot should send \$5 along with a five-digit number and a joint to PharmChem Research Foundation, 1844 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303. A week later call (415) 322-9941 and give them the number for the scoop on your dope.

INDEX

Narc Blood	
Flows	28
Grass Banks Grow	
in Colombia.	29
Colombia Says	
"Kill Dealers"	29
Dope Test	
Service.	31
Smoke-In	
Update	32

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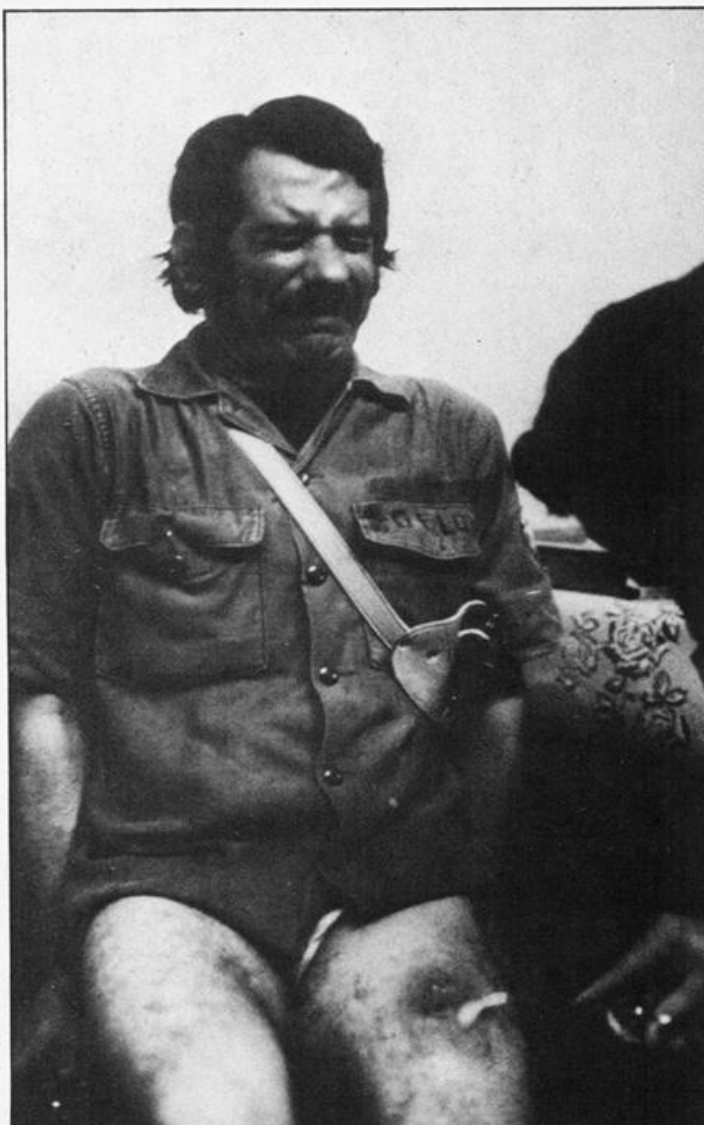
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Narc Blood Flows



Mexican narc bites the bullet as doctor removes slug from his thigh. The narc, featured on the cover of last month's "Highwitness News," was shot while looking for marijuana fields in the Sierra Madre.

Tobacco Strike Boosts Ganja Sales

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—The inner-city ganja trade is thriving here due to a three-month-old strike by Carreras, the country's sole cigarette manufacturing company. Reports indicate that each small spliff is now

fetching \$1.50 to \$2, up from 60 Jamaican cents before the strike.

Ganja dealers have held meetings to discuss marijuana price stabilization and increased production schedules until the strike is settled.

Correction

The April "Highwitness News" story titled "Death Toll Rises in Latin Dope War" erroneously stated that Martin and Barbara Karper were involved in exporting marijuana from Colombia. Martin Karper, a retired New York attorney, was killed along with his wife when bandits attacked and robbed his beach-front ranch. As reported, Department of Administrative Security (DAS) narcotics agents were investigating the Karpers for possible export links, however the couple was never involved in exporting marijuana or cocaine.

Colombia Enacts Kill Law

BOGOTA—Colombian police have been licensed to kill anyone in the dope business without fear of legal reprisal, according to a recent decree signed by President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen.

The new law makes killing "legally justified" when carried out by a government agent during an operation planned to "prevent or suppress the production, processing or trafficking of drugs." Other provisions allow for the killing of would-be attackers or kidnappers by civilians without arrest or trial.

The kill law thus places anyone traveling through Colombia in danger of being murdered, without the slightest legal reprisal resulting. The law is bound to escalate the already blood-drenched dope war that has claimed at least 53 lives this year.



Former Colombian President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen and First Lady Rosalynn Carter in Bogota last year.

Four prominent Colombian attorneys have publically condemned the law, issuing a joint statement that the decree "turns any killing by police into legitimate self-defense."

In addition, the law bodes a sharp increase in payoffs to government officials to insure safe passage of dope out of the country. "The new law makes us appear to want to stop smuggling," said one high-level source in the Justice Ministry. "But it also places more power in the hands of those already receiving huge payoffs to permit marijuana and cocaine to leave the country. Either those dealing in these products pay off or they are killed."

Bogota street dealers reacted harshly to the new law, which places their lives in 24-hour danger. "Street prices are bound to go up,"

said one dealer. "Now the lowest-level official is going to want to be paid off, and with guns to our heads what can we do but pay?"

U.S. Embassy officials here refused to comment on the kill law, stating that it was a Colombian matter and did not fall into U.S. jurisdiction. However, sources close to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) here told *High Times* that the DEA had been pressuring Colombia to enact such a law since former Bogota DEA bureau chief Octavio Gonzalez was allegedly killed in his office in December 1976. "What this means," said one of the sources, "is that we can now kill anyone we wish to kill and claim that person was a drug dealer. And as that person will be dead, who is to prove different?"

Bust Ten Tons of Hash in Border Sweep

by Michael Redgrave

ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN—Ten tons of sealed and pressed hashish ready for shipment to Great Britain and the Netherlands was confiscated by Customs agents near here in the

largest cannabis haul ever made in this country. The hashish, wrapped in ten-kilo bricks and stamped with a blue-and-gold seal depicting a dragon spitting fire, was found inside three converted gasoline tanker trucks in Poshwar, capital of the North-West Frontier Province, 70 miles northwest of here.

Three unidentified Westerners were arrested after Customs swooped down on the hashish convoy as it was making its way into Afghanistan. There was a short fire fight, with at least one hashish exporter wounded. A *High Times* photographer attempting to make his way to the scene was detained and later released by Customs agents.



Grass Bucks Prompt Bigger Banks

SANTA MARTA, COLOMBIA—So many U.S. marijuana dollars are being changed for pesos in Guajira banks that Colombia's huge Banco Republico has suspended all dollar purchases here. Branch manager Francisco Ortega explained that vaults in the Riohacha and Maicao branches are just not big enough to

hold the bills from the Guajira grass industry, projected to churn out over \$2 billion worth of marijuana in 1978.

"We plan to build bigger and better vaults," Ortega told *High Times*. "We also intend to increase our staff in Santa Marta, Riohacha and Maicao."

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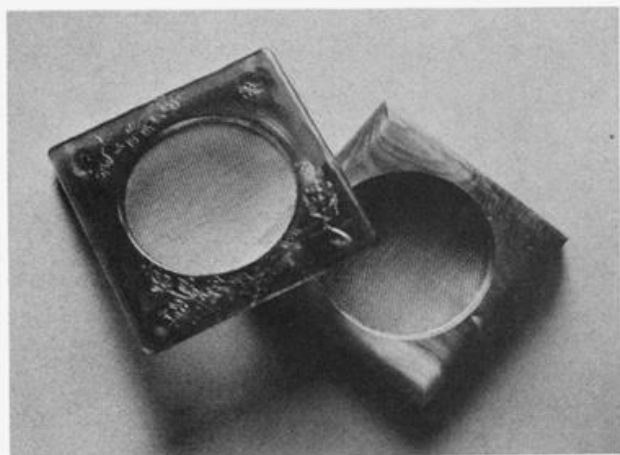
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Colombian soldier watches American-built Bell helicopter lift the twisted wreck of a downed transport plane.

Colombian Narcs Claim Downed Planes

MANAURE, COLOMBIA—Any unauthorized plane landings in Colombia will now lead to the confiscation of the plane by the Department of Administrative Security's (DAS) narcotics air force regardless of the plane's cargo, *High Times* has learned. Until now pilots of confiscated planes have conducted long and fruitless searches to discover the fate of their craft.

Two Florida pilots on a run from Bogota to Aruba were forced down

here due to engine trouble and were greeted by armed DAS narcs. The narcs searched the plane only to discover gas cans and luggage.

An army patrol arrived on the scene and claimed pilots Jody Redford and Crosby Hodge as prisoners. The pair were taken off to jail pending an investigation that will take months. DAS has already claimed the DC-3 as its own while DAS units in the bordering Santa Marta district continue to argue that the plane is theirs.

Pot Smoker Fights Pressure to Tell All

by Gary Stimeling

An imminent appeals court decision may invalidate certain grand-jury procedures used to coerce dope-law victims into testifying against their friends and acquaintances. The test case involves a New Mexico woman waiting in jail for the results.

Wally Haley was paroled after five months of a three-year sentence for being caught with 1,400 pounds of pot near Socorro, New Mexico, in December 1976. Then she was subpoenaed by a grand jury and again sent to jail for refusing to bring evidence against her alleged coconspirators. A writ of habeas corpus released her, but the judge detained her until federal marshals could come up with another subpoena, this time demanding her address book as well as testimony. At press time Haley is again behind bars pending a ruling by the First Circuit Court of Appeals on a challenge to the grand-jury procedure by her attorney, Michael Gibson.

The appeal claims the subpoenas expose her to unconstitutional double jeopardy because, though the feds have promised her immunity, any testimony by her in new trials could result in separate state charges against her. Gibson also argues that the grand-jury action would force her to violate a federal law against parolees acting as informants, and that, since no plea bargain was originally offered, it is now unconstitutional to bargain for testimony from one who has already served time.

Haley and Gibson further allege that her detainment until the second subpoena was issued was unlawful and that her imprisonment in the El Paso county jail is illegal because of a recent ruling by federal judge William Sessions of the U.S. District Court of Texas. Judge Sessions said that because of atrocious conditions, any confinement in that institution constitutes cruel and unusual punishment.

Mystery Deaths Surround Pot Haul

by Ed Kiersh

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA—Four gangland-style slayings here are only part of a series of bizarre events surrounding the smuggling vessel *Gunsmoke*, which had 15 tons of Jamaican marijuana in its hold when discovered sunk off the western coast late last fall.

The mysterious tale began in the late-night hours of January 23, 1977. The *Gunsmoke's* crew of 16 men were unloading thousands of burlap-covered packages of marijuana in a deserted, heavily-wooded area near Panama City. The beach locale bordered on a lover's lane, and it was not long before two young couples stumbled onto the pot operation. Sentries standing guard immediately shot one of the girls and herded the others into a van. Afraid that the multimillion-dollar cache was in jeopardy, the conspirators drove their captives 150 miles to an isolated limestone cavern near Perry. Here the bound and gagged prisoners were shot and deposited in sinkholes.

In a hurry to finish their unloading work, the smugglers left a lifeboat filled with marijuana bales floating off the coast of Panama City. After hearing about the lifeboat and murders by walkie-talkie, onshore organizers decided to scuttle the *Gunsmoke* when it returned to St. Petersburg.

Limited by the lack of underwater sonar equipment, Florida law-enforcement units didn't find the *Gunsmoke* until November. The ship is still mired 17 miles off St. Petersburg, between Treasure Island and Madeira Beach, but divers who went down after the craft did make a startling discovery. In the *Gunsmoke's* 80-foot-long hull they found 15 tons of marijuana neatly

packaged in large compressed bales. The wet pot, according to Lieutenant Dick Harding of Florida's Marine Patrol, "was given a burial at sea in the Gulf of Mexico, where it got a lot of fish stoned."

Federal and state grand juries also began an investigation, leading to the voluntary surrender of *Gunsmoke* captain Peter Estrup. Four crew members were charged with first-degree murder, and second-degree indictments were brought against 12 others on board. Sources close to the case claim the affair is tightly linked to a well-organized, multi-state smuggling ring.

Such speculation has grown because several of the conspirators have figured in past Florida pot busts. The source added that some crew members are connected to a nine-ton marijuana shipment seized off Steinhatchee five years ago in what was then called the state's greatest haul.

Because the murder and smuggling-related charges are still unresolved by the courts, officials are hesitant to discuss the case. There appears to be a gag on recent developments, and statements that do come out are being used to further Florida's case for federal help in purchasing antidrug equipment.

"When all the details of this case are revealed, it's going to be one of the strangest episodes in this nation's history of drug use," said John Pitts of Florida's Marine Patrol narcotics squad. "It will also point out the problems states face in dealing with international smuggling. Drugs have become a big business. In 1976 we seized \$60-million worth of contraband. Last year the figure was over \$200 million. No doubt about it, it's not letting up."

Dope Testing Service Surfaces

MIAMI—A new and anonymous drug-testing service has made an appearance here with hopes of serving the entire country with free and accurate lab analysis of street drugs. Up Front Incorporated will also publish a monthly newsletter called the Street Pharmacologist.

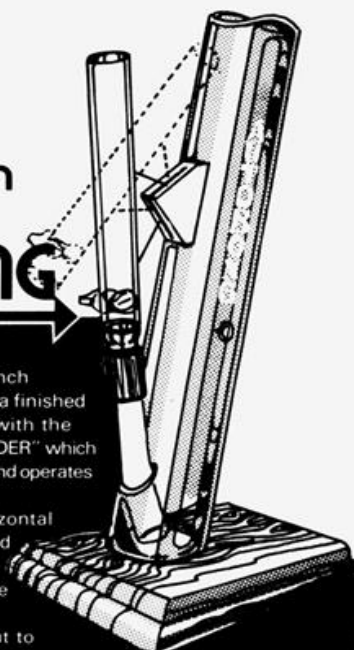
"When using the testing service," stresses Dr. Patricia Cleckner, "do not send your name or address."

Wrap whatever you want tested in foil or plastic, include a slip of paper with a random five-digit number and mark the envelope "Please Hand Cancel." Remember the number and send the envelope to Street Pharmacologist, POB 610233, Miami, Florida 33161. After one week, phone the service at (305) 446-3585 to get the results by giving your number.

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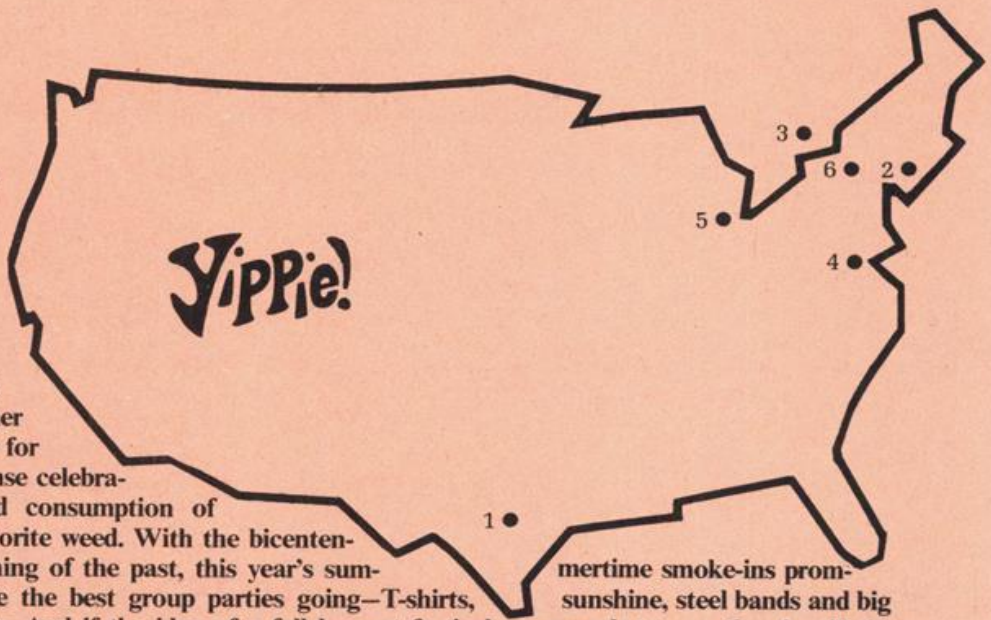
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This summer many of America's 20 million pot smokers will gather together for the intense celebration and consumption of their favorite weed. With the bicentennial a thing of the past, this year's summer is to be the best group parties going—T-shirts, fat joints. And if the idea of a fall harvest festival



to put yourself on the smoke-in map. For advice, contacts near you, music bookings, films and literature call Smoke-In Central at (212) 533-5028 and ask for Mz. Big. More up-to-date info can be found in the Yipster Times, Box 392, Canal Street Station, New York, New York 10012.

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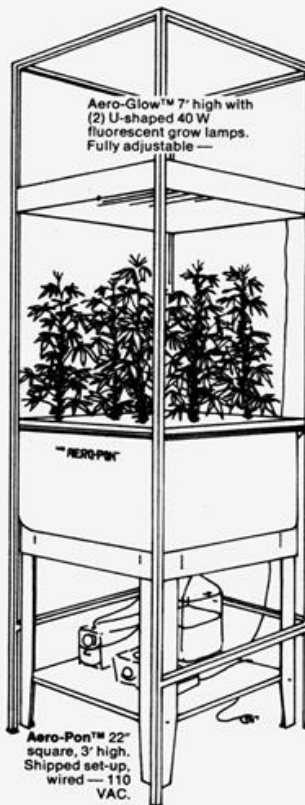
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ke-In Update

This spring's smoke-ins took a decidedly dramatic turn, with unexpected opposition in Ann Arbor, Michigan, live video embarrassment of nervous police in Atlanta and the trashing of an entire town in Colorado.

Buffalo, New York

● The Buffalo tribe of the Youth International Party held its first-ever toke-in at Delaware Park's Rose Garden, adjacent to the Albright-Knox Art Gallery. About one-half pound of pot was given out; several acoustic musicians played; and the cops kept a low profile while two FBI agents in white socks and a black car maintained a watch for Abbie Hoffman, who didn't show.

Washington, D.C.

● D.C. YIP held a benefit at the Ontario Theater, where 700 people listened to music by Rupert on Moog synthesizer and watched the original Jimi Hendrix light show. Speakers were Steve Yippie of D.C. and

Dana Beal. The benefit continued until 4:00 A.M. and was unhassled by D.C. police, boding well for three more benefits now planned.

Stonybrook, New York

● The Red Balloon Collective at the SUNY Stonybrook Campus sponsored a noon smoke-in in the campus lounge to protest campus pot busts. Over 500 students gathered to take up and listen to assorted acoustic musicians, Mitch Cohen of the Red Balloon, Yippie Aron Kay and Joe McDonald of the Kent Task Force. There were no arrests.

Lubbock, Texas

● Lubbock's first smoke-in gathered 500 people to protest the stiff marijuana laws currently enforced by Texas police. Participants listened to live rock music and a rap given by Steve Yippie from D.C. This was the first protest in Lubbock since 1972, when an antiwar march was viciously busted by the

sheriff and police; however, this year police did not harass marijuana protesters. They waited till later to get the main organizer, John Paul Jones, suspended from college.

Columbus, Ohio

● April Rhodes Day was held on April 1st and was sponsored by Columbus YIP and the Republicans for Steve Conliff. Conliff, who last summer pied Governor James Rhodes, "the Butcher of Kent State," and is facing charges of assault with a deadly pie, has turned the tables by getting onto the ballot in the GOP primary, where he is the only alternative to Rhodes.

Steve's oratorical flourishes were warmly received by a crowd of 500 pot-puffing supporters. Music was provided by the Angel Society. Speakers included Sue Kucklick, Margeret Sarber and Gatewood Galbraith of Kentucky Future Growers. Comic relief was provided when Aron Kay pied

Steve Conliff and in return was pied three times.

Atlanta, Georgia

● On April 7th, more than 1,000 people got together at Hurt Park in Atlanta for their first smoke-in, followed by a march and rally at the state capitol building. Featured speakers included Paul Cornwall of International Marijuana Wholesalers and Distributors, Gatewood Galbraith of Kentucky Future Growers and Dana Beal of the Yippies.

Sponsored by the Coalition of the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition (CAMP), the demonstration (quite large for a Friday at noon) provoked one of the worst overreactions in memory from police, who tried to break up the smoke-in with arrests until it became clear they were playing into YIP strategy of welcoming mass arrests. Thereupon they busted CAMP spokesperson and coalition organizer Shay Addams,

(continued next page)



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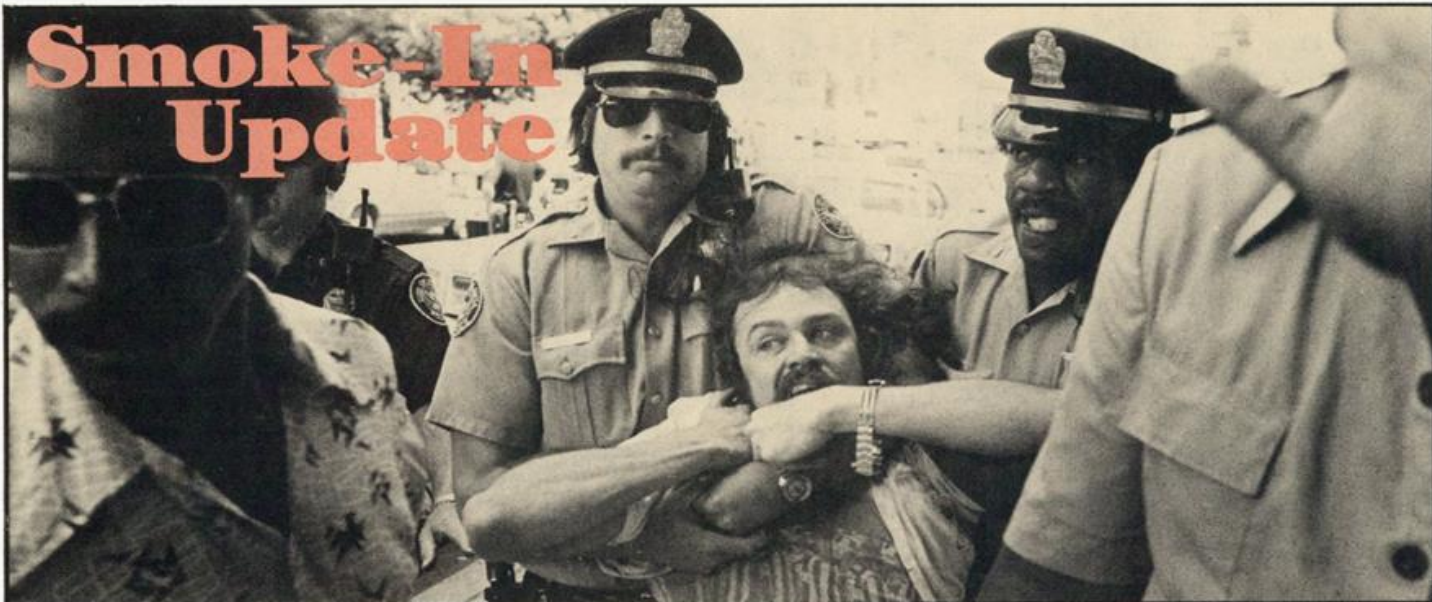
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Smoke-In Update



Rick Rosen

beat him and dragged him away in front of live video news cameras.

Unfortunately for the authorities, Shay was clean as a whistle—not a seed!

"In one day we wiped out the effect of ten years of Starsky and Hutch," exulted Addams. "That night the most conservative TV station in Atlanta endorsed repeal, and the ACLU has joined us in seeking federal

The city of Atlanta is being sued for \$6 million by Shay D. Addams (center) for this arrest, which took place at the April 7th smoke-in.

prosecutions of the narcs for civil-rights violations and in picking up the tab for a parallel \$6-million suit in federal court."

San Jose, California

● On April 9th the Bay Area saw its second smoke-in in five months with 5,000 heads sur-

rounding San Jose's Civic Center. Organizer Fred Cash got Moby Grape and Great Highway to perform. Pot defendant Dennis Peron spoke about his cases. And, as seems to be the pattern in the East, Midwest and FarWest (but not the sunbelt), police maintained a hands-off policy.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

● Meanwhile, in Ann Arbor, 6,000 hash tokers gathered for the traditional April 1st Hash Bash. The organizers didn't request assistance from Smoke-In Central. They were unprepared to counter a reversal of a past police hands-off policy by welcoming mass arrests when cops waded in busting people to "make examples."

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Government Research Scientist Discovers Methods to Increase Power of Pot

For the last several years readers of High Times have been aware of a process which may be done to grass called "isomerization". Few people are aware that this process was discovered by a team of government scientists in the 1940's.

The team, headed by Dr. Roger Adams, was trying to discover the active element in pot. They were not aware, as we are today, that it is the substance tetrahydrocannabinol (THC).

One of the methods they utilized was treating the purified extracts to convert the molecules to their isomeric form. Grass contains, along with the THC, a non-psychoactive chemical relative called cannabidiol. Cannabidiol (or CBD) is a mirror image of the THC molecule and, when isomerized, converts into THC.

HEAD REVIEWS THE ISO-2

It's an incredible sight that looks like something out of a science-fiction movie. The ISO-2 isn't science-fiction though. The product is a sophisticated piece of machinery.

There are basically five processes that the Isomerizer uses to improve cannabis: 1) ISOMERIZATION—converting the cannabidiol in cannabis to THC; 2) ROTATION—converting the delta 8 THC to delta 9 THC; 3) DECARBOXYLATION—converting THC acids to THC; 4) PURIFICATION—removing unwanted, unpsychoactive tars; and 5) EXTRACTION AND CONCENTRATION—making hash oil and "ISO-HASH".

In the isomerization process, the ISO-2 converts the cannabidiol in your pot, an element that doesn't get you off and which in fact inhibits the THC in the pot from getting you high, into THC. The essential oils in the pot, containing the THC and the cannabidiol, are extracted from the pot by the machine's constant recycling of a solvent such as isopropyl alcohol through the pot. The heating unit causes the solvent to evaporate, and when it hits the condensing unit on the top of the machine it is cooled so that it drips back down through the pot. In effect, the ISO-2 is like a coffee percolator with built-in safety features that minimize the danger of fires or explosions that often result when working with highly flammable and explosive substances such as alcohol.

HEAD MAGAZINE TESTS THE ISO-2

"One of the most popular utilizations of the Isomerizer is making quality hash, at a low cost, from commercial marijuana.

The hash produced is very potent, and, when purified with the water wash, has a very high quality in taste, smell, and smokability.

One of the products that I was most impressed with was "Iso-Oil". The marijuana that I used was some cheap commercial Mexican which had been tightly bricked. I chose this pot to test Thai Power's claim that they could produce high

quality "hash oil" for about three dollars (\$3.00) per gram. After completing the steps, I opened the machine and found a thick film of hash oil coating the bottom of the metal chamber. Using a piece of flexible plastic, I scraped some oil from the vessel and placed it in a hash oil pipe. The hit was remarkably smooth, with no burning sensation or tendency to cough. The taste reminded me of the taste of Michoacan or Oaxacan. After a couple of tokes, the high began. I felt remarkably clear-headed and awake. Physical functioning and thought processes were unimpaired. It was great, and I came away from my interview with a gram of hash oil for less than \$4.00 per gram.

In summary, the Iso is clearly no hype. The machine is safe, and the uses to which it can be put are limited only by your imagination. I would recommend the machine to anyone who wants to beat the high cost of dope."

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HIGH TIMES FORUM, DEC. 77

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Ballantine Books

Michael Medved, coauthor of *What Really Happened to the Class of '65*, claims NBC censors have bogarted the joints from the network sitcom. "I've seen the show five times and not once has marijuana been mentioned, even though it was a decisive factor among the kids. Old music is not enough."

Fidel Castro joins a lot of U.S. television viewers in finding the tube "terrible, repulsive, hallucinating." The Cuban premier said recently that he set up a special antenna in Cuba in 1969 in order to pick up the telecasts of the first U.S. moon landing. Castro remembered, "All of a sudden there was all that interruption for commercial propaganda. I wanted to see men walking on the moon, but instead, every five minutes, it was 'eat this,' 'drink that,' 'wash with such and such.'"



Wide World



Wide World

Muhammad Ali may have lost his heavyweight title, but he came out unscathed against **Superman** and the press corps at a promo gathering for DC's comic classic "Muhammad Ali vs. Superman." The Man of Steel gets his ass kicked by The Greatest, but at the end they're chums again, cauliflower ears and all. Asked what he thought of the match of the century, the surly champ replied, "It shows a black man can whup a white man."

Keyboard player **Lee Hargrove**, one of Nashville's best-known studio musicians, has announced his intentions to break into the field of punk rock. The ivory tickler is currently recording what he terms "punkabilly" or "hillbilly-oriented punk rock," including "(Don't It Make My) Brown Eyes Black."



Wide World

A. J. Weberman, in Miami searching for JFK's killers, spotted none other than Mafiosi bagman extraordinaire **Meyer Lansky** nibbling on lunch in a downtown restaurant. A. J. asked for his autograph but was rebuffed by the diminutive mobster. "I'm not up for any Oscar this year," snarled Lansky.



Wide World

Helsinki, Finland, authorities have purged **Donald Duck** from their city. The Youth Board there believes Donald presents unhealthy attitudes toward society. The board cited pictures of naked ducks, tales of incomplete families, harmful attitudes toward young ducks and Donald's common-law marriage to **Daisy**.

—Michael Chance

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Vintage Colombian Tasting

by "R., Dope Connoisseur

I would like to begin this month by laying to rest a serious misunderstanding that seems to have arisen in certain quarters because of some offhand remarks about Colombian dope I made in my recent cannabis connoisseurs column.

The question was first brought to my attention by a heavy dealer—he weighs 280 pounds. He phrased his objection in this subtle and succinct fashion:

"Hey, whatsa matter with your head man? You got something against Colombian dope? How come you're always bad-rappin' it?"

Hastily I assured my friend that I wasn't putting down *all* Colombian varieties. What I was putting down was a certain kind of Colombian that is overrated, a big-volume import that is giving that country's cannabis a bad name among some smokers, the kind that's known in the dealing trade simply—and often contemptuously—as "commercial." It's usually dark and dry, like matted topsoil with a moldy humuslike taste, or sooty gray-green and yellow, dry and leafy with little pollen, less oil and not a decent dense bud to speak of. You could call it the Wonder Bread of marijuana. And in many parts of our land it's the only Colombian dope to be had.

Which is why in this column I'm going to pay tribute to some of the finer gourmet Colombian varieties in the hopes that by expanding market awareness of them and by giving some basic consumer tips on how to spot the real thing, we may see more of these deluxe Colombians at more truly "commercial" prices.

Trying to communicate advice on tasting dope raises difficult metaphysical problems that food and wine tasters don't face. Unlike fine wine, which we taste first with a physiological sense mechanism and then evaluate with our consciousness, marijuana is "tasted" meaningfully only with the consciousness, and yet it can change the very consciousness tasting it in the testing process.

Nevertheless, I would argue from experiential evidence (i.e., a lot of smoking dope while looking at it, smelling and feeling it) that there are some generaliza-



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tions that can be made. In fact when it comes to gourmet Colombian varieties I believe they can be divided into three color groups not unlike the reds, whites and rosés of wine, with particular psychoactive properties or "personalities" that correspond to the colors.

For Colombian the color typology consists of lights, darks and reds (reds are the rosés of Colombian). Let's take the lights first. At their finest they are the champagnes of Colombian marijuana. At their finest in fact they have the pale gleaming color of fine champagne, a peppery spicy dry taste with the tingle of Blanc de

Gourmet Colombian can be divided into three groups—lights, darks and reds—each with particular personalities.

Blanc's Brut and a high that can only be described as the quintessence of effervescence.

But one must beware, because not all fine light Colombians are real "gold" or "blond" and not even your dope dealer knows for sure. Ever since the mid Seventies when the first rush of Santa Marta gold peaked there has been a lot of, shall we say, *vin ordinaire* being sold as gold when in fact it has been merely bleached blond by overlong exposure to the sun or the use of some artificial lightener. People still buy this fool's gold on the basis of color alone and it's made getting good gold—the real thing—a much more chancy proposition. One thing to look for in dealing with light pot is the furriness of the buds or clumps. The beauty of genuine gold is the furry luster of the pollen that clings to the flowers and seed bracts.

A problem people have with light Colombian is that they continue to chase after memories of a certain kind of gold. It's worth taking note of a new and promising development in the light Colombian area: *creme-de-menthe* Colombian. The comparison to the sweet creamy mint liqueur was suggested to me by none other than the legendary Dope Taster himself during a respite from evaluating recent South American harvests

on behalf of his clients.

"Good gold is hard to find," the pro taster remarked; but he said, crushing a few fat buds, "Look at these buds—*creme de menthe*."

And in fact each plump dense resinous bud was a fat frappe of creamy green and yellow flowers frosted over with silver and gold fur coats of pollen. In addition to leaving my finger moist with resin as I crushed and rolled a bud into a joint, the taste was *extremely* sweet; it was the sweetest tasting smoke I'd had in a long time, and the high was one of those buoyant tidal influxes of energy that took a long time to ebb. To keep strictly to our wine-tasting framework, one might compare this to the finest of tawny sweet dessert sauternes, the Chateau d'Yquem of Colombian dope. Let us hope this new light *creme de menthe* variety will be a more frequent fixture in local smokeasies.

These are dark days for the dark Colombians. Their once bright reputation has been tarnished by the dark color of most low-grade commercial weed. But let us not forget that once there were bright days for dark. The legendary "wacky weed" was a dark lowland Colombian, and anyone who has not smoked wacky weed has not smoked marijuana.

Lately, a faint echo of the mad laughter of the Whack, as it was called, can be found in a variety like Manizales black, and some other dense, moist, nearly seedless and wondrously resinous black/green bricks can be found here and there, but in general the average dark pot is commercial at best, often left to ripen too long so that the buds grow grey and seedy, and grey pot just doesn't do much for the grey matter from my experience.

So caution is necessary when it comes to a choice between several dark varieties. In general, if it's not strong enough to give you that old throat-catching hitch in your breath on the first toke, pass it by, because it's the volatile oils in the pot smoke that cause that throat-catching reflex, and if you don't have enough oil to do that to your throat, you're going to wind up with an energy crisis in your head.

Finally, let us look at that third and most elusive coloring, the *rosé* of Colombian cannabis, the reds. Many people are unable to distinguish red from the darker

golds, and in fact, unlike wines, there is much more continuity along the color spectrum, many subtle graduations between red and gold.

But there's only one way to distinguish a true red from a grass that happens to look red or red-gold in color. In fact one does not necessarily want a homogeneous red color. Your true red bud will frequently look brown, green-gold or earth color to the ordinary eye; but when the colitas are looked at with a magnifying glass in a strong light they will reveal a wonderful tapestry of flaming red high-lights entwined within buds.

If it's a true red like *punta roja* (Spanish for "red points"), those delicate red spikes you'll see are the tips of the leaflets on the young female buds, the *lolitas* of the colitas you might call them. One should not feel embarrassed about using a magnifying glass and a strong light to look at a sample bud when one is contemplating a serious purchase of a purported "red." In fact it's a good idea for a serious connoisseur to look at a sample bud of any color in that fashion—if dealers begin to sense that consumers know what to look for, they'll have to make sure it's there.

But questions of physical identity aside, it took a lady dealer friend to articulate to me the essence of the difference in consciousness between the lights and the reds. I'd expected her to extol the virtues of light Colombian, since, it was said, she always had the best available lights in town. But no, instead of rapping about golds she rhapsodized about reds.

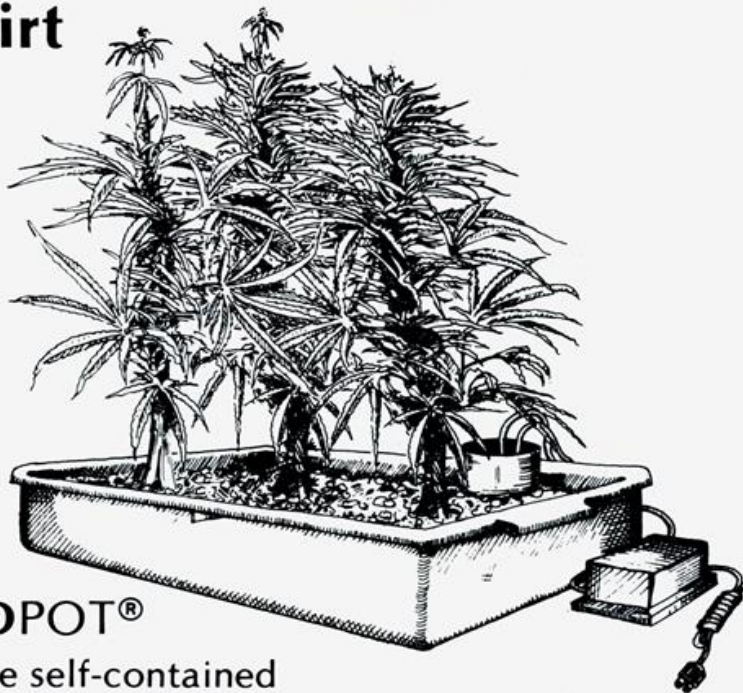
"I don't know why it is, or whether it has anything to do with the color," she said, "but I've noticed that the reds have a spiritual quality to them that the lighter dopes don't have. There's something more subtle, long lasting and, well, almost religious about it. It takes you one level higher than is available to you with other Colombians. Do you know what I mean?"

Suddenly I did. I had always associated the rare lids of red I've come across with a kind of beneficent hypnotic effect, a contemplative trancelike state that someone more religiously inclined might well find spiritual. A *punta roja* high can be very trippy and meditative.

And indeed it was with almost religious reverence that she described one particular small shipment of reddish pot that passed through her hands and lungs a few years ago. "We called it The Red," she said. "Just The Red. It was so special that people were frantic to get it. Everybody understood that from that point on there could be this red pot or that red pot, but nothing after it would be like the Red. People we know are still saving some last buds of it, but they're afraid to smoke them up until they know for sure that The Red will be coming back again. They worship those buds."

I don't know much about religion, but I sure would like to be around for the Second Coming of The Red. ■

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Interview

Laraine Newman

Skinny spaced-out sex symbol
of "Saturday Night Live"

by Harry Wasserman
and Carol Ryder



Laraine Newman's first job as a paid performer came when she was a teenager; she appeared in a summer theater program in the parks of her native Los Angeles. Later she studied mime with Marcel Marceau in Paris and took classes in theater at the California Institute of the Arts. In 1972 she joined Groundlings, an L.A.-based improvisational group.

From these humble beginnings Laraine Newman has become the sex/comedy symbol of a generation, a peer of such mighty entertainers as John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Dan Aykroyd, Garrett Morris, Gilda Radner, Jane Curtin and Bill Murray. Every week on NBC's "Saturday Night Live" millions of people watch in hypnotized hilarity as Laraine fulfill her role as the heir of Imogene Coca and Carol Burnett.

She can act, too. In the current box-office blockbuster *American Hot Wax*, Laraine has the challenging, difficult role of an aspiring young Carole King-type songwriter trying to get the attention of Alan Freed. Critics have compared her to Bea Lillie, Fanny Brice and Barbra Streisand. There are rumors that Laraine Newman will play the role of Wang Lung's wife in the upcoming remake of *The Good Earth*.

Clearly an avatar of our time, Laraine Newman is the First Lady of hip rock comedienne.

High Times: Does marijuana help you create comedy?

Newman: Marijuana has taught me a lot of things. It's an introspective high, and it's made me very creative. I can work on pot, write on it and create things on it. With cocaine, however, it's just "Wow, this is really groovy... and tomorrow we will learn Japanese..." And then I start writing the same sentence over and over again. Cocaine is a false-enthusiasm drug.

Two hits of Colombian is enough for me. I used to smoke Mexican in L.A., where you need about six hits before you get high. You come to New York and smoke Colombian, and it's all of a sudden awaaaay... "Look at the trails, man!"

High Times: What was it like the first time you got high?

Newman: It was wonderful. I had already smoked twice before and not gotten off. But the third time: "It's not working... it's not working... Ohhh myyy God... I'm too light to put... my... foot... down... on... the... floor." And then some of my friends put Taj Mahal on the record player, and I wanted a tuna fish sandwich—real bad.

High Times: Why did you agree to pose in a "Repeal POTHibition" T-shirt?

Newman: Well, because marijuana is obviously harmless and there shouldn't be penalties for it. A lot of people smoke marijuana, and it's less harmful than alcohol. And now there's the State Department's statement that was issued about paraquat being sprayed on Mexican marijuana... if it's true, and it may not be,

"The third time I smoked dope I wanted a tuna fish sandwich real bad."

it may just be something to intimidate people from buying it. If it's true, it's diabolical! You get cirrhosis of the liver with alcohol, but marijuana doesn't harm you, so the government tried to devise a way to make it harm you.

High Times: Did you ever trip?

Newman: Yeah, I tripped a couple of times. But I never took a whole dose of the stuff. I always took quarters because that was enough. I'd say I tripped about ten times. When I did acid I felt so dirty. I mean, I could have taken a shower a minute ago and... "I got a layer of shit all over my body, and my top eyelashes are sticking to my bottom eyelashes and... ugh."

High Times: Do the actors and writers on "Saturday Night Live" ever think of their ideas when they're stoned?

Newman: Well, without incriminating anybody I'd say that we're always a little stoned.

High Times: Is it easier to make people laugh if they're stoned?

Newman: I don't know. It's easier to make me laugh if I'm stoned. I estimate that a great deal of viewers at home are stoned. I don't know if the studio audience is stoned or not, but I'm sure some of them are.

High Times: When we interviewed Michael O'Donoghue [*High Times*, February '78] he said that the show's written with the fact in mind that 80 percent of the viewers are stoned. When you perform a script do you take that into account?

Newman: No, you can't do that. Anytime you try to make a deliberate statement it's going to stifle the inspiration. The only concession we make is that because we all know the experience of being stoned, that's part of our orientation; that's part of the way we write.

High Times: Do you think there's a new kind of humor—doper's humor?

Newman: No. There's really just four kinds of humor—there's recognition, there's shock, there's silly and there's violence. Like the running joke on an early show where Chevy Chase was showing Gerry Ford having trouble trying to roll a joint. Eventually he rolls it and starts to stick it in his ear... that's funny because it's silly.

When Chevy guest-hosted the show recently, we did a skit where we're trying to get past Customs, and I play a pregnant woman with enormous tits stuffed with cocaine, and at one point John Belushi nudges me because I'm not maintaining, and cocaine starts pouring out of my breast. That's a sight gag, it's a sight gag about people who could be sent to jail. It's also incidentally about cocaine dripping out of my tit, but it's those other elements first.

High Times: Did a guest host ever come on who was too drunk?

Newman: Yes, but I can't mention any names.

High Times: Did they have to give him a cold shower to sober him up?

Newman: No, the terror of the situation



Photograph Courtesy of NBC

sobered him up enough and he was able to carry it through. When you've gotta be real straight, the adrenaline courses through your veins... "I was speeding, officer? Oh, thank you so much!"

High Times: Did you ever get caught doing anything embarrassing on camera, like picking your nose?

Newman: There was one time I was playing a reporter and Dan Aykroyd was a soldier. At the end we were supposed to kiss, and I didn't know the camera was on us for such a long time, so we were kissing a long time. I had a crush on Danny at the time so I didn't mind it, but it was very embarrassing. I don't know who put their tongue in whose mouth first.

High Times: Any taboo subjects on "Saturday Night Live"?

Newman: Religion is taboo, and sex generally is taboo. Religion more so, oddly enough, and I don't know why.

High Times: Were you ever reprimanded by the censors for making any serious gaffs on the show?

Newman: Yes. On one show I took it in my own hands to say "pissed off" on the air. I was playing a character who would have said "pissed off" in that context. And Mr. Traviesas, who is the censor at NBC, was threatening to put us back on the seven-second tape delay, which would have meant technically we could not call ourselves "live." All because of little me. So I called him up and pleaded, "Oh please, Mr. Traviesas, don't put us back on seven-second delay... Ah swear ah'll neva do it agin... Ah know'd what ah was doin', ah know'd it was wrong... an' ah won' neva do it agin!" And he says, "Well all right!" That was the only time I ever got into trouble.

High Times: Anything else risqué that snuck by the censors?

Newman: When Richard Pryor did the show, he got away with saying "bitch." He set the precedent, so that eventually Gilda Radner could call Jane Curtin "bitch" on the "Weekend News Update."

We had to fight very hard to get "E. Buz Miller's Animal Kingdom" on the air, even though our footage of insects and animals having sex was the same film that's shown to junior-high-school students. But other than that the NBC censors leave us alone; they're really wonderful. The show's such a big hit, they give us a lot of freedom.

High Times: How come they pick you for all the sex scenes, like the ones you did with O. J. Simpson and Fran Tarkenton?

Newman: Well, this is the joke, that I'm the sex symbol of the show, which is a big joke to me, let me tell you. Like when Hugh Hefner was on the show, even before we had the writers' meeting, everybody was saying, "Well, I guess Laraine's going to have a lot of scenes with him."

High Times: Did you ever want to do anything sexy on the show that they wouldn't let you do?



Photographs Courtesy of NBC

Newman: Yes, we did a scene recently where everybody was trying to get backstage at a Kiss concert... and I had my jeans on with suspenders, and I just wanted to go on with no shirt, just the suspenders and my tits showing. Of course they wouldn't let me.

High Times: Do you get any sexy fan mail?

Newman: I get a lot of propositions. One fellow wanted me to have all the money he had in his savings account. He wanted to build a city of diamonds and gold for me... this was a prison letter.

High Times: What's the sexiest letter you ever got?

Newman: There was one guy who was really kind of a sickie, which I found annoying. He said that he loved it when I did Amy Carter, and he wanted to nestle his face between the cheeks of my buttocks and smell the baby powder.

High Times: What's your favorite sex fantasy?

Newman: One can always conceive of things that are erotic, but the consummation of an act can sometimes be less erotic than the fantasy. So I really don't want to do anything that's going to show up on my face later, even in terms of a jaded outlook.

High Times: Are there neon signs on the show telling the audience when to laugh?

Newman: No, and we don't sweeten it with canned laughter, either. What you see is what you get. Of course there's the armed guards with guns at people's temples yelling, "Laugh or die!"

High Times: What's the future of "Saturday Night Live"? Lorne Michaels recently said he didn't want to produce it anymore.

Newman: Planning your life around Lorne Michaels's decisions is like plan-

ning your life around loose mercury. After Chevy's show there were some incidents that happened, and it was horrible, and Lorne said, "This is it, we got a couple of more shows, after May, that's it, we're off the air, I don't want to produce it anymore. You guys want to stay, it's fine." And if he were to leave I would leave. Now he's talking about going another



La Newman in American Hot Wax: Laraine would enough to remember them.



Photographs Courtesy of NBC

year, so I have no idea what the future is.

High Times: Would the show go on without him?

Newman: It would go on without him because it's a hit show and NBC, having a corporate mind, would not realize that it would never be the same. But I would only continue with him. I would not without him.

High Times: What happened when Chevy Chase left the show?

Newman: Well we missed him a lot, and there was always talk that we would fail without him. But people don't realize that within a three-week grind, sometimes around the second or third week we have a lousy show. And unfortunately that happened at the time Chevy left, so people said, "Oh, it's failing because he left." And then we came back with some really good shows. We weren't afraid that we couldn't survive without him, but the press implied that and it was disturbing. But we want him to be happy; he's our friend and we love him.

High Times: Is comedy the rock 'n' roll of the '70s?

Newman: That's an interesting question, because I was asking Lorne Michaels what the future of rock 'n' roll was, and he said "comedy." Which I thought was a kind of pretentious remark. But again, I can't be objective because I'm involved. Now, more than ever, comedy has a real audience. Even when "Laugh-In" was on, there wasn't as much competition. There weren't a million improv groups springing up around the country, as there are now. And it's a lucrative business now, so I think in a sense one could say that comedy does have the power, in the youth market at least, that rock 'n' roll had in the '60s.

High Times: Steve Martin is getting a lot of airplay.

Newman: Yeah, and let's face it, a comedy album isn't usually good for more than two listenings, and that's only if it's excellent.

High Times: Right, they get played, and all of a sudden everyone's saying lines like "excuuuse me"...

Newman: My god, every man I meet now is Steve Martin. I mean, "Hey... crazy guy... Hey, all right, we're having some fun..." You know, I mean, who are you? It's very strange... a lot of rock 'n' roll people I've met, they all know Steve Martin, and they all know our show, and they all think they're "continental guys."

High Times: What were your favorite TV shows as a kid?

Newman: "Zorro," because I was in love with Guy Williams, and "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.," because I was in love with David McCallum, and "Mission Impossible," because I was in love with Martin Landau, and... but I had a lot of favorite shows. I was definitely a TV baby. And there were a lot of cartoons that I loved. Rocky and Bullwinkle were very hip for a long time. I thought they were really great. They would have these little things, like Natasha would be in disguise in Tijuana, and her name would be Tequila Mockingbird. I didn't get it at the time, but then I'd see it later and I'd realize how wonderful it was. Bugs Bunny was wonderful, and Popeye was wonderful, too. When they did the Arabian Nights in the Popeye cartoons, there was this great routine of Olive Oyl painting her toenails. She put a box with five cut-out circles over her toes, slapped some red paint over the box and took it off, and she had red toenails. Those kind of things fascinate kids, y'know, and it was just wonderful.

High Times: What's the future of TV and movies?

Newman: Cable TV is an interesting idea. It's becoming more sophisticated and Betamax is more available to the general public, so that it may indeed hurt and overpower the movie industry for a while. But nobody expected the '70s to have movie hits like *Jaws*, *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*. So the hits keep coming. People always lose sight of that. I've heard people say that there would be no nostalgia about the '70s. But just because we've revived the '60s and the '50s doesn't mean that nothing's happened in the '70s. We got Watergate, we got punk...

High Times: Do you ever miss the '60s?

Newman: I miss the '80s. Boy, do I miss the '80s.

High Times: Cloning will probably be a big fad in the '80s. Would you want to have yourself cloned?

Newman: No, I wouldn't, because the idea of childbirth is narcissistic enough in itself. I've never had an abortion, and I really wonder what I would do if I were faced with one. Obviously I couldn't have a baby at this time, but I would go through serious torment in having to have an abortion because I'd be real curious about what the union of my lover and I would create. I would want to see what that human being was.

High Times: Would you want someone to carry on your work and ideals?

Newman: I don't ever see it that way... I just see it as something to love.



Paramount Pictures

...n't think the '50s were so cool if she were old



Francesco Scavullo

"There was one guy who said he wanted to nestle his face between the cheeks of my buttocks and smell the baby powder."

High Times: Like a kitty cat or a doggie?

Newman: Sure, send it to Bide-A-Wee when you're sick of having it around.

High Times: Have you ever seen a flying saucer?

Newman: I've never seen one, but I would love to see a flying saucer, and I'd love to go into space. And I imagine by the time I'm old I will be able to, and I'll go for it. Just imagine: "And now, live from Mars, it's 'Saturday Night!'"

High Times: Why the big interest in science fiction now?

Newman: Because it was not provided in the '60s when people were on acid. Now there's a healthy form of fantasy in hallucinating about outer space. *Close Encounters* made me cry; it made Dan Aykroyd cry. It was emotionally overwhelming. Remember the innocence of the way we felt in the '50s, when as kids we would see the monster from Mars and say, "Why are you killing him? Leave him alone!" And now they're not only leaving them alone, they're encouraging them. Science fiction today caters to our sense of curiosity as children, of wanting to be friendly and to learn from the aliens, and it's a beautiful thing. Naive but beautiful.

High Times: If the aliens landed, do you think they'd be friendly or nasty?

Newman: I can't see why they'd be nasty, unless maybe they were offended that we left some golf balls on the moon. I can't see them getting too mad about that.

High Times: Have you ever thought of shaving your head after playing a Conehead?

Newman: No, actually, after ripping those off the process has practically been achieved already. I mean, I have no hair here... and here... because it's anchored on with spirit gum, and so when that comes off your hair comes off. And when you have two minutes to change into your next scene, you don't have too much time and it really hurts a lot.

High Times: Were you funny as a kid?

Newman: I wouldn't say I was funny, I'd say I was frightening. When I was four I walked to school surrounded by a crowd of kids while I acted out scenes from horror movies, which I loved, and I'd always scare these kids. Later I did the first improvisational comedy show that was ever done at our high school—it was probably the first time the word "shit" was ever said on that stage.

High Times: What kind of family background are you from?

Newman: A West Coast Jewish household. But we were of the enlightened era of Norman Lear and Neil Simon. My parents went through est, and so everything was cool. L.A. Jews might as well be Presbyterian because they're very assimilated. We never really observed any rituals. My father was from Arizona, his folks were cowboys and ranchers, and my mom's from New York, so we were very assimilated.

High Times: When you started on TV did they say you should get your nose fixed?

Newman: No one ever said that to me because it wasn't expected of me. When people talk about the casting couch, ob-

viously it's something I've never known, I mean, it's just never come up.

High Times: Is your mother upset you don't go out on Saturday night anymore?

Newman: I never went on a date in my life.

High Times: Never?

Newman: No... oh, I went on one date. It was a blind date, I was set up. This guy had been told that I looked like a model, which was a euphemism for being real skinny. And my mother tells me, "You're not answering the door, you wait five minutes before coming to the door." When the guy arrived my mom could not restrain herself from humming "Here She Comes, Miss America," and the guy's jaw dropped when he saw what I looked like.

First of all I had very bad acne, I was very thin. My nose was always this size no matter what size I was. My hair was kinky. It's not just a matter of my thinking I was ugly, I was ugly. And I never went on another date, but I never suffered because I didn't know what I was missing. But I've always known what it's like to be very close to a man—I have a twin brother, and we shared the same thoughts by ESP when we were kids.

High Times: Are there any women comedians that you admire or try to emulate?

Newman: I never emulated anybody. I didn't like Lily Tomlin's early stuff on "Laugh-In" as the little kid and the operator, but I liked her later stuff, and I grew to see what was so extraordinary about it. I admire Lily tremendously now. I saw her show in New York and again in L.A. It was not only different—new material, new characters—it was improved, and to any comedian, to see that is overwhelming. And I admire Madeline Kahn.

There's also a comedian no one knows of named Valerie Bromfield. She used to be Dan Aykroyd's partner in Canada. Valerie was in *Second City* with Gilda, and she was in the Lily special with us. She's influenced all of us, and unbeknownst even to us, we've probably stolen from her many times. She's absolutely brilliant.

High Times: Do you feel women's humor was self-deprecating in the past?

Newman: Some of it. Not so much Imogene Coca, but Phyllis Diller did do material about going to a hair dresser and asking for an estimate. But her humor was basically what it was like to be a housewife, which was fine for me.

Joan Rivers was definitely self-deprecating, and I don't buy it. I don't like it at all. She can be very funny, and, from what I've heard from people who saw her in the early days in the Village, she wasn't always like that; she was unique at one time and quite wonderful. I don't want to say she sold out, but there was obviously something that she did to become more commercial and to get more gigs in Vegas, I suppose. Because from then on it was the "my wife, my face" jokes.

(continued on page 88)



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How it began and how it's ending

by Michael Chance

The politics of pot have changed just about everywhere in the Western world. Many nations are adopting less harsh dope laws in general, and indications are that the future favors even more leniency regarding personal use of many drugs and herbs.

Much of this change is the result of popular pressure to counteract the forces that have conspired to pass antidope laws in the last century. Today there is a movement to return dope and the knowledge of its benefits back to the people. Health collectives, propot lobbies, herbalists and botanists are demanding the government loosen controls over some of the oldest and most commonly used drugs and herbs. Up to now, groups like the American Medical Association, the Food and Drug Administration, the International Narcotics Control Board, the AFL-CIO, the big pharmaceutical houses and chemical entrepreneurs such as the Duponts have all reaped fortunes out of the sentencing of dope to the rogues' gallery.

The history of medicinal and recreational dope legislation has been a steady procession of mandates from the rich and powerful to protect their position. Many of today's dope laws reflect the persecution of minorities for glutting the labor market after they had been imported as quasi-slaves. Under the rubric of "dope fiends" the herbal customs of those people were systematically outlawed and ripped off. Dope laws have rarely been passed with the safety and well-being of society in mind.

In the United States, the world leader in promoting dope laws, there was no such thing as a dope problem until a hundred years ago. At that time the first big industrial recession swept the land, brought on in large part by overinvestment in the West. The most conspicuous fat on this bull market was hordes of Chinese shanghaied, lured or manipulated by the tens of thousands onto California shores over the previous 25 years as chattels of the railroads and gold mines. Samuel Gompers, spokesman for the almost exclusively white labor movement, denounced the "hordes of opium-soaked Chinese" who worked for pennies. The New York Times ran lurid descriptions of opium-laced Chinese rituals. Opium was soon outlawed.

Cocaine shared a similar fate. It was 1910, the advocates of Reconstruction were dead, the carpetbaggers had gone home. Blacks were an added strain on an already thin economy. With the Hearst newspapers again leading the lynch mob, tabloids from coast to coast zeroed in on "rapacious, zombie-eyed packs of cocaine-crazed Negroes." The Calvinist hackles of the period rose to the bait, and in 1914 the Harrison Act made cocaine an outlawed substance.

Steve Cooper

Marijuana got its bad name in much the same way. The '30s speakeasies overflowed with the cheer of resurging prosperity. Money was moving again, particularly in the West and Southwest, where a boom in land speculation was on. Having had their fill of Chinese, the westerners turned this time to the swarm of wetbacks streaming across the Rio Grande to the land of dogless tacos. Again, there was a humanity glut. Marijuana, the most conspicuous ethnic tradition, came under the cross hairs.

The early campaign to outlaw popular dope had considerable support from the Hippocratic brotherhood. Western medicine, again led by the U.S., was in the process of raiding local cultures around the world for medicinal herbs in much the same way Western industrialists waged mineral raids. Thousands of remedial and recreational drugs were sifted and winnowed from witch doctors, midwives, Caribbean botanists, South American brujos, Indian sadhus and Chinese herbalists, outlawed and then sold by license in their chemical derivatives. Willow bark became aspirin, coltsfoot became cough syrup, foxglove became digitalis, valerian root became Valium. Though many of the herbs were still sold at herb stores, these stores were prevented by the 1906 Food and Drug Act from selling such medicinal extracts or giving information on how to use the herbal remedies.

Like all imperialist takeovers, the whitecoats were backed by big money: Andrew Carnegie and his pals. It was the day of the philanthropist, and big medicine was the hottest game in town. There was a battle on between the homeopathic schools of medicine, which spoke for preventive health and herbal cures, and the allopathic schools, which called for treatment of symptoms and use of highly concentrated chemical derivatives.

In the United States the homeopaths had their strongest showing from 1820-1840, the period of the Popular Health movement. Unorthodox sects, many led by women, held courses in body awareness, nutrition, midwifery, herbal and spiritual healing and preventive techniques. In 1848, "regular doctors," as their charter read, formed the American Medical Association and launched their attack on lay practitioners, sectarian doctors and ethnic traditionalists.

Big medicine and its companion, big insurance, were quickly welcomed as money-makers by banks and other investors. The Mellons, Vanderbilts, Astors, Duponts and Hearsts all staked millions on the side of chemical hocus-pocus. Consequently in 1910 there came the death knell for the homeopaths: the Flexner Report on health in the U.S. Funded by Andrew Carnegie, the report by leaders of the allopaths at Harvard and Johns Hopkins denounced the "irregular" medical schools that flourished through-

out the country as "unorthodox." They also dismissed the age-old midwife's trade as "myth and superstition." Legislation quickly followed, and the homeopathic colleges were wiped out at one blow.

With the death of the homeopathic schools came the birth of big pharmacy. There was an initial surge in patent elixirs, nostrums and snake oils, but each quickly came under the baleful eye of the Food and Drug cops. By 1930 it had become evident that the mushrooming number of drugs and herbs controlled by the Food and Drug Act were beyond the control of the half-dozen enforcement agencies. So, in a maneuver later to be repeated in the formation of the Drug Enforcement Administration and the Drug Abuse Law Enforcement Agency, the half-dozen independent agencies enforcing the Food and Drug Act were merged under the Food and Drug Administration. More "controlled substances" were added to the outlaw list. It is interesting to note that more people die each year from adverse reactions to prescribed drugs than from overdoses of "controlled substances."

After World War II dope became an

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when pot will be made
available, but who
is going to control it."
—Keith Stroup**

economic issue again when it figured in the economies of third-world countries. The Vietnamese battled the French with money from opium sales funneled to them from sympathetic Cambodian revolutionaries working with communists in the Burma triangle. Turkey sowed field after field with poppy seeds to feed the West's growing need for morphine. Peru and Bolivia raised coca leaves, India and Pakistan did a thriving business in betel nuts, Mexicans and American Indians kept a small but humming trade in peyote.

By the late '50s a few Mexican farmers had started to make bucks off the pot trade. Within the decade Jamaica joined the dope exporting countries. Colombia, Panama, Lebanon, Afghanistan, Nepal and a score of lesser dope-producing nations soon picked up the cue. Bigger than the Marshall Plan or Lend-Lease, the illegal dope business was soon pumping billions of hard-cash Western dollars into struggling third-world economies.

In response the United Nations, under the aegis of the U.S., convened in 1961 the International Narcotics Control Board in hopes of getting a handle on "the non-medical use of narcotic drugs." It is no accident that the board's 13 members are

reelected by the U.N. Economic and Social Council, a group predominantly consisting of doctors and bankers. During the Nixon and Ford administrations the INCB was cited as the reason for the federal government's inability to decriminalize pot—as a party to the INCB the U.S. would be violating international law, tempting a world war perhaps. For their part of this charade, the INCB members would tell reporters they could not legalize the dope in their countries because the U.S. was holding them accountable to the agreement.

The Carter administration has not offered any such excuses for its foot dragging, in part because some state courts had already laughed off the INCB's authority. Instead his administration called for federal-decrim legalization with allowance for individual states to adopt more lenient measures as they choose. However, Carter has avoided support of three decrim bills: the Javits-Koch bill proposing a \$100 fine for possession of up to an ounce; the Kastenmeier proposal, allowing up to 3½ ounces with no fine; and the infamous S. 1437, a Nazi-type reworking of the criminal laws formerly known as S. 1, which provided no penalties for up to 10 grams but ten years in the big house for possession of any amount of smuggled goods. If Carter does come out for support of a decrim bill, it can be assumed that opponents would again rally around the INCB as an irrefragable commitment against pot. The INCB continues to meet yearly, reiterating once again at its last conference in Geneva, Switzerland, that marijuana is a "narcotic."

The doctors and bankers at the early INCB meetings could never have guessed that only a few miles away experiments were going on that would give their role a new expanded dimension. At Columbia and Harvard, volunteer students were dropping acid under the awed eyes of white-frosted chemists. With people like Ken Kesey and Aldous Huxley dropping the experimental acid and writing about the wondrous results, it was quickly adopted by the devil-may-care post-World War II baby-boom swell, and the recreational dope era was on in earnest.

Since 1965 over 40 million people have smoked marijuana, while another 15 million have tripped at least once, and 20 million have tried coke. America's head culture quickly caught up to the medicine-cabinet culture, the 120 million-plus who each year buy prescription drugs. In the midst of the dope rush Richard Nixon announced a nationwide "war on drugs" with a flurry of figures on the extent of dope addiction in the U.S. His nationally televised speech was interrupted by an aspirin commercial.

The middle-class acceptance of recreational dope was new and conceivably dangerous to a lot of vested interests. The INCB, AMA and pharmaceutical barons

all correctly saw that use of unlicensed dope would surely lead to a resurgence of folk knowledge, and a rise in homeopathic awareness meant billions of dollars in lost revenues. What would Americans do when they discovered that 95 percent of the most popular prescription drugs could be manufactured by small concerns at a tenth of their cost, as William Proxmire's Senate Banking Committee had discovered but failed to do anything about? Or that such commonly used preallopathic standards as marijuana treatment for glaucoma or comfrey root for gastritis were as effective as the local quack's cure-alls?

An interesting confrontation along these lines is shaping up in southern California, where a string of health-food stores has opened an "herbal-pharmacy department." Customers explain their problems to the herbalist, who then prescribes what herbs to take and how to prepare them. This is patently at odds with FDA regulations, which specifically proscribe "advice on therapy by any other than licensed doctors and pharmacists," but so far the FDA hasn't put the lid on the herb doctoring because the store is selling the legal herbs as teas. The California AMA is keeping its eye on the operation and, according to a source in the national AMA, will not hesitate to sic the FDA on the health-food chain should the practice proliferate.

Along with the shift back to homeopathic medicine, the reevaluation of dope laws has received powerful impetus from a number of prodope organizations. Most of these organizations have lobbied for changes in pot laws, but voices are erratically heard for LSD, cocaine, peyote, mushrooms and other psychedelics.

Several prodope organizations are spiritual in nature, claiming dope as a sacrament. The Native American church has managed to keep peyote legally available to its followers for over 30 years (based on the mystical centuries-old Ghost Dance of American Plains tribes). More recently such groups as the Rastafarians and The Farm, a Tennessee-based post-hippie new-world-type commune, have argued eloquently but unsuccessfully for marijuana as a meditative supplement.

But most groups simply represent millions of potheads just wanting to get high. The first organization to light the fire for legalized marijuana was LeMar in 1965. It was the brainchild of Michael Aldrich and included among its stoned numbers such luminaries of beatnik glory as Allen Ginsburg, Tuli Kupferberg and Ed Sanders. LeMar announced itself at a happening in Tompkins Square on New York's Lower East Side. It was mostly beat poetry, phony Dylan and feeble Mexican weed, but it was a milestone in the school of dope civil disobedience that would mushroom in the coming years. In fact, among the slack-jawed onlookers at the earliest LeMar hootenannies were people

who in a couple of years would develop and engineer the concept of the smoke-in, America's biggest outlaw gathering.

LeMar eventually disbanded, but Michael Aldrich went on to form Amorphia. Based in California, Amorphia produced and marketed hemp rolling paper under the slogan of "free backyard marijuana now." In a communal political spirit, all profits were directed to the cause of pot reform and (with the exception of a small amount) were to go to each according to their need, from each according to their abilities. In 1971, Amorphia joined forces with NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws), then the new brainchild of Keith Stroup, an aggressive Washington, D.C., consumer-rights lawyer. Insiders hoped that Amorphia's considerable organizing ability in the West and Stroup's political savvy in Congress would create an unstoppable national momentum for dope reform in the '70s.

It was a period of heady solidarity among the hip generation, providing the Amorphia/NORML coalition with a ready army of supporters. By using local head shops, campus malls, rock concerts, smoke-ins and other new-world hot spots

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as recruiting centers, and by receiving free ink from alternative presses, it was not long before Amorphia/NORML was an established functioning lobby for dope law reform complete with mailing lists, a newsletter, offices on both coasts and tenured personnel. After a year, however, the Amorphia/NORML bond broke, owing, reports at the time said, to a squabble over salaries and seniority. Amorphia continued as a pot lobby during the California Marijuana Initiative of 1973-74 then cashed in its chips.

NORML wisely assimilated many of Amorphia's staff and organizers into its own burgeoning organization, thus becoming increasingly visible as America's most effective pot law reform group. Then, in a much publicized tragedy, Hugh Hefner asked Keith Stroup to defend his private secretary, Bobby Ornstein, on a coke rap that was obviously engineered to intimidate the freewheeling Playboy publisher. Under intense pressure from the DEA to betray her loyalty to Hefner, Ornstein committed suicide. Hefner, however, was impressed by Stroup's dedication and knowledge of the dope law situation and continued to fund NORML through Playboy Foundation grants,

thereby insuring NORML's growth.

Under Stroup's leadership, NORML has done more for reform of pot laws than any other group, making decriminalization a household word and aiding decrim legislation that has passed in ten states and is pending in a score of others. It has called attention to pertinent issues facing heads everywhere, inundating the media with the best scientific information available and generally taking the heat from radicals for being too soft and reactionaries for being too radical. However, there are definite flaws in the organization. Partly as a response, other groups have formed in recent years.

The Kentucky Future Marijuana Growers Association, Incorporated, was founded in 1976 by Gatewood Galbraith, an attorney who saw that "the future of Kentucky lies in cannabis." Galbraith began showing up at the same events frequented by NORML and the Yippies. Kentucky Growers has drawn wide support with its demand for legal growing of pot. Galbraith was one of NORML's earliest critics on the first big policy question to cause debate among propot advocates: decriminalization or legalization?

The decrim/legalize question was brewing all through 1975 and 1976, finally surfacing in a hot exchange of opinions at the 1976 NORML convention. Seven states had decriminalized in the past five years, and, as NORML's Washington-wise officers knew, decriminalization bills had a much better chance of passing conservative state legislatures than proposals of legal pot for all. But this position, argued keynote speaker Hunter Thompson, a NORML board director, was "a canard, a hoax. I live in decriminalized Colorado, and I have to pay \$200 for an ounce of fine herb."

His position, one shared by Galbraith, the Yippies, several underground organizations and some NORML members, was that NORML's muscle could be better applied to remove the federal laws against pot, or at least have them moved under a regulatory commission responsive to NORML and other propot groups, with a pincer movement on individual states to scrap all laws, leaving marijuana in the same legal domain as turnips, oranges and casaba melons. Stroup maintained for the decrim faction that "the question is not when pot will be made available but who is going to control it. Our enemies are the tobacco and liquor companies." Stroup has the political savvy to know that legalized pot will ever be a slave to the dollar.

Equally active in the propot movement, but often at ideological loggerheads and occasionally wrestling with NORML over pot politics, are the Yippies. The Youth International Party watched from the same Lower East Side commie/aesthete culture that gave rise to LeMar. There was even some overlap: Ed Sanders, Tuli

Kupferberg, Paul Krassner, Yippie Historian and researcher A. J. Weberman pinpoints the Yippies' entrance into the prodope field as far back as 1965 when practical jokers in the Haight launched the story that banana peels would get you high. Before the story was shot down, still getting awed ink, mysterious posters appeared in Berkeley calling for a "banana-peel party" at the Berkeley mall. Real joints were passed out for the benefit of ignorant newshounds, and a few more readers slipped on the banana-peel myth. But, as Weberman notes, "It was the first time people rallied together for the specific purpose of getting high and breaking the law. It wasn't a love-in or a be-in but a smoke-in."

The next year, when the Yippies stormed the Pentagon, there was a smoke-in caucus with free joints and handbills for all. The Yippies found the smoke-in such a media magnet that it became a part of their guerrilla repertoire. Smoke-ins were held at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, in front of the Justice Department, in front of New York Telephone, in front of Bob Dylan's house. In their early years the Yips did not isolate the pot issue but gave it a place in the grander paradigm that included Vietnam, youth oppression, ethnic discrimination and other radical standards of the era.

By the early '70s the Yips had honed the smoke-in to a powerful social point. One of their great coups, spoken of fondly today wherever aging Yippies gather to ponder the past, was the 1970 Honor America Day smoke-in. President Richard Nixon had pronounced July 4th "Honor America Day," a celebration for working people to be hosted by Bob Hope at the Washington Monument. It was an overture to the hard-hat culture that had turned out earlier that spring by the thousands in the streets of New York and elsewhere to beat up slow-footed peace-niks. The Yippies, feeling it was their turn, announced a smoke-in with free pot for all, to be held adjacent to the hard-hat rally. The press, sensing a kill, played it up big, too big as it turned out, intimidating all but a couple thousand of the lunch-bucket crowd. There were at least that many at the smoke-in and files of police on both sides. The inevitable battle broke at nightfall, tear-gas bombs exploding against the background of fireworks, rock music and the peace pleas of Bob Hope's manager.

In recent years the Yips have mellowed somewhat, adapting at this year's general assembly a "soft strategy" with emphasis on diplomacy. Their basic demands have remained the same for the past five years and have been demonstrated for in the same way: the smoke-in. At the annual May Day National Marijuana Day Smoke-In and parade up New York's Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Central Park and at the annual July 4th Wash-

ington, D.C., smoke-in, speakers listed the Yippie demands: a cessation of all laws against marijuana, release of all prisoners doing time on pot raps along with full repatriation and reparations. Yip leaders concede that a guaranteed weekly stash is negotiable, but only upon acceptance of the other terms. It is these positions that have sometimes put them on a collision course with NORML's gradual decrim program.

A new, visible prodope vanguard that bears watching is the Atlanta-based Coalition Against Marijuana Prohibition. CAMP first appeared earlier this year, partly because "NORML doesn't have a Georgia organization," according to Shay Addams, an organizer. CAMP wants legal dope, homegrown and with no restrictions on import or export, and international laissez-faire for the Organization of Dope Exporting Countries. CAMP is funded in part by, and in turn lobbies for, the International Marijuana Wholesalers and Distributors, another Atlanta gig.

IMWD sells "marijuana futures," stocks redeemable "when marijuana is legalized" at cut-rate prices. Paul Cornwell, creator of "marijuana futures," says that, as far as their lawyers can tell,

The Yippies demand cessation of all laws against pot, release of all pot prisoners and a guaranteed weekly stash for every citizen.

futures in the pot market are perfectly legit, "like soybeans or cotton." Not only that, but a good investment. "When pot is legalized there is certainly going to be a futures market, just as there is for all perishable commodities, and IMWD will be the oldest and most established dealer around," Cornwell predicts.

In the farthest orbit in the galaxy of antidope and prodope groups are the dealers' organizations. Conceived in the best spirit of the '60s, most of the half-dozen or so early dealers' organizations were formulated as secret brother/sisterhoods to cope with other dealers and the law. There were countless economically motivated dealing syndicates, and still are, not to be confused with the genuinely political animals. Groups like the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, the Midwest Dealers' Association and Southern Dealers' Association, the Confederation and the Southern California Dealers' School operated from the proposition that you should live as you exhort, and funnel the money to sympathetic politicians.

The Brotherhood of Eternal Love produced the popular "orange sunshine" LSD in labs in California and Hawaii. The Brotherhood pumped a small fortune into

the Weather Underground and other radical activities, reaching their zenith in the 1970 jailbreak of Timothy Leary. The law broke up the act in 1972, jailing some small potatoes and scattering the rest to the ends of the earth, but now and then some of the orange sunshine tabs surface somewhere and stories are rife that the old gang is together again.

The Midwest Dealers' Organization formed in the late '60s in the upper Midwest. Though more informal than most groups, its members were active politicians who applied their structural knowledge to the dope trade. People who at one point had crisscrossed the Midwest organizing demonstrations during the war now traded pot back and forth, keeping track of the cops, local informants, schizophrenic rips and other perils of the trade. At one point the Milwaukee group issued certified "one ounce" stickers to its members after an epidemic of short uncoung swept the city. The stickers and the publicity brought balance back to the baggies. The MDA contributed thousands of dollars to the descendants of political trials, mostly to the Chicago-Eight Defense Fund. In the fall of 1969, during the Chicago trial, MDA fund raisers canvassed Midwest college coffeehouses and bars selling ten-dollar lids. The MDA had also pumped money into several alderman races and at least one mayoral race in large midwestern cities.

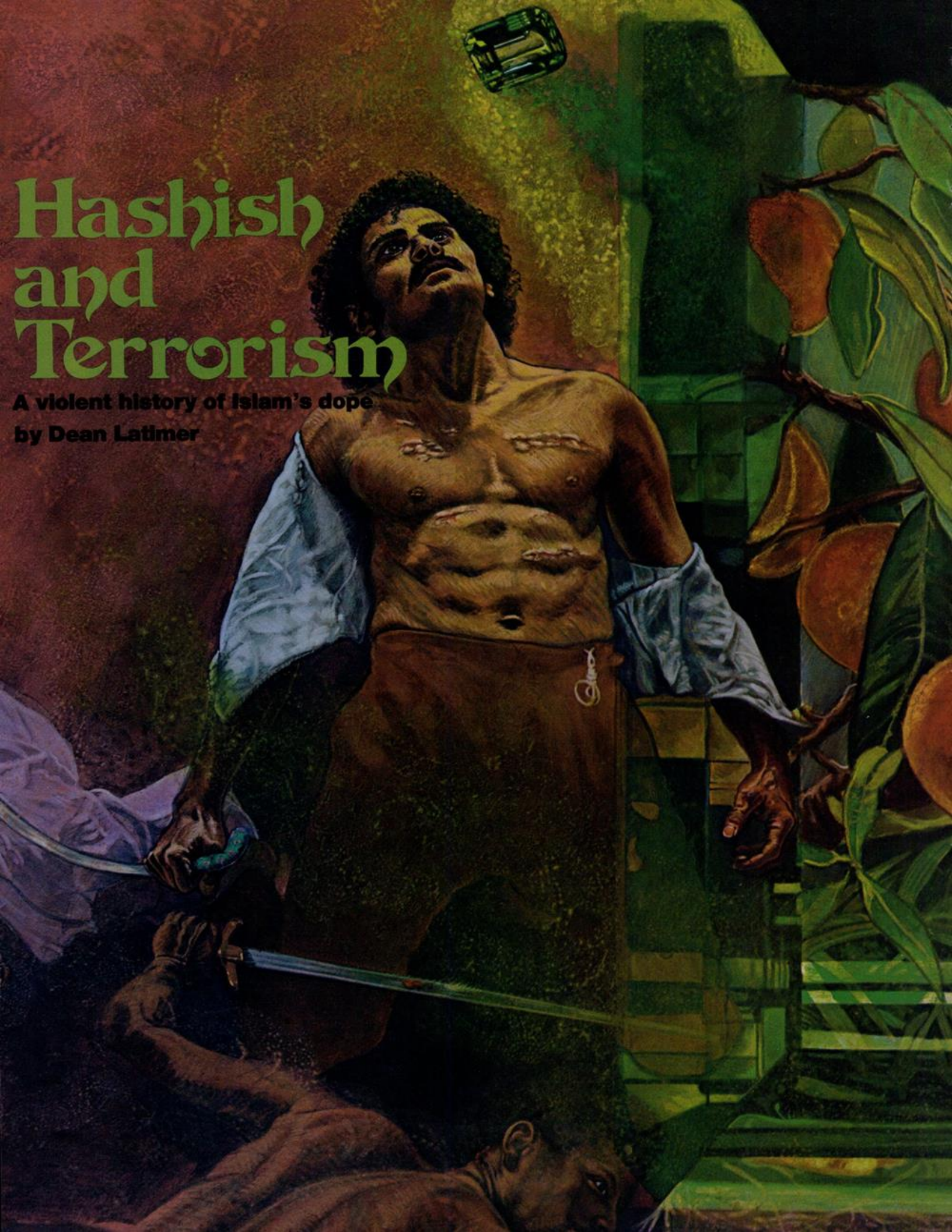
The Southern Dealer's Association and Southern California Dealers' School are more or less private clubs of independently wealthy smuggler/dealer types who occasionally send a five-figure check along with an irate telegram to their politico front somewhere telling them to attack one policy or push another. SDA formed in the late '60s, SCDS last year.

Another group, the Confederation, bills itself as "an association of independent marijuana, hashish and hash oil smugglers, ton dealers, growers, transporters and workers." In the past, the mysterious group contributed \$10,000 to NORML and has made similar contributions to other worthy endeavors as a voice of the marijuana industry. The Confederation has surfaced recently to comment directly on vital pot issues. As a result of a Confederation press release condemning S. 1437 the debate over the bill became this year's hot topic at NORML's annual conference.

As the pot generation moves into positions of power and influence, the dope laws will change. Midwives and marijuana will return to their unfettered forms, the quacks and their DEA torpedoes on the lam. The pioneer pot lobbyists of our generation have already worked out a hundred schemes to return dope safely to the people, but, as experience shows, it takes knowledge and awareness to use dope and keep it out of the hands of those who would use it for their own economic and political ends. ■

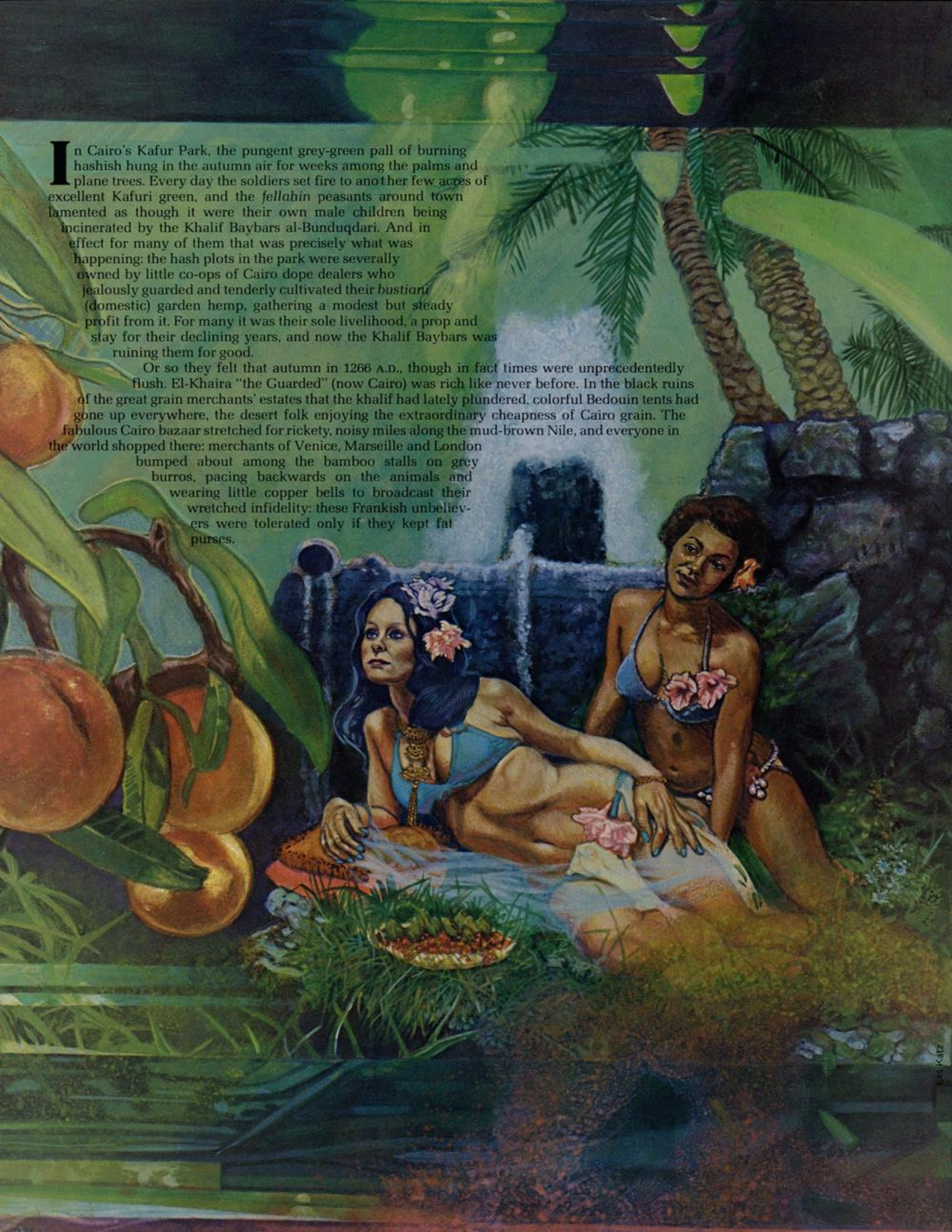
Hashish and Terrorism

A violent history of Islam's dope
by Dean Latimer



In Cairo's Kafur Park, the pungent grey-green pall of burning hashish hung in the autumn air for weeks among the palms and plane trees. Every day the soldiers set fire to another few acres of excellent Kafuri green, and the *fellabin* peasants around town lamented as though it were their own male children being incinerated by the Khalif Baybars al-Bunduqdari. And in effect for many of them that was precisely what was happening: the hash plots in the park were severally owned by little co-ops of Cairo dope dealers who jealously guarded and tenderly cultivated their *bustiani* (domestic) garden hemp, gathering a modest but steady profit from it. For many it was their sole livelihood, a prop and stay for their declining years, and now the Khalif Baybars was ruining them for good.

Or so they felt that autumn in 1266 A.D., though in fact times were unprecedentedly flush. El-Khaira "the Guarded" (now Cairo) was rich like never before. In the black ruins of the great grain merchants' estates that the khalif had lately plundered, colorful Bedouin tents had gone up everywhere, the desert folk enjoying the extraordinary cheapness of Cairo grain. The fabulous Cairo bazaar stretched for rickety, noisy miles along the mud-brown Nile, and everyone in the world shopped there: merchants of Venice, Marseille and London bumped about among the bamboo stalls on grey burros, pacing backwards on the animals and wearing little copper bells to broadcast their wretched infidelity: these Frankish unbelievers were tolerated only if they kept fat purses.



In the Khan-el-Khalil slave market, naked youths and maidens from as far away as China squatted in shackled coffles alongside hefty Basque milkmaids and headhunters from Borneo with filed foreteeth. And in the quiet al-Juniyah students' quarter, the "Little Garden" near the prestigious Mustansiriyah University, hash freaks nodded on the cobblestones and drifted wraithlike among the abundant banks of flowers.

But just as the Kafur Park reeked that fall of burning hashish, so the air of the Little Garden was sullied with the char of smoldering wine shops, and the cobbles underfoot were littered with broken wine jars. The Khalif el-Malik al-Zahir Baybars al-Bunduqdari, awaiting a state visit from the newly converted and very pious il-Khan of the Golden Horde, was conducting a ferocious return to traditional Muhammadan values: no drinking of wine, no eating of *kaff* (hashish), and all the whores had been lately rounded up and jailed "until proper husbands can be found for them." The cleanup program of 1266 was so effective, sang the poets, that the very devils of Hell were giving up Cairo for greener pastures:

The Ameer al-Zahir banned hashish and wine,
So the armies of Iblis went over the hill,
Saying: "There's one thing we will not abide:
A stable without either fodder or swill."

Of course everyone in town knew that the khalif, born pagan and raised among the marauding Quipchak camps by the Volga, was privately addicted to *kumiss*, 110-proof fermented mare's milk. And then of course his harem, while modest by the usual standards of the khalifate, was choicely composed of equal proportions of girl slaves and boy slaves. But had he not gained the khalifate by devastating the supposedly invincible Mongol hordes virtually before the very gates of Cairo? And, since he fed the poor abundantly and was generally out of town smiting the Mongols or the Franks, most Cairenes loved the khalif exceedingly. Only the wine pressers and hash growers greatly resented this latest pious hypocrisy, they and the Assassins, or *Hashishim*.

Hashish was discovered, goes the legend, in the year 1155 by the Shaykh az-Zawayi Haydar of Persia, the same year he founded the mystic Sufi subsect of Islam. After ten years of solitary meditation in his mountainside cell near Qumm, south of the Caspian Sea, Haydar wandered from his monastery one hot summer day in a state of black, suicidal melancholy. Just as he was wondering how much the world would really miss him after he was gone, "he came across this *hashishah* ["weed"] and noticed that its branches were swaying, although the air was breezeless. Reflecting that this must be due to some secret contained in it," Haydar plucked and ate of it.

When he came home late that day,

according to a disciple, "his face radiated energy and joy, quite a contrast to his usual appearance." Eager to communicate to his brethren "this restful joy you see in me," the Shaykh turned them all on, instructing them thusly: "God has granted to you the privilege of knowing the secrets of these leaves. Thus, when you eat it, your dense worries may disappear and your exalted minds become polished. Therefore keep their trust and guard their secret."

So Haydar cultivated this dynamite hashish about the abbey grounds all his life after that, and one of his stoned-out *Haydari* disciples related, "I never saw him stop eating it, day in and day out."

Of course there was a lot more to Sufi than hash eating—within the cult itself, many intellectuals violently opposed it—but the Haydari monks continually celebrated the elevating properties of their mystic weed. Wandering about Persia in their patched, tattered *jibbahs*, the early

Word has it that Hasan ibn-Sabah, leader of the Assassins, was the Messiah who returns to earth to purify Islam and scourge the infidel.

Sufis ("the Poor") subsisted mainly on food given them by rich folks, which they subsequently distributed to the secular Poor, who didn't even have begging privileges in the better neighborhoods. The squalor and misery of their chosen surroundings, the Sufis discovered, could be rendered not merely tolerable but downright resplendent by *al-Khadra*, "the Green One." Asked how he could bear living year after year in the guts bin of a slaughterhouse, a Bhagdadi Sufi smiled, "At times I see the world as a fairy castle. At others, there are quiet pastures and gardens all around me."

Ideally, hashish was used "to escape existence while existing," no idle feat. The devoted *Haydarah* bathed and changed into clean rags before he partook of his *luqaynah*, "little morsel." He ate it alone or with other Sufis only. Careful to touch it only with his right hand, he would utter a solemn invocation:

"Remove from me all desires, O God, with their hindrances, all doubts with their consequences, all trouble and turmoil, and show me existence as it really is. Give me its benefits and ward off its harmful effects, O God all-powerful and all-knowing."

Then the hash, rolled usually with honey and sesame paste, was lingeringly

and reverently devoured. As the mellowing effect grew on him, the monk would carefully gargle and spit with pure water and then rub his foreteeth with antimony to bleach out the brown hash stain. Finally he settled down cross-legged onto his embroidered prayer carpet and braided his beard for hours and hours, meditating.

"He meditates upon cause and the thing caused, upon doing and the thing done, event and result, the speaker and the word.... The eternal knowledge of God and His universal grace suffuses him, he sees all the ways of seeing, sees every thing with its inward contents. He sees the hearts with their eyes and controls the eyes with their hearts. He distinguishes himself from his idea of humanity, and ascends to the Divine."

Thus spake the enlightened "Shaykh Qalander" as transcribed by the Muslim scholar Abu t-Tuqa al-Badri around 1450. Whether this Shaykh ever really existed is doubtful—a Qalander being a rank of royal eunuch—but his description of Sufi meditation clearly exhibits a solid nugget of real enlightenment. The same is true of that lovely story about Haydar of Persia, alas. Hashish had actually been used by a variety of Indian and Persian mystics for at least a century before Haydar's alleged 1155 "discovery"—and Sufi monks didn't really get into hash themselves until a generation after he died.

In fact, the earliest reference to organized *Hashishiyah*, "weed eaters," dates from 1123, in a document indicting the fanatical followers of one Hasan ibn-Sabah of blasphemy and systematic murder. Like Haydar a native of Qumm, this Hasan had studied for some years as a youth at the Cairo Mustansiriyah, mapping the known world and translating ancient Greek scrolls with the likes of Omar Khayyam, the leading scientist of the time. Aristotle and Galen taught Hasan ibn-Sabah how to reason logically, if dogmatically, and Pythagoras and Zoroaster showed him that there were things in the universe that were not to be found in the Holy Quran: numerology, astrology, reincarnation, gnosis, myth.... Pitched out of Cairo around 1100 for wine bibbing, riot making and general free thinking, Hasan returned to Qumm with an extensive armed bodyguard of devoted adherents, or *fedayeen*.

By bribery, blackmail and selective assassination, Hasan presently gained title to an isolated castle in the Mazandaran mountains by the Caspian. Here at Alamut, "the Eagle's Roost," he became the Shaykh al-Jebel, the Old Man of the Mountains, and by Haydar's time had already gathered there a sizeable garrison of hash-crazed *fedayeen*, mainly heretics and outlaws from as far away as Spain. He never shaved, they said, nor slept nor spat nor ate; he could walk through stone walls and upon water, or teleport instantly to Cairo and back, if he so willed. Hasan ibn-Sabah, word had it, was none less

than Mahdi incarnate, the Messiah of the heretical Ismailite Muslims, who periodically returns to Earth to purify the nation of Islam and scourge the infidel. "Bury everything that stands," quoth the terrible Shaykh al-Jebel, "under the ruins of thrones and altars."

It was at Hasan el-Mahdi ibn-Sabah's Eagle's Roost that the famous Garden of the Assassins was established, so luridly described later on by Marco Polo of Venice. A regular feature in the initiation of youthful Assassins, it seems, was rendering the lads senseless with hash and opium and carrying them into a secret garden landscaped after the description of heaven in the Quran. Here on the misty mountainside they awoke to the exotic odors of cinnamon and persimmon, the sweet cooing of grey turtle doves and the clucking of iridescent peacocks, and soft lutes plucked by "beautiful young damsels of every race and description, versed in all the arts pleasing to the ear and the eye." Besides music and dance, of course, these celestial *houris* also yielded to these horny young Turks "everything that every young man wants," so that "they were convinced they had gone to Paradise."

Betimes, the girls would deal out sweetmeats laced with *banj*—henbane—to the youths, and when they next awoke they were back in their barracks. "Now go ye and fight for me," the Shaykh al-Jebel would assure them, "and when ye return I shall take thee back to Paradise for awhile; and should ye die in battle, even so shall I have my angels carry thee back unto Paradise forever." You can imagine what splendid soldiers they made, then, in holy awe of their immortal Messiah and actively itching for an honorable battle death. By the time Marco Polo was writing—1209—the current Old Man of the Mountains owned nine castles in Mazanderan and nine more across the continent in Lebanon.

Of course there was a lot more to the Assassins than hash eating—they were far and away the most accomplished and effective technicians of selective political terrorism the world has ever seen—but they gloried in the name *Hashishim* and the stark fear it inspired in the hearts of the great and mighty. They were well on the way to becoming a major faction in Islamic society before 1220, when the Mongols under Ghenghis Khan totally depopulated Mazanderan, along with the rest of Persia as far east as the Euphrates.

Coincidentally, it was right about this time that hashish suddenly became a major controversy in Islam. Prior to 1100, to go by the records, nobody seems to have used it much at all. Herodotus of Halicarnassus, of course, spoke around 350 B.C. of the Scythian tribes around the Danube who took sauna baths in felt tepees full of hemp smoke: they burned grass seeds over hot rocks, doused them with water and then squatted naked in the steam and laughed and sang like hey-go-

mad. After that, though, the sources are mainly mum about cannabis: Galen (200 A.D.) recommended it as a sure cure for sexual obsessions—"it has the property of drying up and cutting off the semen"—and it was employed to treat cataracts, though mainly in horses. Still, the main function of cannabis before the medieval era was merely the making of rope.

Maybe then it was the Mongol invasion of 1220—"Hashish went forth," 'twas said, "and with it went forth the sword of the Tatars"—and the abrupt proliferation of horror-stricken and impoverished hash-eating refugees in Syria and Egypt; or maybe it was the infiltration of the Haydari Sufis into all the slums and farm-towns of Islam: in any case, the inconceivable oppression of the poor under the viciously authoritarian khalifs and sultans of Islam was so horrible that the commonfolk embraced hashish passionately from the start and used it for whatever pathetic transports of grandeur

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and escape they could manage, from Baghdad all the way to Barcelona.

Hashish was called the "poor folks' wine" in medieval Islam, to give you an idea how things have changed since then. The prolific hemp plant—*al-qunnab*—grew everywhere, after all, and in the compressed form of kaff it was immensely transportable. It was generally peddled in the form of tiny grey oval pills—*bunduqdah*, after the hazelnut-shaped missile fired by a cross-bow—and mixed by the consumer with various condiments such as honey, sugar, almonds, pistachios and poppy seeds. Nobody ever smoked it; in fact, smoking was unheard of until tobacco was discovered in America. Hashish eaters were notorious candy noshers, of course, and they liked their dope in the form of chewy confections that made satisfying the munchies a whole extra trip of itself. This is where a lot of these poor folk got into trouble: while hash was incredibly cheap, the cost of the sweetmeats could bankrupt an intemperate person and very often did.

Its extraordinary cheapness also kept kaff out of the very best circles of society, who despised it for its shantytown connotations and preferred to drink wine with the snobbiest possible ostentation.

The hash eaters naturally responded by inventing sundry fancy hash fashions of their own, according the most comically highfalutin virtues and attributes to the dedicated hash freak.

"His mind is ever cheerful," sang the kaff poet. "there is grace in his walk and his commands and prohibitions. He takes the most delicate food, speaks sweetly and nobly. He gazes upon beautiful faces, sits in the pleasantest places where water is murmuring, in the company of sophisticated friends...." And even if he was really wallowing in a guts shambles with a couple other bums, the effect was undoubtedly the same.

Between the contemptuous aristocracy and the ever-vigilant *qadis* (judges) and their police—after all, kaff, like wine, was highly illegal—quite a colorful counter-culture evolved in Islam around the use of *al-qunnab*, both lay and religious. *Kaff* itself means "palm of the hand," a pun designation inspired by the resemblance of the standing plant to an outstretched hand. "The palm of my hand is its cask," the punsters bragged to their wine-tipping detractors, "I never gave away its secret by a jug." They carried it in a pretty little ornamental stash box—*huqqah*—if they could afford it, or more often in a plain brown bag. Thus hash was also called *el-bint al-jirab*, "the daughter of the Bag," and since *al-Kaff* was also the Arab name for the five-starred constellation Cassiopeia, there was no end to cute little *Rub'iyah* quatrains like this:

When the Sultan of Worries flies off with my
mind,
Robbing my joy, and himself crazed by half,
I directly pay court to the *Bint-al-Jirab*,
And beg a bright star from the stars of *al-Kaff*.

Everyone had their pet names for it. Travelers ate their *zuwwadah*, "provisions," washed down with canteen water. Exotic dancers called it *al-'uknah*, the belly wrinkle. The gay set was crazy about *ash-shumay'ah*, their little wax candle. The snobs who loathed it ignorantly called it *banj*, which had originally meant opium, currently meant henbane and later on would mean plain marijuana.

Dealing it was child's play, except when someone like the Khalif Baybars was on a fundamentalist rampage. The stuff was grown legally for rope anyway, and Muslim officials were forever eager to be bribed, so there were always sources of supply. Their methods of preparing it, though, were decidedly elaborate. Nobody merely sent naked boys and girls running through the *al-qunnab* patch to collect the resin on their skin—this myth is modern, not more than 100 years old—but they did go to an inordinate amount of trouble.

The best Kafuri green in Cairo, for instance, was supposedly mixed seven parts to one with wild *barri* grass from out of town. The stronger wild grass, they felt, would "ferment" the domestic *bustiani*

brand, like yeast in dough. "Some thoroughly bake the leaves," revealed one scholar, "then rub them carefully by hand until they form a paste, and roll them into pills. Others dry the leaves slightly, toast them, husk them by hand and mix them with a little sesame and sugar; this they put into the mouth dry and chew for a long time."

Another notorious recipe involved soaking the roasted leaves for six weeks in brine, employing cattle manure instead of barri hemp for leavening: "If we put cow dung in the mass for fermentation," it explained, "it comes out light, hot and very pungent. If it contains no dung, it comes out heavy, crude and mean." This brand of kaff was allegedly steeped a further week in urine, until maggots were magically "generated" in it; if the maggots were slow to appear, the loincloth from a menstruating woman was recommended, wrung out thoroughly over the mush.

All these modes of hash making were called "killing" the plant—a flashback to various primordial Arabian religions, well before Muhammad, when the desert folk regarded any growing green thing with superstitious awe—and it was not done without an atavistic trace of guilt. A hashishah as powerful as al-Khadra the Green One was likely to get revenge in the long run.

They toasted her, a foul deed,
And chewed her till they killed her dead;
They gnashed her down, lay back in bed
—And strangled on their strangled weed.

The revenge of the Green One took forms both vicious and sublime. Hash eaters typically developed a sallow, greyish-green complexion—"hashen," as it were—and, being broke most of the time, were notoriously stingy. Also they tended to gradually abandon all the higher Arab virtues, such as possessiveness over their womenfolk (hash eaters, 'twas said, were readily cuckolded) and the instinct to instantly avenge any personal insult. Also they were so highly suggestible, after a few years on the stuff, that if you suddenly shouted "Piss!" at one of them, he'd do it right there in his breechcloth.

To this slander, hash freaks righteously responded that they pissed a whole lot less than wine drunkards. Anyway, how much could they reasonably fear degradation by kaff, when their original condition was so abominable out front? There are plenty of stories in Arab literature about upper-class wine drinkers getting belligerent and quarrelsome, thieving and even murdering to support their habit; but not a single verse or chapter appears anywhere about violent kaff eaters. Hash stories tend to have a peculiar sweetness and poignancy about them, for example: • A certain al-Jayshi al-Hakwi, bathing stoned at the el-Fadil Baths in Cairo's fashionable Bab Zulwaylah district, was urged by a friend to go hear a dynamite new singer at a wedding across town. So

Jayshi wandered out into the street wearing only the blue el-Fadil loin towel and in the next block overheard someone speaking of the splendid Baysari Baths, just across the square. Thither Jayshi strayed, continuing his bath as before. After the final massage and scalp shave, however, he went to the locker room and began raising hell because his clothes weren't there. An attendant happened to notice that Jayshi was wearing an el-Fadil towel, though, and the whole crowd broke into a popular song called "Bravo Hashish!" They led Jayshi back to the el-Fadil, while he danced and sang naked before them. • A well-lined hash eater in the Cairo suburb of Bulay imagined while stoned that he was in the Bab Zulwaylah when a terrible voice out of the sky ordered him to spend all his money on the poor, for his time had come to die. He fell down and passed out in terror, he thought, and was carried home and put to bed by his slaves. When he awoke for real, he ordered up a veritable mountain of candied figs and glazed pomegranates and shipped them to the Bab Zulwaylah, free to all takers. On

The oppression of the poor under the khalifs and sultans of Islam was so horrible that the commonfolk embraced hashish passionately.

his next hash trip, this man was shown a fantastic fairy castle made all of sweetmeats and was told by the voice that this is where the generous abide in paradise. But when he woke the castle was gone, and so was his fortune: in fact he soon after lost his mind.

• In Baghdad, a very respected university lecturer was returning to his Mustansiriyah campus after an evening in the hash house, when he suddenly conceived that the silver moonlight on the pavement was flood water from the Tigris. Taking his sandals in his hand and plucking his robe up over his hips, he began dashing frantically for high ground in great high-kicking leaps. The crowd was wonderfully amused.

• There was also once in Baghdad a backwater fisherman utterly ripped on kaff who abruptly beheld that the moonlit street was the Tigris itself and spent the night vainly trying to net and gaff a little dog that he took for a salmon swimming in it.

• Later on in Cairo, around 1600, two old men went up into the Kafur Park to smoke tobacco and eat hashish. They promptly passed out but awoke to the sound of hooves: the new governor Deli Husayn

Pasha riding up with his sheriffs. Quickly they hid their water pipe under a bush and swallowed the rest of their hash.

When Husayn Pasha asked what they were up to, one man explained he intended to shave the other's head and set about going through the motions; whereupon the other, feeling the sear of the hot razor on his scalp, complained loudly of being burned. The Pasha pointed out that in fact there was no razor, lather or fire in sight. The self-styled "barber" begged off—while the other was still rubbing his burnt scalp—by explaining that he was so lousy at barbering, he'd forgotten his implements. Husayn Pasha laughed so hard at this he wound up paying both men handsomely for their exhibition of "barbering," instead of having their hands cut off for smoking tobacco, a felony at the time.

However real or imaginary the horrors of kaff, the main objection against its consumers was always that they were poor, born poor and poor all their lives, such loathsome and insignificant people that it hardly paid to take their beloved dope away from them. But long before Baybars's 1266 cleanup campaign, and for long after it—even now as you read this!—they've tried, God knows.

But did God know anything about hashish? The Quran, compiled gradually between 650 and 750 A.D., never mentions kaff or bans any plant of any kind. It bans wine, to be sure, in verses that link it with gambling as a grievous and inimical waste of money: the Prophet clearly felt that his impoverished followers had better things than booze and dice to waste their *dirhams* on. Later Quranic scholars—reflecting the conspicuous element of knee-jerk authoritarianism that pervades Islam—justified the proscription of wine on the grounds that "intoxication" itself took a person's mind off the proper fear and reverence of God, encouraged him to feel free of properly constituted authority and generally promoted an impermissible access of *luxuria*. The *hadd*, or ecclesiastical punishment for wine drinking, was 40 to 80 stripes with a bull's pizzle in public—unless the offender could cough up a suitable fine.

Thus the rich folk got to drink all they liked, while the poor were reduced to nasty old hashish. They made a perfect fetish of it, though: "By its subtlety it clothes the dullard with a sparkling wit, and he becomes bright, a good companion," they insisted, "in contrast to wine, so nasty in its effects, and the fear of being surprised by the qadis." Wine was used by the Frankish infidels to propitiate their delusive Jesus-god, they pointed out, and was made by a highly unclean process, trodden under the feet of women. Kaff "has no hangover, except subtle thinking." Wine was aged, hash was fresh: "How could an old woman have the grace of a young girl?"

(continued on page 101)

Nomad

Summer '78



SNEAK PREVIEW EDITION



Nomad

Nomad

July 1978

Why a New Travel Magazine?

Because there aren't any others. What passes for a travel magazine today is a glossy pennysaver peddling packaged tours, fobbed off on the aging credit-card holder as a cheap ticket to culture and civilization. A host of mass-market magazines specialize in retirement, vacation and armchair travel, the pseudotravel of the geriatric jumbo jet set. What the so-called travel industry offers is a predigested, sanitized, time-wasting tourist-trap trip.

* * *

Pleasure. Danger. Adventure. Or simple curiosity. These words tell you why today's aristocracy of nomads travels. They know that sitting still is death. And pleasure, danger, adventure and curiosity are what *Nomad* is about.

I've been publishing *Nomad* for ten years, sending it out from mimeograph machines in Tokyo, New York, Johannesburg, London and Honolulu. My subscribers are the international travel elite of today—the backpacking, hitchhiking, risk-taking citizens of the world who've helped *Nomad* establish a monopoly on the most exciting travel journalism and photography in the world today. Now we're ready to bring *Nomad* to you—beginning this fall as a full-sized quarterly newsstand magazine.

* * *

Nomad is a magazine by and for people who travel by bus from London to India with 40 strangers; people who hang out at private airports to thumb rides to they know not where; weird and wonderful wanderers who follow the sun spending Christmas on the beach in Goa and summer-traveling on somebody else's yacht as part of the working crew; hipster hobos who cross the Sahara by camel and vagabond gypsies who traverse South America by motorcycle. How do you hitch a ride across Siberia? Or swap your New York apartment for one overlooking the Champs Élysées? Where do you hang out with gem smugglers and gunrunners in Colombia? What do you take when you climb Mount Fuji? How do you bribe a Mexican? *Nomad* has the answers—and every issue we'll bring you the best bargains, the hippest hotels, the most sensual watering spots and the cheapest ways to get to them.

In future issues, we'll be sponsoring *Nomad* parties in the most exotic locales and sending *Nomad*-subscriber safaris to the last known frontiers of danger and adventure. As soon as ad revenues pick up, we'll be booking seats on the Space Shuttle to send our most gonzo staffers and subscribers to the moon. We're not kidding. If Jack Kerouac, Marco Polo and Conan the Barbarian were alive today, they'd be writing for *Nomad*. So we hope you'll be reading and telling us what you think. This sample issue's just a sneak preview of amazing things to come. When *Nomad* hits the newsstands this fall, we want you to be ready to go. Bring a toothbrush.

—John Wilcock, Editor

P.S. We're going to have a wonderful time, wish you were here, send money. See our special bargain-basement subscription offer on page 70.

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Hitch'n & Hopp'n

Rules of Thumb

You can go anywhere in the country, and most places in the world, *absolutely for free*. All you have to do is stand there in the wild wind by the side of the road with the gravel scrunching under your boots, thumb out, big smile, and be patient for a while, with the arc lights buzzing overhead, the beer bottles glistening in the ditches, the rain streaming on the hardtop and the endless succession of approaching white headlights and receding crimson taillights; finally, glory be to God, *somebody* will pick you up! "Hi, good buddy! Got room for a pair of sore doggies to the couple next clover leafs?" It's almost as easy as staying home—and probably cheaper!

Proper Address and Etiquette

Think of the people who will pick you up, and exist accordingly. It's poor-to-middling people you're thinking of, folks who've had to do some walking themselves and who are liable as not to pick up somebody who reminds them of someone they knew once before. Clean but funky in lots of faded denim, that's the ticket; have hair a little more fluffy than shaggy, military-surplus luggage and shades, all faded and slightly mussed from the road but mellow and glad to be there. A guitar is good, too clunky to be much coveted, set off against a frayed American-flag patch sewn into the khaki knapsack. And good big dusty boots are *de rigueur*—they look great, and anyway, no matter what, you'll do a *whole* lot of walking.

Take great pains with your sign, prettily lettered with a big fat flamboyant felt pen: **BREAKER ONE-NINE! RUBBER DUCKIE TO DETROIT!** Any vehicle with a CB antenna is *duty-bound* to pull up, good buddy.

Once inside the car, keep in mind the car is *them*: look for the things inside it that are special to them and talk about those things. Be nice to their stuff. Get them talking, that's why they picked you up: "What sort of work do folks do in these parts? You got kids? Get that tattoo in the service?" Follow up, give feedback, be company. Be *there*, the person next to them; that's where you are.

The Risks of the Road

Of course every few hundred miles it'll get a little sticky; that's part of us too. Some drivers just won't talk or will get outright nasty, insulting everyone who looks like you, trying with every line of dialogue to stir up an argument, at least. Most often that'll satisfy them: just be responsive and vigilant, let your drivers know you can anticipate

where they're going and that you can understand where they're at. You can give as good as you get; that's why you accepted the rides.

If the driver gets *real* nasty, physical even, just open your door, and no matter how fast you're traveling he or she will slow right down. It's the driver's *car*, after all, and once reminded of it, most drivers become civilized again. Clinical psychotics, driven by sheer metabolism to stab and burn and rape and strangle random people, don't very often preside over several thousand dollars' worth of modern automotive technology.

If the woman who contemplates hitching feels like coping with what she will assuredly encounter, then she can sure as hell get where she wants to go, and no hanging around the in-ramp all afternoon, either. Moreover, among the legions of mashers and ding-a-lings who'll pick her up, many are sure to be guys she'll like. A woman with the self-confidence to hitchhike, why, a sensible man has to respect that lady out front.

We will not deeply plumb here the cardinal joys and advantages of hitchhiking by male-female twosomes. It can do more for a marriage than separate vacations, that's for *damn* sure.

Money

What are you spending it on? Just keep a \$20 bill tucked into your boot at all times to show the local police along with your identification papers. They'll stop you lots, but if you can show them these tokens of honest citizenship, most often they'll let you go unmolested. Beyond the \$20 and pocket change, use credit cards and traveler's checks. Use your common sense and good judgment, basically, and you can have all America for absolutely nothing per day.

Afloat and Asoar

There are those who hang out at airports and marinas to bum lifts, and they say it works just swell. The hangars and dry docks are recommended. "It helps if you know how the things work," says a friend. "Rap about the engines a little, tell the pilot that his or her rig probably works better than the more expensive model." Pilots especially are happy to have someone along to keep them awake, and Chris-Craft captains just love to show how their babies perform. Of course you're not likely to have much of a choice of *destinations*, but hell, once you're there, that's where you wound up anyway!

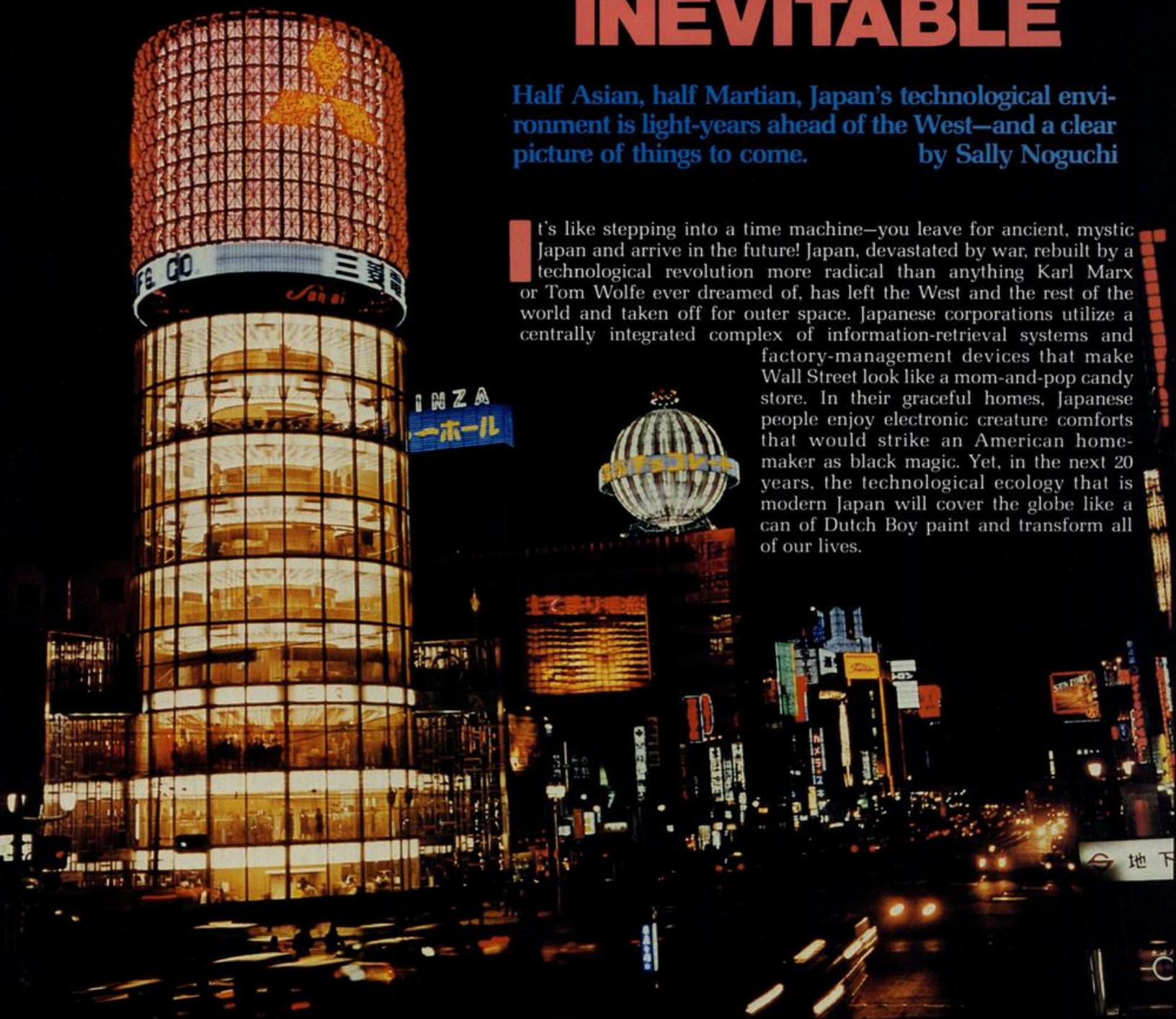


Steve Cooper

JAPAN: LAND OF THE EXPLODING COMPUTER INEVITABLE

Half Asian, half Martian, Japan's technological environment is light-years ahead of the West—and a clear picture of things to come. **by Sally Noguchi**

It's like stepping into a time machine—you leave for ancient, mystic Japan and arrive in the future! Japan, devastated by war, rebuilt by a technological revolution more radical than anything Karl Marx or Tom Wolfe ever dreamed of, has left the West and the rest of the world and taken off for outer space. Japanese corporations utilize a centrally integrated complex of information-retrieval systems and factory-management devices that make Wall Street look like a mom-and-pop candy store. In their graceful homes, Japanese people enjoy electronic creature comforts that would strike an American homemaker as black magic. Yet, in the next 20 years, the technological ecology that is modern Japan will cover the globe like a can of Dutch Boy paint and transform all of our lives.

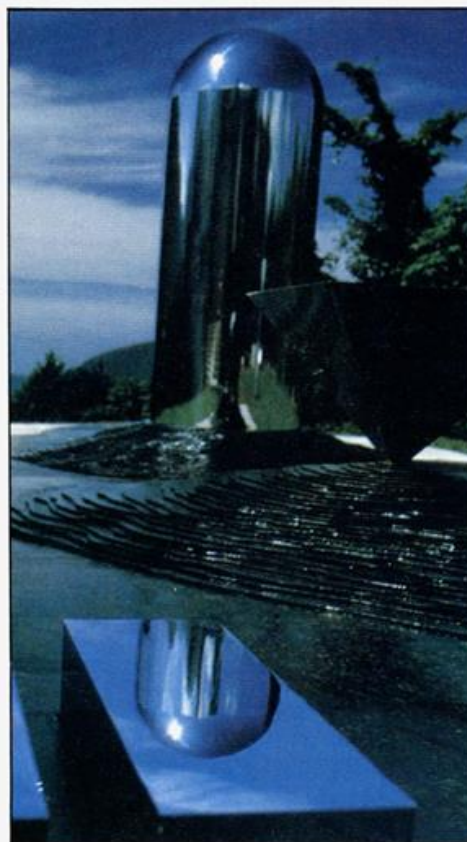




Japan Airlines



Shostal



Japan Airlines



Shostal

Halfway along the Yasukuni-dori boulevard in Tokyo's bohemian Shinjuku district, you're suddenly arrested by a futuristic assemblage of shining metalworks, apparently the result of a classical Oriental artist gone mad with hot-rod, jukebox motifs. While definitely solid and *there*, these soaring, graceful structures impart a subtle sense of esthetic composure, almost Zen-like in their simplicity, to the otherwise riotous, flamboyant and unspeakably noisy environment of the Shinjuku—some large businesses have even taken to broadcasting from their display windows, on digital flash boards, the decibel level of the surrounding neighborhood. So how is one to figure out these intriguing metal structures that oddly suggest a sort of repose and order among all the 24-hour nightclub havoc? The visitor goes to the plush air-conditioned policeman's *koban*-kiosk on the corner and asks about them. "Oh, those things," he'll say in Japanese. "Those are just the ventilation ducts for the Shinjuku Subnade. Go down and take a look."

The Subnade: this is the Japanese response to the problem of how to expand limited land space without complicating the environment with skyscrapers. In levels two and three floors deep beneath the entire Shinjuku district lie shopping plazas and entertainment arcades, intersecting blocks of restaurants and theaters, swimming pools and art galleries. Multi-level, cross-dimensional maps are displayed colorfully at convenient locations,

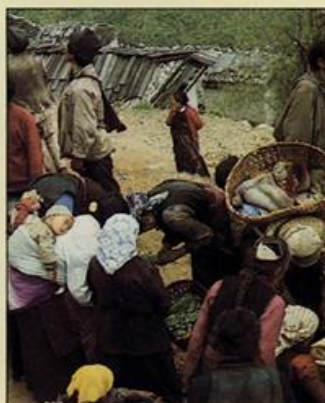
music is piped softly everywhere and the lighting is inexpressibly lovely: corridors are bathed in soft, shifting turquoise, ruby and magenta. It's another city entirely, an environment as exquisitely controlled as a space station.

In fact, a lot of Japan seems to be existing in the space age for *real*, as though America and Europe had been left slightly behind in the early '70s. TV-telephones, those pipe dreams of science fiction, are being installed for Japanese corporations everywhere. A service known as the Fujita Information Warehouse can put anyone with a TV console in touch with an unlimited library of scientific, historical and cultural source material. Buses in Tokyo are equipped with closed-circuit rearview TV sets. In

Ginza coffee shops, customers can dial up their choice of Hollywood movies on their private color consoles, with all the ease of jukeboxes. And among the fabulous electronic games and computerized shooting galleries in the Shinjuku arcades are coin-operated pipe organs and guitars that customers may play while wearing earphones, enabling them to make their own personal music.

If the Apollo program transformed America's recreational scene, certainly the nine-year-old Japanese space program, NASDA, has wholly revolutionized Japan's leisure industries. With dozens of meteorological and broadcasting satellites in orbit, Japan's Tanégushu space complex in Tokyo is already plotting to put a device in permanent orbit around Venus next year and to carry out zero-gravity projects in the '80s. There are rumors of a Japanese equivalent to the *Enterprise* space shuttle in the works, but nobody's talking yet.

For the time being, America's IBM still holds the lead over Japan in computer technology, but the next generation of computers—VLSI, or Very Large-Scale Integrated circuitry—clearly belongs to Mitsubishi Electronics. And when put into full production, VLSI will make even the wonders of the Shinjuku Subnade look like cheap parlor tricks. Already there are bionic geisha girls that perform *nearly* all the functions of the originals. In fact, Japan is a veritable museum of the coming decade's supertechnology.



On both sides of the Himalayan river Kosi lies the village of Tatopani. On the forestal northern banks and cliffs live Tibetans and their Chinese prefects; in the south live Tibetan refugees from the Chinese invasion in the '50s and native Nepalese. This, the Chinese border since 1959, was the destination set by Juma Khan, barreling along the Chinese Road from Katmandu in his black '52 Jaguar.

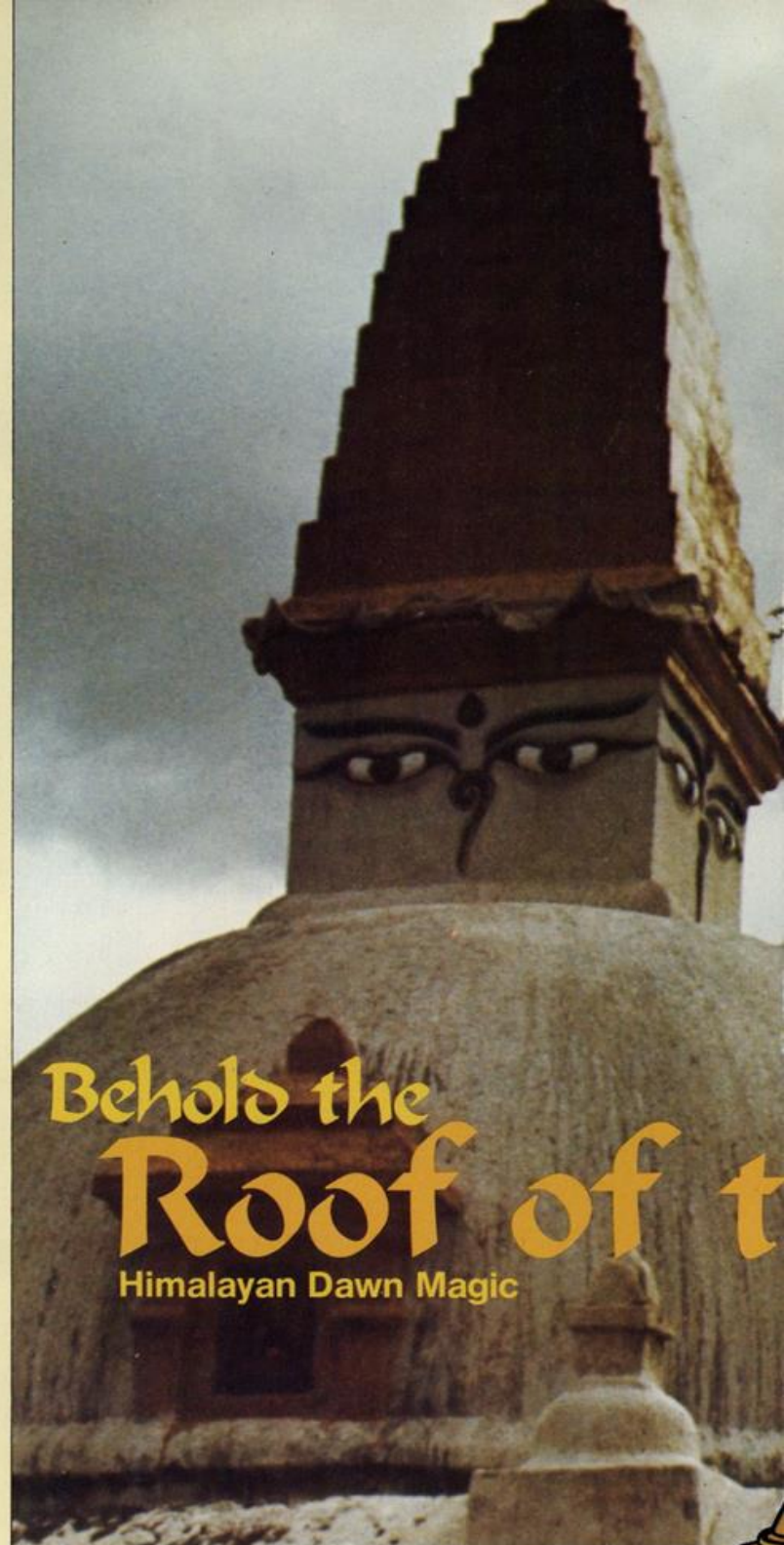
Half Austrian and half Afghani, Juma Khan drove everywhere in his swathed crimson turban, accompanied by his two monster Hindu Kush fighting dogs, two spoiled Austrian daughters on winter holiday and usually an Arabian racing stallion named Namche. For this particular weekend, I seemed to be replacing the stallion.

For four hours, we drove this humanerie north on the most deeply rutted, boulder-cluttered and crumbling road in modern or ancient history. The Chinese Road was hardly a road, hardly Chinese, but China's gift to Nepal in a paean to euphemism. Always the Ne-

palese seemed to divine the double edge of "progress." This dubiously intentioned cleft wound from Peking to Lhasa (Tibet) and continued onward to Tatopani, Nepal and Katmandu, where it joined the unpaved road to India; the first vehicular road through the Himalayas.

At 80 and 90 kilometers per hour, the Jaguar licked up crevices like tumbling fog, Juma sneering at the sudden-death buttresses and the earth collapsing behind us—only behind us, fortunately. The border here is a raging Himalayan river, a splashing glitter of white spray and turbulence transforming psyche and vision. Scrub brush protrudes from stone in all the colors of New Mexico, and the thunderous cataracts connote supreme power. Just moments before, five miles higher, this river had been blinding refulgent ice on sacred ineffable peaks.

Here were hot natural sulfur springs, cold green waterfalls, and Juma's old Tibetan yak-hair yurt-tent, replete with ancient Buddhist appliques. It was pitched on the 8,000-foot-high floor of this deep Kosi River canyon, well



Behold the Roof of the Himalayan Dawn Magic

below Tatopani and directly facing the moss-dappled cliffs of the Forbidden Land. The Tibetan refugees we passed had now settled in Tatopani (meaning "hot water") to cling to this outer rim of their banished Eden.

I was ready for breakfast, but first we took the girls and headed for the little straw lean-to up the road, overlooking the Tibetan cliffs.

The startling astral beauty of the venerable Tibetan matriarch of Tatopani, Drolma, unfolded before us as we approached the hut. She was gracious, elegant, lithe of face and body, her waist-length hair as flaxen and creamy as the lengths of mountain-sheep hair she was carding for her loom with a wooden comb. A glimmer of light arose visibly in her eyes at





The World

by Terez Coe



Photos courtesy of "Nepal Land of the Gods"

tically hand hewn. Steaming oxygenated mineral waters pour forth from crevices in the grey rock. Men in loin-cloths observed our approach, and barebacked women standing before their separate waterfalls craned their slender necks at us. A hand-painted sign informed all international hippies that nudity was not part of Nepal's idea of brotherhood. We sunned languidly until a fountain was vacated by its naiad and then plunged in four together. This disturbed no one, thanks to the children with us, and the steam was healthy and sulfuric, the sensations glorious. Yet it was strange to see no Tibetans at the springs, owing to Hindu caste distinctions that forbid such integration.

Back to Drolma's tent, where her quietness unleashed mythological reveries of augury. Across the river, the Tibetan cliffs were strangely astir with swarms of entrancing Mongol bees gathering outside their other hives on orange moss a thousand feet up. Until then, these inaccessible thriving hives had seemed to be giant half-disc fungi with Zanzibar

stripes. Placidly the bees took flight, all at once, embarking on a migration to a new hive. "An auspicious sign," said Drolma.

Drolma's ageless eyes were laughing as she peered through her doorway. Every Tibetan kid in the neighborhood was tumbling out to catch the magical sighting, spiraling and circling below the cliffs, mastiffs and bitches romping among them: bells of circumambulation in the fields of Drolma's concentration.

Suddenly an excited ten-year-old ran in to tell us the dream she just remembered from the night before: "We all went over the side of the mountain in the plunging Jaguar-car, when the Chinese Road disappeared! It had bucket seats and was all encircled with an enormous dried flower mala tinted pastel rainbow colors, and its wheels sprouted skis to fly us through the air!"

The dream bespoke the vision of mystery that permeates all of Nepal. The morning's adventures complete, we sat down to breakfast on goat cheese, barley cakes and *chang* rice-beer.

the vision of Juma Khan, an old friend. His Farci name meant King of the Dog Fights, King of the Holidays.

Drolma was formerly of Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. She inquired after the Lhasa natives I know in Katmandu, longing like them for the enchanted holy city sequestered for a millennium by the Tibetans and now by the Chinese. Since she and the

other refugees fled, Lhasa has been abducted into the twentieth century. But Drolma will wait for the old Lhasa here, at the border. There is no melancholy in her face, only immemorial patience.

From Drolma's hut we descended another cliff trail of angular granite clefts hand-carved eons ago. Thousands of kilometers of rocky trails in Nepal and Tibet are iden-







A photograph of a tropical beach scene. In the foreground, a man is riding a dark-colored donkey on a sandy path. He is wearing a striped shirt and a checkered sarong. Behind him, a woman is walking, carrying a child on her back. The beach is sandy with some driftwood and palm fronds in the lower left. The ocean is a deep blue, and the sky is light blue with some clouds. A large palm tree is on the left side of the frame.

In Lamu, Nothing Changes but the Moon

One Thousand and One Nights on \$1 a Night
by Ellis Rogers

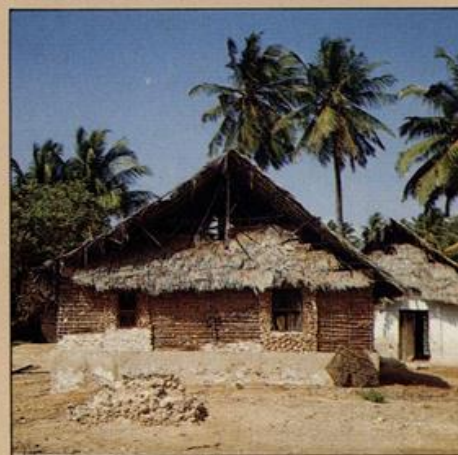
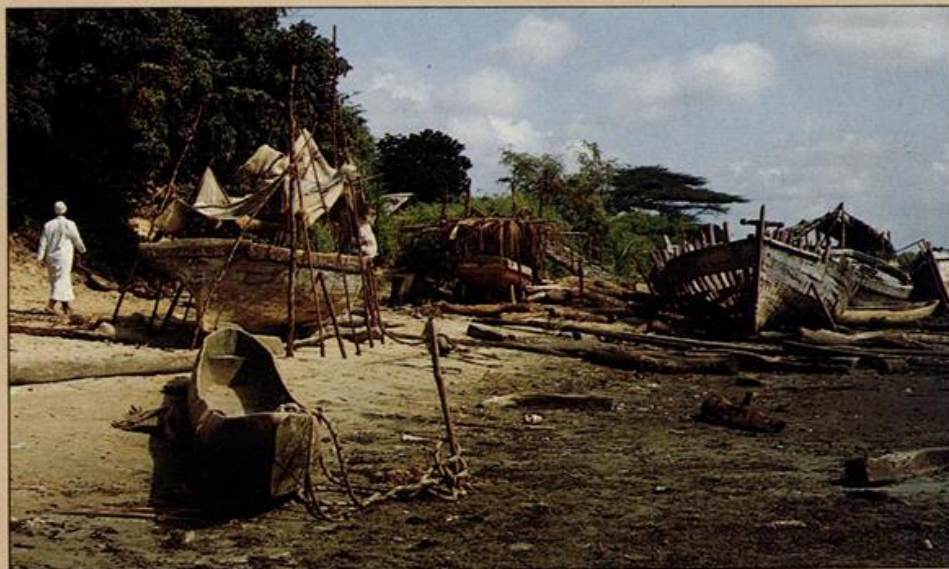
Not far from the coast of Kenya in the iridescent Indian Ocean lies an island called Lamu, very much the same as it was a thousand years ago. Since time out of mind, Lamu has been a bustling *entrepôt* of the African-Arabian trade, its wharves aswarm with *dhow*s freighting ostrich feathers, elephant tusks and green hashish, its bazaars awash with every exotic skin tone from Tibetan gold to Zulu ebony. And in recent years, gliding inconspicuously in their shimmering wraparound *kikoy*s among all these motley traders, an increasing number of Western adventurers have been living out fantasies straight from the *Arabian Nights*.

For a dollar a night, boarding houses in Lamu town will afford a visitor not merely clean lodgings but access to the flat roof with unlimited sunset-watching and stargazing privileges. Lamu marijuana is cheap and powerful, restrictions against it are minimal, and the African equatorial heavens are spectacular and infinitely absorbing. Thus many are persuaded to stay for months on end, renting ancient high-walled townhouses for \$20 to \$50 a month.

The traditional Swahili ambience of Lamu town thrives at the 200-year-old Petley's Inn, complete with first-class bar and restaurant and pool, yet blending perfectly with the island's unique tranquility and magnetism. Automobiles are banned from Lamu's narrow streets, constructed to shade the people from the equatorial sun and to generate refreshing sea-wind currents. Transportation is by foot and donkey mainly, or by *m'tabi*, a sturdy Swahili motorboat with a swan's-curve belly and bow. Every jetty and marketplace is lined with shops decorated with brilliant banners and awnings, the owners and customers alike wearing long white *khanzu*-robes and fezlike *kofias*. Business is brisk and noisy in the morning and picks up again toward sunset, after the long afternoon doze.

Thus life stirs early in Lamu, with the predawn *muezzin* prayer calls ululating fluidly from the island's 22 mosques. The men go to pray, while the women in their black habitlike *bui-bui*s begin breakfast. For a visitor, wandering about Lamu at any time of day is like a translation into another time, and especially so at dawn and dusk. Thursday evening, the eve of the Muslim Sabbath, is celebrated abroad from every mosque with the hypnotic Sufi music of drums, tambourines, flutes, hymns and chants. The same joint partaken to enjoy the sunset will carry one irresistibly through the musical Oriental streets, haunted with immemorial genies and *houris*.

It is the gentle mystical tradition of Sufi that lends Lamu its ageless Islamic atmosphere. "We have a different sense of time here," explains M'zee Selim Ahmed, a 60-year-old Lamu *shaykh*. "We know that we live in a paradise, and we want to



continue to cherish the timeless values we hold to our hearts."

Lamu town itself dates from the first provenance of itinerant Sufi preachers, who 700-odd years ago settled Somalia, Kenya and Tanzania. The intervening centuries blended the Bantu and Arabian languages and cultures into modern Swahili, a wildly cosmopolitan culture deeply infused with the tolerance and illumination of Sufi Islam.

The Sufi influence accounts for the benign official attitude toward *qunnab* (hemp) on Lamu and for the exceptionally liberated condition of its womenfolk, virtually unique in all Islam. While the *bui-bui* is still worn everywhere, Lamu women typically allow the veil to slip after dark, revealing smoky black eyes and bright African fabrics underneath. Virginity is still expected of very young brides, but older girls having once "dallied" are surprisingly free to have lovers. Marriage is no absolute totem on Lamu, where adultery and divorce are almost fashionably commonplace. Polygamy is allowed for men, but rarely practiced due to its expensiveness; and the women are virtually into *serial* polygamy, many 25-year-old girls having four or five divorces behind them.

Yet the Islamic society on Lamu is as tight and cohesive on every level, from



family to government, as any small American town in the 1900s. This proceeds naturally from the communal prayers, fasts and festivals of Sufi Islam, so that a kind of homely holiness pervades the entire island. Visitors with a sincere interest in studying Sufi and Swahili discover themselves welcome in Lamu households, and the *shaykhs* take great pleasure in instructing Western tourists.

And always there's the beaches, particularly the eight-mile stretch of surfside sand near Shela, a village populated mainly by devoted dope smokers. Hot and windy the year round, the climate is terrific for swimming, fishing and sailing, and at Shela's luxurious Peponi Hotel one can order anything from malt beer to lobster thermidor. But the cardinal attraction for any pilgrim to Lamu occurs every 28 days, when the full moon swells up yellow out of India over the ocean, and dope smokers from all East Africa salute it from Shela Beach through a rising ghostly mist of communal cannabis.

Who knows? You might find yourself passing a long-handled hash pipe between Richard Burton and the Khalif Haroun al-Raschid. Or merely giggling like crazy with a very attractive sunburned fellow pilgrim from Kalamazoo or Copenhagen. And here you all are in Lamu.

Budget Travel

by
Arthur Frommer



No matter what we have done so far, we have not yet fully realized the full potential for budget travel. At the beginning of the '60s people in the United States were suddenly able to travel to exotic, long-range destinations in great numbers. A whole generation of Americans were able to broaden their horizons considerably by having this opportunity, especially the students who traveled heavily to Europe. And then, suddenly, as a result of the Middle Eastern fuel crises the cost of travel skyrocketed, and there was a halt to foreign travel by Americans in large numbers.

Today once again the future is bright as a result of certain legal changes that have been brought about in the air transportation industry, including the important liberalization of charter rules. The charter is a type of transportation in which the vehicle is always booked full to begin with, which makes it the most ecologically sensible way to travel. The chartered plane is scheduled only to destinations where people want to go, on dates when they choose to travel.

There is still an outlandish number of people who have never flown. But people can travel at a lower standard and with lower costs than they think. It is not that difficult to stay in a second- or third-class hotel or to dispense with a private bath. In a budget establishment you soon get accustomed to the elimination of the amenities that certain Americans demand in higher-priced hotels.

People will once again regard travel as an integral part of their lives, not something that's special, that you have to save up for. It can have a tremendous impact on society, upon our political outlook and the chances for progressive legislation, especially as people gain a broader outlook and see how other countries have faced their own social problems.

Arthur Frommer this month celebrates his 22nd year as author and publisher of Europe on \$5 a Day (now \$10 and \$15 a day)—the book that changed America's traveling habits. He will contribute a regular column to Nomad on budget travel and inside tips on money-saving travel bargains.

Vagabonding

The "Really Big" Island of Hawaii

by Ed Buryn

Hawaii, the big island for which the chain is named and also the southernmost piece of the USA, doesn't have to be as expensive as you'd imagine from reading the Sunday travel section. In downtown Hilo (the island's top town at 26,000 more-or-less souls), there are numerous clean clapboard hotels with prices around \$9 per day single, \$12 per day double, \$40 per week and \$105 per month. Check your bod and bag into one of these until you get your balls and bearings.

Most of the larger villages around the island have one or more old, non-touristic hotels, perfectly suitable for vagabonds. On the Kona coast, for example, in the village of Captain Cook is the Manago Hotel: rooms with shared bath are \$10 per day single, \$11 per day double. This is an ancient and creaking family hotel, Japanese-owned, dormitorial in decor, but with dining hall, tiny bar and TV-rec room. I considered it weird and charming;



highly recommended (Box 145, Captain Cook, Hawaii 96704).

What about camping and crashing outdoors? Definitely not a problem most anywhere. There are two to three dozen parks all around the island, including the eerie and outstanding Hawaii Volcanoes National Park. A number of these parks have large campgrounds, and most of the others are accessible to the occasional phantom vagabond equipped to "rough it," insofar as Hawaii is about the least rough place to be outdoors.

There's a once-a-day bus circling most of the 220-mile loop of the island, and hitchhiking is definitely feasible.

Ed Buryn, author of Vagabonding in Europe and Vagabonding in America, is a freelance writer, photographer and weirdo living in San Francisco.

Other Scenes

by John Wilcock

Although the travel books barely mention it, if at all, the palm-fringed beach at Vai on Crete's far-eastern coast seems, by some mysterious underground bush telegraph, to have become a summer haven for nomadic freaks from all over the world. A mile or two beyond where the road ends, Vai has a permanent population of just half a dozen people who run the solitary tavern. But from March through November the golden sands are alive with people in tents, hammocks, bedrolls and blankets speaking a score of different languages. German families fix up portable electric generators to power strings of lights; naked French youths tinker with their motorcycles; Californian surfers practice yoga between searches for the perfect wave. The nearest town, Paleokastron (population 700), is the site of an ancient temple to Zeus, but there are hotels and other facilities including car rentals at Sitia, about 20 miles to the west.

Going to England? Check out the travel bargains listed in a brochure called Merry-maker Trips, of which the most

intriguing feature is a list of "Mystery Tours" that the trusting British take in large numbers without having the faintest idea of where they are going until they get there. The Merry-maker brochure is available free from Percy Danks, British Railways, London Midland Region, 163 Eversholt Street, London NW 1, England.

Under the nonprofit Earthwatch program more than 600 Americans joined expeditions of various kinds last year, sometimes camping in remote environments to investigate Amazon tributaries or take part in Irish archaeological digs. Cost for the two-to four-week trips starts at about \$400, excluding travel, and is tax-deductible. Details from Earthwatch, 10 Juniper Road, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178.

Da Nang's Museum of American War Crimes is being touted as one of the tourist attractions in Vietnam by a London travel firm, Regent Holidays Ltd. Other spots on the tour schedule include former guerrilla camps where the Viet Cong were trained and centers for the rehabilitation of former prostitutes. So far, French tourists have been the most numerous of the country's postwar visitors.

Hot Spots

Rebels Without Any Clothes



Shostal

Nude is not lewd," advises Lee Baxandall, publisher of the annual *Guide to the Nude Beaches*, "and your local constabulary had better believe it."

Baxandall's catchy phrase is a summary of court decisions over nudity cases in the states of Florida, California and New York, where precedents have been set for naked togetherness in locations "where it has been designated or accepted from long usage or is otherwise the community standard in the immediate visibility area."

The tabloid *Guide* (\$2 from P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901) gives comprehensive listings of "free beaches" in 39 American states and 3 Canadian provinces where nudity is practiced as well as addresses of tour agencies that organize trips to world-wide resorts.

In some parts of Europe, the tide is turning so completely that authorities have been designating certain beaches not for nudists, but for *nonn*nudists. The Danish National Tourist Board, for example, has announced that nude bathing is allowed on all Danish beaches—with the exception of one beach at Henne-Strand where swimsuits must be worn.

Some Greek islands—Mikonos in particular—have been virtually taken over by nudist nomads, and the newly painted signs banning the practice have remained stored away in local police stations. Neighboring Yugoslavia sets aside some beaches for nude resorts as a matter of official tourist-department policy.

France and Germany are the big leaders, though, with the former's Ile du Levant, off the French Riviera (boat from Toulon), listed in the *Guinness Book of Records* as the world's largest nudist camp. Although there are some hotels, most visitors prefer to stay on the beaches in simple tents that they bring along with them. For more information write to Syndicat d'Initiative,



Shostal

10 Quai des Pecheurs, Le Lavandou, Var, France.

Germany's nude beaches are world famous, especially the northeastern resorts of Sylt, Borum and Norderney. Sylt, the largest, is about three hours by train from Hamburg and comprises six separate towns with more than 15,000 available hotel and guest-house beds plus camping facilities and a government gambling casino. Information can be obtained from Stadische Kurverwaltung, Westerland/Sylt, Germany.

A guide to European naturist spas, camps and beaches is published by the International Naturist Federation (St Thomasstraat 24, B-2000, Antwerp, Belgium), and there's also a compact, 25-cent pamphlet available from Jens Jurgen's Travel Information Bureau (Box 105, Kings Park, New York 11754).

Work & Travel

Being broke and a million miles from home may be the best thing that ever happened to you. Hustling a few bucks together, you might wind up running the entire bottle-cap concession for Southeast Asia—or, more likely, you might just find a skill that you can count on to stay liquid where'er you may roam. This column will be devoted to hustles, tricks, scams, deals and part-time jobs you can make and take as you wander this old globe, cruising in style and comfort for as long as you like.

A splendid though *mildly* illegal source of itinerant income involves transporting out of America little all-American knickknacks to peddle to Yankophile foreigners, of which there are plenty in every nation. The prime requirement here is portability: these must be baubles that can be packaged so unobtrusively into ordinary luggage that no normally bored customs clerk would turn a hair at them.

American military patches and insignia are always popular Over There and can be stuffed by the wholesale thousands into an innocuous sleeping bag. Anything with a Disney character on it—scarves, paper book covers,



Steve Cooper

etc.—is eminently salable and portable. Sixties "motto buttons" are still big in Europe, and anything to do with American *cars*—decals, hood ornaments, etc.—sells well.

The trick is to set up your display at a popular tourist site, cathedral, bridge

or battlefield during peak tourist hours when the police aren't likely to hassle you overmuch. A Rotterdam *hausfrau* touring the Roman colosseum will be delighted to pick up some Helena Rubenstein false eyelashes, which are virtually unobtainable in Germany. Yugoslavian teenagers at Notre Dame will gobble up Hustler X-Rated Rolling Papers by the short ream even though they can't read the jokes and have no particular use for the product in Yugoslavia. As long as it's visibly *American*, that alone will sell it.

Also consider that you'll be selling to down-home American tourists, too. Pasting a Snoopy cartoon onto a two-franc Eiffel Tower postcard, with Snoopy exclaiming "Le Woof!"—that would play *real* big in Peoria at 20 francs a card. The same for a big yellow "smile" button rising over Hong Kong harbor. A little imagination and library paste, a knapsack full of Bugs Bunny ballpoint pens (made in Japan!) and one could coast comfortably all around the world.



Four By Five

Crash Pads

It's not every day that even the most adventurous nomad is going to wake up in Papua, New Guinea, but when the occasion comes, wouldn't it be nice to have a friend on the spot? How about Lon Huse, 25, a local schoolteacher who offers "a bed and food available for one or two travelers for a few days"?

Lon says he's an easy-going person who's interested in photography, travel, flying, religion and politics. "I make no promise of great food or tours," he writes in his listing in the *Travelers' Directory*, "but I will try to be helpful."

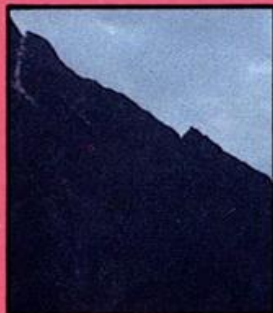
The 74-page directory (6224 Baynton Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19144) lists several hundred people like Lon Huse, all of them part-time globetrotters and all hospitable to such fellow-listees who happen to pass through their territory. Its very existence would seem to offer an open invitation for ripoffs and exploitation to any rogue who could get hold of a copy, but in the directory's 18-year history it has never worked that way. To begin with, copies are sent only to those listed therein, and, secondly, its editors have taken pains to keep it as informal and friendly as possible.

"The *Travelers' Directory* is not a commercial venture," writes editor Tom Linn in a preface to the current edition. "Its continued success is guaranteed by your responsible and cooperative attitude towards it. As a member you are not only a guest but also a host, which is why we emphasize the sharing nature of the organization. Your obligations as both host and guest are to share in what ways you can that which you find helpful and within your means."

Most visitors' priority has been to find a cheap place to stay. "We offer beds, floor space, healthful eating," promise a couple in Princeton, New Jersey... "We have double bed, single and cot so can take a family," say a couple of welfare workers in Victoria, Australia... "We have only one room but can give you a meal or two," write a couple of Swedish students.

What's Happen

S



2

Cherry Fair, Brin-
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M



3

International
Equestrian Days,
Hortobagy, Hun-
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T



4

King's birthday
party, Tonga, Pa-
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American inde-
pendence cele-
brated, Aalborg,
Denmark

V



5

Lobster
Prince E
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side, Can



9

Medieval violence
and food, Brus-
sels, Belgium



10

Bach Festival, Kil-
larney, Ireland



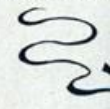
11

Klondike Days,
Edmonton, Cana-
da



12

Winter
Ouro Pre



16

Medieval tourna-
ments, Bruges,
Belgium



17

Hans Christian
Anderson Festi-
val, Odense, Den-
mark



18

Bee Market, Veen-
edat, Holland



19

Tipperan
Agricultu
Flowers



23

Accordion players
convention, Kala-
joki, Finland

30

German Grand
Prix auto race,
Hockenheim

24

Wild horse chase,
Fukushima, Japan

31

International Jazz
Festival, Molde,
Norway

25

Festival of the
Raisin, Sitia,
Greece



26

Salzburg
begins, Au



ning-July 1978

W	T	F	S
			1 Festival of Yams, Sekondi, Ghana
5 Festival, ward Is- mmer- da 	6 Running of the bulls, Pamplona, Spain 	7 International Art Festival, Limasol, Cyprus 	8 Snow Festival, Bariloche, Argen- tina
12 Festival, Brazil 	13 Folklore Competi- tions, Trinidad 	14 Bastille Day cele- brations, Marti- nique, Pacific Ocean 	15 Festival of the Sea, Santa Marta, Colombia
19 Island and now 	20 Firewalking Festi- val, Katagarama, Sri Lanka, through August 	21 USSR Song Festi- val, Riga 	22 Santiago Festival, Puerto Rico
26 Festival tria 	27 Sword dancing at Korcula, Yugosla- via 	28 International Horse Show, Hague, Holland 	29 Bonfires through- out Norway; 948th anniversary of death of Viking king St. Olav



Shostal

Bargains

For around \$800, teenagers can enroll in a 15-day soccer clinic in Ireland with instruction by top Irish players, the most violent in the world. Trips are organized by Orbitair, 20 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017.

Practical advice about finding a job while on the road is one of the themes of *Boxcar*, a journal of the Women's Itinerant Hobos' Union (\$2 annually from 1001B Guerrero, San Francisco, California 94110). The magazine, published by Lesley Brody, "is for the exiled, the dispossessed and the traveler, in body or mind." *Boxcar* is named after Bertha Thompson, a.k.a. Boxcar Bertha, who rode the rails in the 1920s and founded the WIHU to make it easier for women travelers to find accommodations and jobs.

Complete information on what might be needed to visit almost any country in the world is contained in *All in One*, a 44-page booklet available for \$2.50 from Travelinfo Publishers, P.O. Box 9097, North Bergen, New Jersey 07047. It has charts listing currency exchange rates, visa information and more.

"The most erotic hotels" in a score or more of countries are listed in Tuppy Owens' *Sex Maniacs Diary*, an annual compendium that also lists hangouts, useful phrases ("Where is the nearest VD clinic?") in half a dozen languages and gives a rundown on local sex laws. The *Diary* is available from Cand Haven Ltd., Box 4ZB, London W1A 4ZB, England.

The Charter Letter (59 Kensington Road, Bronxville, New York 10708) lists a rundown of some of the better charter bargains in each issue, as does *Travel Smart* (40 Beechdale Road, Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522), which also features "Home Exchange"—a listing of people as far apart as England, Brazil, Texas and Hawaii who would like to exchange their premises for extended vacations.

At Last There's a Magazine for You

For thousands of years before the beginning of recorded history, they roamed the earth as their spirits moved them, foraging east and west, north and south for sun and fun. They laid the foundations of agriculture, industry, civilization; they danced naked in the dawn of time. They were nomads. Now there's a magazine for today's nomads.

Nomad is the lavish new travel magazine for the adventurer, the romantic and the truly liberated man and woman. Spectacular pictorials and money-saving articles will

make your wanderlust a living reality every issue as our expert staff combs the globe to find you new thrills at bargain prices. You'll be led by such experts as editor John Wilcock, author of many of the travel-on-\$5-a-day books; Arthur Frommer, the "Father of Budget Travel," and Ed Buryn, author

of the famed "Vagabonding" book series. Our unique itineraries will lead you far from tourist traps into tours and trips no other travel magazine dares explore.

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The Dope and Sex Magick of Aleister Crowley, Good Old 666

Robert Schrie
"Come I am
ready, my soul
radiant, my
mind whirling, my
limbs trembling: is
not your being equally
electric, clamorous for mine?
Come, the lamp also waits, and
the smooth purple tube of lacquer
waits, its bowl a blossom, and the
vase brimmed with poison is ready as
I to my love's hand—to her slim dead-
ly hand! For Lust's sake let us lust, for
Smoke's sake let us smoke!"

—Aleister Crowley,
The Magical Record of the Beast 666

Whenever the lurid British press runs low on copulating peers, moors murders and mistreated animals, they wheel out that marvel of infamy, Aleister Crowley. In his own day he was called "the wickedest man in the world; a criminal lunatic made mad by his own de-

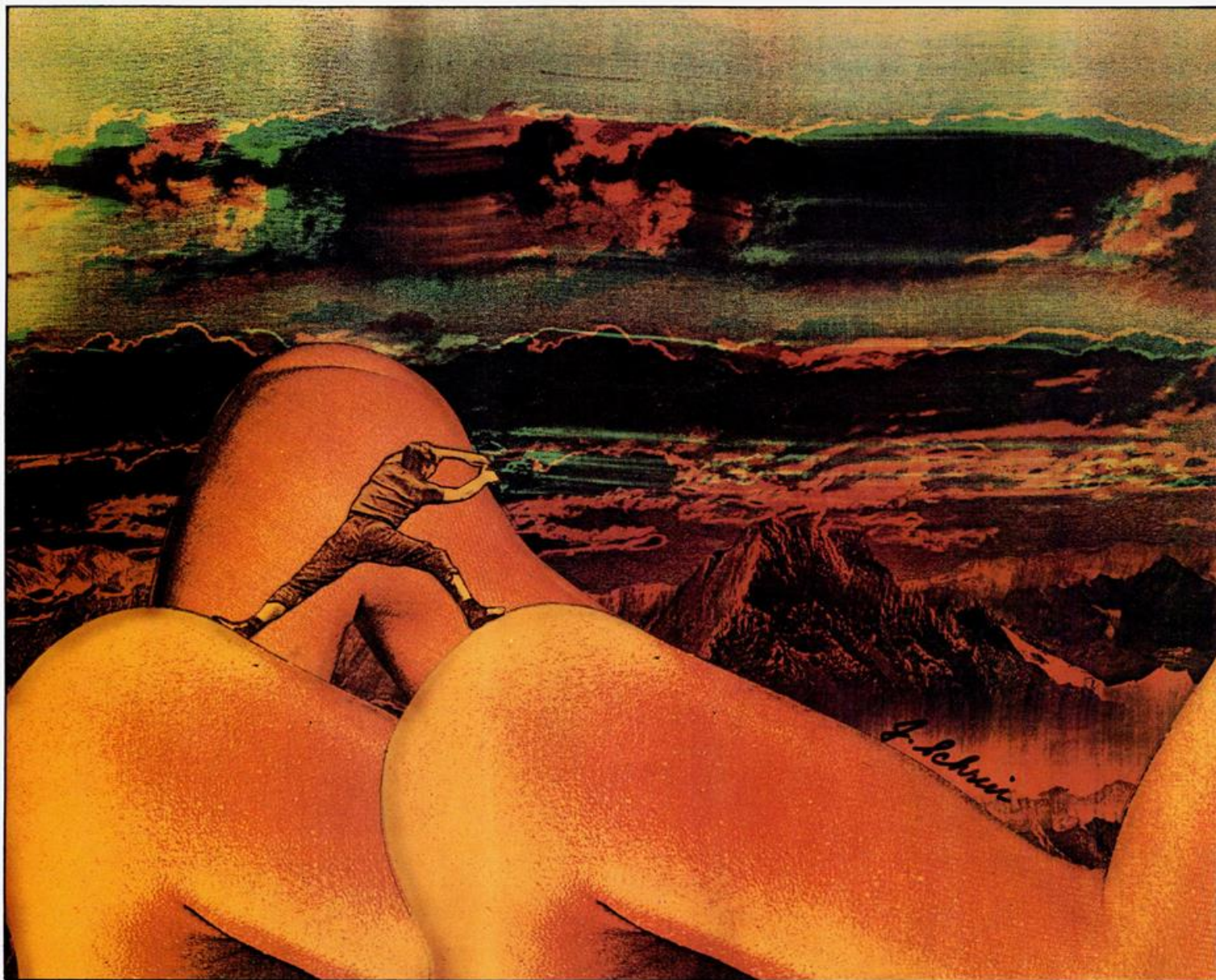
pravities!!!" Nothing was so monstrous that it could not be ascribed to him. He was said to be a pimp, dope fiend, pederast, black magician, ghoul, murderer... a twentieth-century cannibal who fattened up children for human sacrifice!

The Great Beast, as he was affectionately called by his followers, was born Edward Alexander Crowley in 1875 in the English market town of Leamington, bearing on his body the three most important distinguishing marks of a Buddha: he was tongue-tied, had four hairs over his heart curling from left to right and suffered from phimosis, a malformation of the foreskin. His father, Edward "Get Right with God" Crowley, was a wealthy

High Times with the Evil-est Man Who Ever Lived

by David Dalton

Illustration by Jeffrey Schrie



beer baron and hellfire preacher of the strict Plymouth sect. The year of the Beast's birth marked both the founding of Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society and the death of Eliphas Levi, considered by many to be the most powerful magician since the Middle Ages.

In his own humble appraisal, Crowley felt that his appearance on earth "compensated for the discovery of America." Shortly after his father's death 12 years later, he had already chosen the demonic path: "I simply went over to Satan's side, and to this day I cannot recall why," he confessed in his massive *Autobiography*. By the age of 13 he had become an inveterate gambler and dedicated his life to what he liked to call "the Three Wicked Kings" (Smo-king, Drin-king, Fuc-king).

In 1898 he became a member of the elite occult society, the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, rapidly achieving the grade of Magus. With equal dexterity he scaled two extinct volcanoes, Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, "in an unbroken sprint." In 1902 he ascended the formidable Himalayan peak of Chogo Ri. By the age of 29 he had become a magician feared by his peers, an accomplished

mountaineer and the author of over a dozen books and pamphlets including the flagrantly pornographic *White Stains*, considered by authorities on erotica to be the single filthiest volume to appear in the English language.

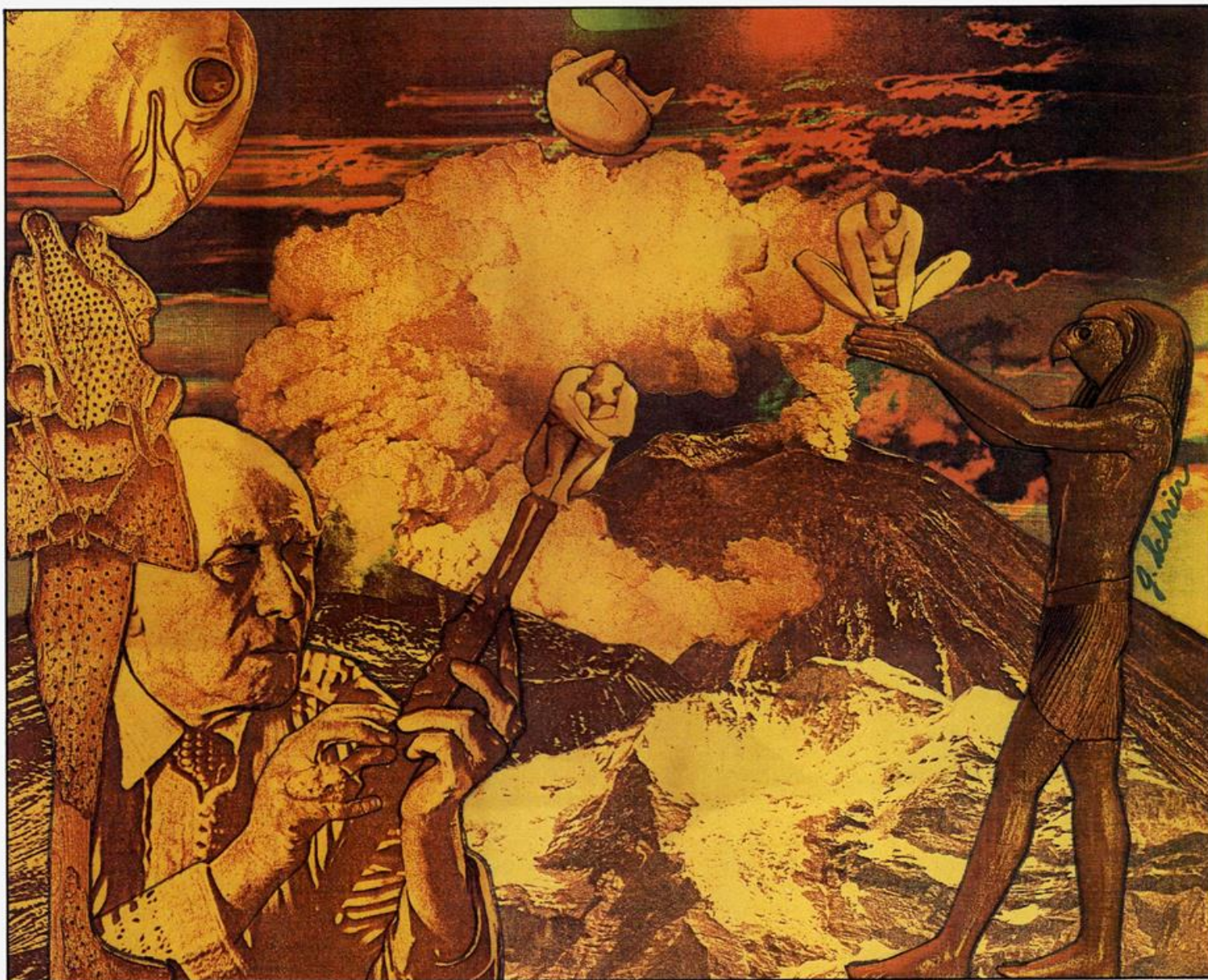
While in Egypt in the spring of 1904, something happened to him that was to make all his achievements before and afterward seem insignificant by comparison. Crowley, dressed in ceremonial robes, was performing a rite unheard since the time of the Pharaohs (an invocation of Horus, the falcon-headed god of ancient Egypt) when he received a visitation from a demon spirit carrying an imperative message for mankind. The revelations of the demon Aiwass amounted to no less than the end of the Judeo-Christian era and, had this inspired doctrine become the basis for an established religion, would have made Crowley a prophet equal to the Buddha or Muhammad.

In Cairo, from twelve noon until one P.M. on the afternoons of April 8, 9 and 10 of the year 1904, Crowley received by dictation from his "Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwass" *The Book of the Law*, the spiritu-

al text for this dawning new era that Crowley called the Equinox of the Gods and what a later generation was to call the Age of Aquarius. Besides being a book of prophecy (it foretold the coming of both world wars and Hitler, among other things), *The Book of the Law* contained what was to become the heart of the Crowley philosophy, the Law of Thelema: "Do what thou wilt!" Although it is peppered with commands, curses and exhortations (it contains more exclamation marks, it is said, than any other work of similar length), Crowley did not immediately know what had happened to him or what to do about it.

Until his death in 1947 in Hastings, England, the better part of Crowley's literary career was spent interpreting the fine points of *The Book of the Law* for the generation that would populate the 2,000-year-long age to come. The book of the demon Aiwass differs from all other books of inspired wisdom in that it insists upon what was traditionally thought of as "sin" as central to its philosophy.

"I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge and Delight and bright glory, and stir the



hearts of men with drunkenness," announced the demon from a small cloud, and Crowley dutifully copied down his words with a fat Swan fountain pen. "To worship me take wine and strange drugs... They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie. This folly against self. Be strong, O man! Lust, enjoy all things of sense... Fear not that any God shall deny thee for this." And Crowley obeyed these commandments religiously, incorporating "lust" and "strange drugs" as sacraments in a new system of worship.

The demon merely sanctified Crowley's indulgence in "all things of the sense." These were "devotions" to which he came early, expelled from boarding school at the age of 11 for "corrupting another boy." Two years later he was seducing the parlor maid on his mother's bed while she was at chapel. As for "strange drugs," by his 23rd birthday Crowley had investigated every known drug and had the courage and complete waywardness to experiment with his formidable arsenal both on himself and others. He smoked opium and hashish, sniffed cocaine, took liberal doses of Veronal and anaholium (peyote), swal-

lowed morphine tablets and shot heroin. He even considered syphilis a drug, beneficial for inducing genius: "It would be salutary for every male to be impregnated with germs of this virus in order to facilitate the culture of individual genius."

Since most of his experiences predate the English Dangerous Drug Act of 1921, Crowley had little trouble obtaining the drugs he used. He also had the advantage of a private income; there is something ironic about the fact that the inheritance that allowed him to indulge in mind-altering substances came from the family brewery business.

Lacking inhibitions, Crowley was the ideal prophet of enlightened drug use. The quality and quantity of Crowley's writings on these substances remain unsurpassed. He is possibly the most documented drug taker of all time, recording his experiences as a series of chemical love affairs. Hashish, you might say, went directly to his head. His essay, "The Psychology of Hashish," is a study in cerebral overload (at one point he unglues the word *h-o-r-s-e* and glues it, backwards, on his own synapses!).

In *Liber Aleph* Crowley, like some

hashish huckster pontificating in front of a metaphysical side show, honestly admitted his inability to say anything at all on the subject: "O my Son, yester Eve came the Spirit upon me that I should eat the Grass of the Arabians... Now then of this may I not speak, seeing that it involveth the Mystery of the transcending of Time, so that in One Hour of our Terrestrial Measure did I gather the Harvest of an Aeon, and in Ten Lives I could not declare it."

Crowley was a tireless propagandist of ecstatic drug taking. His novels, plays, poems, paintings, acts of magic and mountaineering revolve around drugs, were created on them, were, in Crowley's imagination, manifestations of the gods. As their evangelist, Crowley turned on the great minds of his generation: Cole Porter to coke, Katherine Mansfield to opium, H. G. Wells to hashish. It was Crowley who first made peyote (in the form of the liquid anaholium) popular in intellectual circles in Europe. His most important convert was Aldous Huxley, whom he introduced to peyote in a Berlin hotel room.

It was through peyote that Crowley came closest to the drug that his friend

Allen Bennett had told him would "open the gates of the World beyond the Veil of Matter." Crowley, anticipating the lysergic mysticism of the '60s by half a century, wanted to use the effects of peyote and hashish "to give proof of a new order of consciousness," a sort of acid test of mysticism. Lysergic acid was discovered only shortly before his death in 1947, and Crowley was never to know about this ideal metaphysical instrument whose synthesis he had speculated on in his essay on hashish.

When he died at the age of 72 in complete possession of his considerable mental powers, Crowley had been consuming drugs continuously for 50 years. Despite his battles with heroin, he never thought of drugs as other than highly beneficial substances. "Intoxication is Ecstasy and Ecstasy is the Key to Reality," he wrote. Drugs, according to the principles of Crowleyanity, merely permitted nature to manifest itself without impedence. For this reason, prohibitions of any kind were sheer folly. "How can you know what too much is unless you know what too much is?" he was fond of asking. As he pointed out in his multiphrenic, autobiographical, hallucinatory travelog *Diary of a Drug Fiend* (or Europe on 10 grams a day), the only reason for abstaining from anything is to enable one to get higher later on—by recovering your "drug virginity."

Drugs were an essential ritual in the Beast's religion of Crowleyanity, but, with the deadly insight of one who has often made himself a victim of his own rationalizations, Crowley knew only too well the insidious collusion between ritual and habit. His mock catechism of indulgence ("Reasons for taking it") from *Diary of a Drug Fiend* is a wry catalog of human guile, resourcefulness, self-delusion and looking-glass logic:

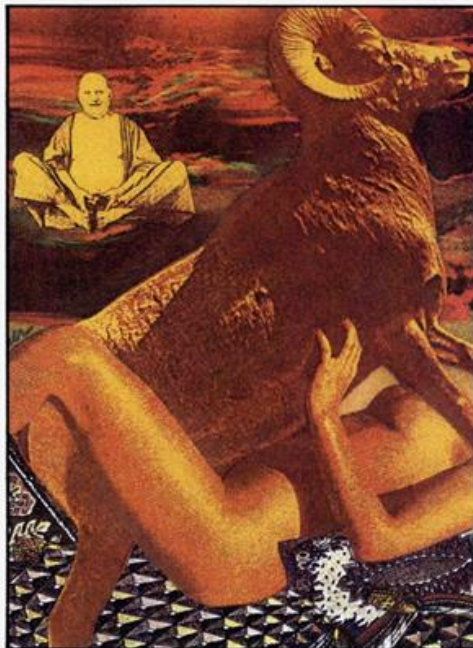
I am worried about the drug because of my not having any. If I were to take some, my mind would clear up immediately, and I should be able to think out good plans for stopping it.

I'm feeling so very, very rotten, and a very, very little would make me feel so very, very good.

We can't stop while we have it—the temptation is too strong. The best way is to finish it. We probably won't be able to get any more anyway, so we take it in order to stop taking it.

Suppose I take all these pains to stop drugs and then get cancer or something right away, what a fool I shall feel!

Although Crowley certainly never needed an excuse to imbibe any mind-altering substance at hand, it is doubtful that even the Great Beast would have pursued drug taking with such avidity if it had not meshed so neatly with his even greater obsession, the practice of ritual magic. Crowley was a ceremonial magician; like the famous magi of the past who



were his teachers (i.e., Eliphas Levi, Cagliostro, Abra Melin), Crowley would perform carefully prescribed rituals to enlist the aid of supernatural beings in such human endeavors as making money, attracting a lover or finding a publisher.

Unlike his predecessors, who believed that one should call down the spirits of the astral plane to communicate with the magician on earth, Crowley held that it would be far better to visit the needed spirit on the spirit's own turf. This would avoid the hostility usually present in visiting spirits who had been dragged from their comfy astral niches at the whim of some earthbound magician. Thus the crux of the magical ritual for Crowley was getting the magician literally "high" enough to penetrate the realm of the supernatural.

Crowley reasoned that two human experiences, sexual orgasm and drug ecstasy, most closely approximated the type of transcendence necessary to gain access to the astral plane. The magician, he felt, should prepare his or her mind before beginning the invocation by meditating upon the characteristics of the entity being contacted. The bond between invoker and invoked might be strengthened by creating talismans or sigils with the astral being's name upon them or by dressing in colors appropriate to the spirit.

After heightening sensitivity with a carefully chosen drug, the magician could begin the act of ritual intercourse, all the while envisioning the invoked spirit. At the moment of orgasm the magician should call out the spirit's name. Hopefully at that instant, magician and spirit would merge identities, and a clear understanding of the astral plane would be achieved.

Stated this matter-of-factly, the magical operation does suggest some of the problems inherent in trying to rub one's head and pat one's stomach at the same time. However, once the timing was mastered,

here was a path to enlightenment theoretically available to anyone with the courage and energy to attempt it. If nothing else, Crowley's theories certainly lightened the burdens of would-be magicians who for centuries had resigned themselves to such dismal tasks as saying mass backwards or locating suitable galleys near gloomy crossroads. Magic can be fun!

Crowley's method also relieved the magician of the nagging paranoia that perhaps the ritual wasn't performed exactly right ("Let's see... was that three drops of frog's blood and two salamanders, or..."). Using ecstasy as a criterion for success brings a wonderful specificity to magic workings. One knows precisely when the climax occurs. Seen in another light, the "secrets" of Crowley's magic lay in the charming paradox familiar to drug users everywhere: that is, when one is "getting off" one is really "getting on" to something. Similarly, for sexual experimenters, if one "comes" then one has "arrived."

Since Crowley believed that the only proof for magic was its success, he kept a very thorough diary in which he noted every magical experiment and its outcome. Even the most casual reader of the diaries will notice that Crowley was rarely at a loss for sexual partners or psychedelic drugs.

Whether the former good fortune stemmed from his "sex-appeal" ointment called Ruthvah, the perfume of immortality (one part ambergris, two parts musk, three parts civet) or from his sheer audacity (he was known to go up to strange women at parties and bite them on the lip until he drew blood, an endearment he termed "The Serpent's Kiss"), we may never be certain. Certainly the reader will mourn the passing of the helpful American pharmacist, which Crowley describes during his trip across the U.S. in 1919:

My first stop was Detroit, where Parke-Davis were charming and showed me over their wonderful chemical works. They had installed countless and ingenious devices for conducting the processes involved in manufacture by machinery. Many of these produced effects of exquisite beauty of a land till then dreamed of in my philosophy. A great mass of pills in a highly polished and rapidly revolving receiver was infinitely fascinating to watch. The spheres tumbled over each other with a rhythmical rise and fall in a rhythm which sang to the soul. They were kind enough to interest themselves in my researches in *Anhalonium lewinii* [peyote] and made me some special preparations on the lines indicated by my experience which proved greatly superior to previous preparations.

Perhaps the most interesting implication of Crowley's practice of sexual magic is magic's ability to transform even the most casual sexual encounter into an

(continued on page 76)

My Favorite Wizard

by Keith Deutsch

KENNETH ANGER



For me there is nobody but Aleister Crowley. To me he really was a wizard. He's been my guru for over 20 years. Some people are turned off by his exhibitionist behavior and

don't take him seriously—which, perhaps, is just as well. He appeals to me because of his insights and his humor. He has a theory called The Universal Joke that corresponds to my own thinking. Some people will get the same insight when they're sitting around stoned, but they'll have trouble holding on to it and they'll forget the message when they're straight again.

The book by Crowley that best sums it up, although it is not easy reading—in fact, it's almost like a text of theorems—is *The Book of Wisdom and Folly*.

ALLEN GINSBERG

Chogyam Trungpa, because his excellent ancient meditation teaching is: attention to the ordinary mind.

DAN GREENBURG



Aleister Crowley is a fascinating "bad" guy. He comes immediately to mind when one thinks of wizards. It's easy to think of the more satanic practitioners. It's harder to think of good wizards.

Let's see. The psychic surgeons of the Philippines. There's one that comes to mind.... It's not Tony Agapo. His name is Juan Blance. He allegedly points at flesh from yards away, from across the room, and makes an incision. I say allegedly because I've never seen him work in person. I've seen movies of him at work and stills, and people that I trust have seen him operate in person.

There's also a guy in Chicago named Olof Johnsson. He's done some awfully amazing things. He's clairvoyant. He did



the experiments on ESP with Edgar Mitchell, the astronaut, from the Apollo in deep space.



NORA EPHRON

I guess my favorite wizard is the Wizard of Oz. Is that all right?



ISAAC ASIMOV



Gandalf from *The Lord of the Rings* would be my choice and I imagine the choice of many people if you polled the nation. I choose him because he is firmly on the side of right and justice and decency. And he isn't all lovey-dovey about it. He's an old curmudgeon at times.

ROBERT ANTON WILSON



My favorite wizard is Aleister Crowley, the first mystic in all history to encourage skepticism in his disciples. As Mary d'Este Sturges says in her introduction to Crowley's book, *Magick*, "Other religious leaders say 'believe me.' Crowley says 'don't believe me.'"

Personally I can't trust any mystic who says "believe me," and I believe all other systems of occult knowledge demand a deliberate stupidity on the part of the student. They force you to forget everything that's happened since the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century and brainwash yourself back into a medieval or even premedieval state of mind. Only Crowley deliberately writes for a skeptical, scientific, rationalistic age and shows you how to expand your consciousness without castrating your intelligence.



Besides, by placing sex back where it belongs, at the very center of the religious life, Crowley corrected the error of Christianity that made the Western world psychotic for 2,000 years. Finally, Crowley's infamous Law of Thelema—"Do what thou wilt"—is the only ethic that I, as a libertarian, can respect. All other mystics are, one way or another, authoritarians and always telling us "Do what I wilt."

WILLIAM BURROUGHS



To me the most interesting religious leader was Hasan ibn-Sabah, the Old Man of the Mountain, with a unique message of salvation through assassination. His teachings bear some similarity to the Warrior's Way as described in the don Juan books of Castaneda.

The way to enlightenment is guarded, and the initiate must kill to pass. Hasan ibn-Sabah is also unique in that he left no written records nor any image. His library, like the celestial gardens that were said to exist at Alamout, was not of this world.

THEODORE STURGEON



Leonard Bernstein, Stokowski and Robert Heinlein. But I think that most definitions of wizard restrict because they are slanted toward the traditional, occult and paranormal categories. This is very interesting. I never really tried to define what magic meant to me before. The question has more behind it than you notice at first. What is magic? Its power is based on the unknown. That seems to be the key for me.

If I were to tell you that I was going to call up the voice of a person long dead who had sung a song hundreds of miles away, you would think I was proposing a sorcery stunt. But when I turn on a recording of Caruso, that is exactly what happens. It remains magic until it can be explained by intervening technology or technique. Magic is the art of the unknown. A wizard is a master of an as yet unknown realm.



(continued from page 74)

opportunity for spiritual and material gain. Crowley claimed to enjoy sex for its own sake very rarely, much preferring to use the orgasm as a springboard to the astral plane.

The ironically pompous tone the Beast adopted when discussing sex, however, was often a huge joke. When he announced with religious solemnity that he had been "attending to his devotions," he might well mean that he had been practicing his favorite perversion, "per vas nefandum" (heterosexual sodomy), with a particularly ugly whore.

If one were to single out any one period in the Beast's magic-filled life as being most fantastic, most legend making, surely it must be those rip-roaring days from April 2, 1920, to May 1, 1923. Crowley had long wished to found a center for his ongoing work, a sort of pagan retreat house, where followers could stay for extended periods of time and study the doctrine of "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."

On a fateful April day, Crowley and his two current concubines moved into a rustic farmhouse in Cefalu, Sicily, which became (by virtue of the magical power of names) the infamous Abbey of Thelema. Crowley's original plans for the Abbey looked good on paper: followers at the Abbey would rise at a given hour, perform their morning and evening rituals together, dine as a community and spend their days perfecting their magical techniques under Crowley's enlightened guidance. Any survivor of the communes of the psychedelic '60s may well guess just what went wrong.

Crowley's notions of home decoration were eccentric but harmless enough. He spent long hours blissfully painting wall murals, the purpose of which, he claimed, was to make sex so familiar that devotees would become indifferent to it. How indifferent one might become to a super graphic of a naked man being sodomized by Pan under the approving gaze of the Whore of the Stars is a moot point!

Believing that one should explore one's sexual personality to the fullest, during his days at the Abbey Crowley dubbed his female persona Alys Cusack. Over his bed she/he hung a sign reading, "ALYS CUSACK IS NOT AT HOME." To indicate his magico-sexual leanings for the night, Crowley would fill in the blank with an N or an H.

Unfortunately, other members of the Abbey did not possess Crowley's degree of sexual sophistication and playfulness. Among the household demons lurked the green-eyed monster, and as early as April 20, Crowley records in his diaries a jealous scene between the two concubines that ended with one lady outside baying at the moon, the other inside vomiting and throwing a fit. The usual panacea, a few puffs of opium, provided an uneasy peace.

Still in all, the Abbey might have succeeded far better and longer than it did if only it could have remained unobserved by the unsympathetic, magic-fearing outside world. The ever explosive combination of drugs and sex kept detonating into mushroom clouds of gossip. One female visitor reported that, upon arrival, Crowley offered her "a goat's turd on a plate." These Crowley portentously called his "Cakes of Light."

There were enough genuinely bizarre happenings at the Abbey to lend substance to the most far-fetched rumor. The writer Mary Butts reported a "devotion" involving the Whore of Babylon copulating with a he-goat, whose throat the Beast slit at the moment of climax. Drenched in animal blood, the "priestess" pathetically asked, "What shall I do now?" To which Butts replied, "I'd have a bath if I were you."

The journalists of the London periodical *The Sunday Express*, who had long found Crowley the hottest news item since Jack the Ripper, were far more

**Crowley turned on
the great minds
of his generation:
Cole Porter
to coke, Katherine
Mansfield to opium,
H. G. Wells
to hashish
and Aldous Huxley
to peyote.**

malicious. Although they piously maintained that "the facts are too unutterably filthy to be detailed in a newspaper," they did manage to report that "children under ten, whom the Beast keeps at the 'abbey,' are made to witness horrible sexual debauches unbelievably revolting. Filthy incense is burned and cakes of goat's blood and honey are consumed in the windowless room where the Beast conducts his rites. The rest of the time he lies in a room hung with obscene pictures collected all over the world, saturating himself with drugs." In 1923, Crowley and his remaining disciples, victims of Italy's fascism and British yellow journalism, were expelled from Sicily.

A riddle to his biographers, an enigma to astrologers, the Great Beast a.k.a. Prince Chioa Khan a.k.a. Laird of Boleskine a.k.a. Fa-hi, god of laughter a.k.a. Professor Kwaw (sexologist) a.k.a. Alastor the Destroyer, Wanderer in the Waste a.k.a. Paramansa (the Divine Swan) a.k.a. Count Vladimir Svareff a.k.a. Baphomet, Holy King of Ireland and Iona, persona of no fixed

abode, was at a loss as to what Crowley to "put on" next. Which Crowley was left, in fact, to wear out?

He wrote like some earth-bound Buddha weary of reincarnating:

I have died already often enough; died to calf-love, to stamp-collecting, card-playing, first-edition hoarding, society-fluttering, chess-excelling, tiger-hunting, salmon-fishing, golf-loading, woman-bagging, rock-scrambling, ice-maze-threading, sight-seeing, power-grasping. I have tried the hashish-life, the opium-life, the alcohol-life, the ether-life, the heroin-life: none of them has interfered with any other of the lives...

"This Aleister Crowley," he explained with characteristic megalomania in the preface to his *Autobiography*, "was not a man, or even a name of men; he is obviously a solar myth... his name is associated with fables not less fantastic than those which have thrown doubt upon the historicity of the Buddha." Somehow he managed to keep the kaleidoscopic pieces of himself together until that fateful day in May of 1921 when he ceased to be Aleister Crowley and became God! He recorded the event with cosmic resignation in his *Magickal Diary*: "9:34 P.M. As God goes, I go."

Since his death in 1947 the Great Beast has slept a troubled sleep. "The unsung hero of the hippies..." *International Times*, London's underground newspaper, called him, and yet he remains an obscure cult figure to a generation who were his natural offspring. He somehow lacked the necessary pieties. Nevertheless that fiendish presence has impishly insinuated itself in the films of Kenneth Anger, on the cover of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (appropriately between Mae West and an unidentified Indian holy man). Jimmy Page has moved into his old manor, Boleskine House, which doubles as a museum of Thelemic memorabilia; first editions of his books have become prized collectors' items; and an English occult magazine, *Sothis*, in a recent issue published a Crowleysque ritual involving the god Anubis, sexual magic and LSD.

What can be said conclusively about a man who turned his friend Victor Neuberg into a camel, predicted World War II, stopped Gramophones in German railway stations, dematerialized himself (wearing a jeweled crown and scarlet cloak) at midday in Mexico City, smashed the crockery of his sworn enemy Hierophant McGregor Mathers by telekinesis, seduced heiresses in pastry-shop windows through hypnosis, made love on the astral plane and lowered the bank rate by 3 percent in 1913 by magic? And who could say it better than the "ostrogobulous" Crowley himself: "I am the Beast, I am the Word of Aeon. I spend my soul in blazing torrents that roar into Night, streams that with molten tongues hiss as they lick. I am a hell of a Holy Guru." ■

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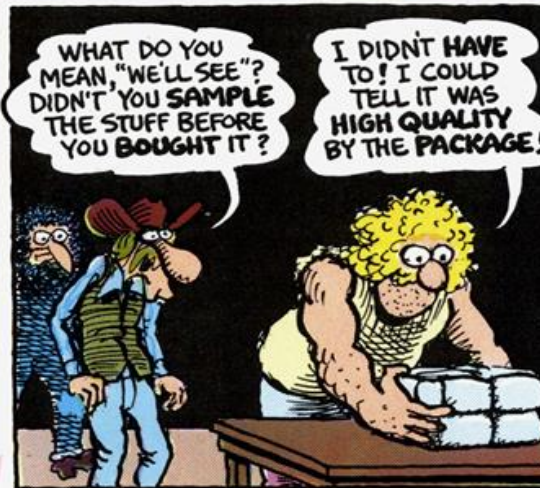
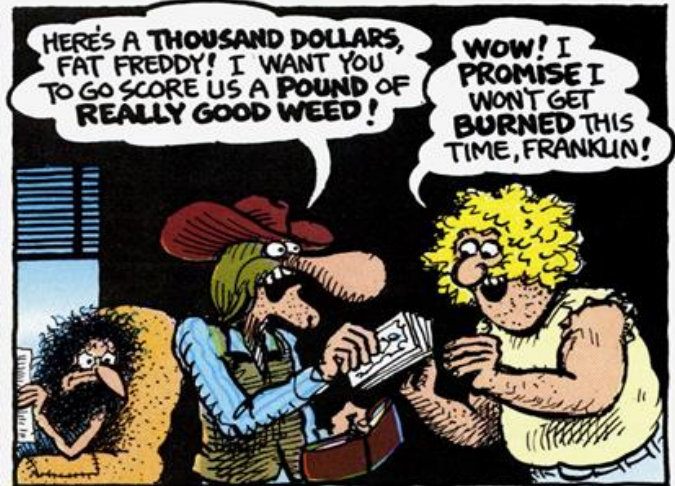
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From Bad To Rotten!

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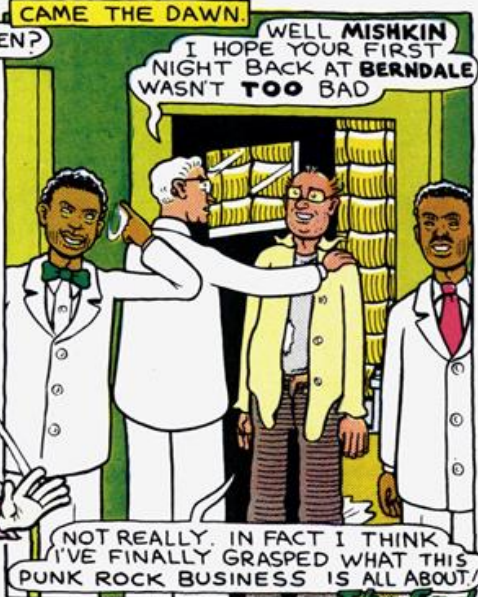
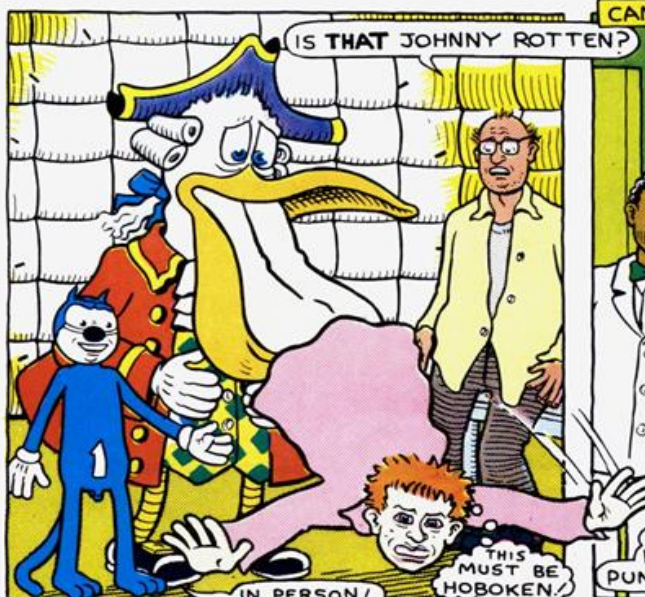
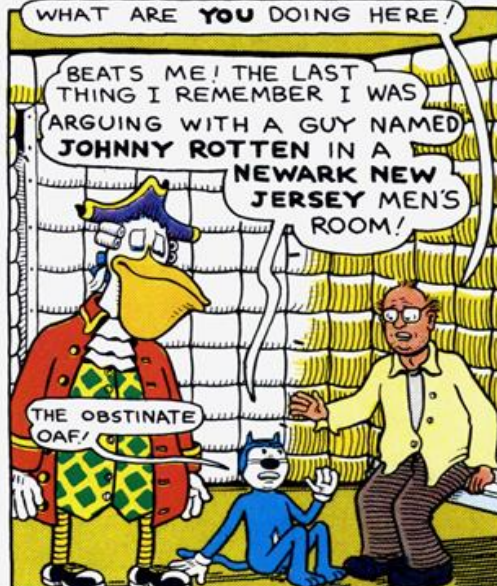
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HELP!

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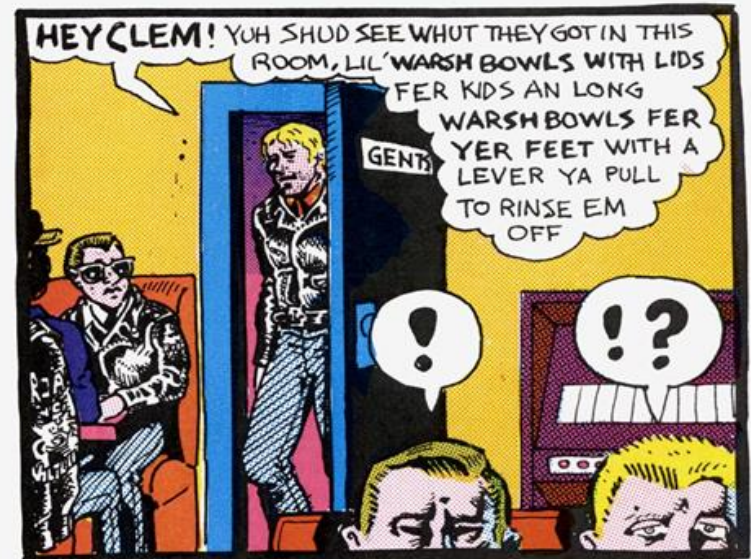
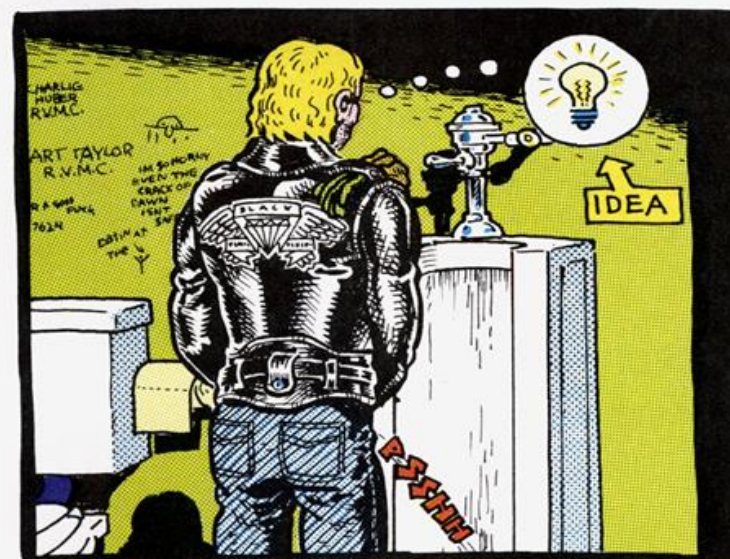
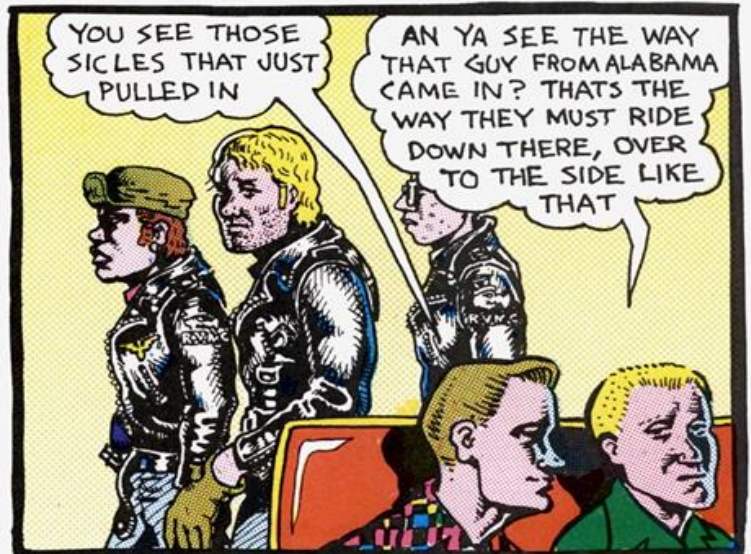
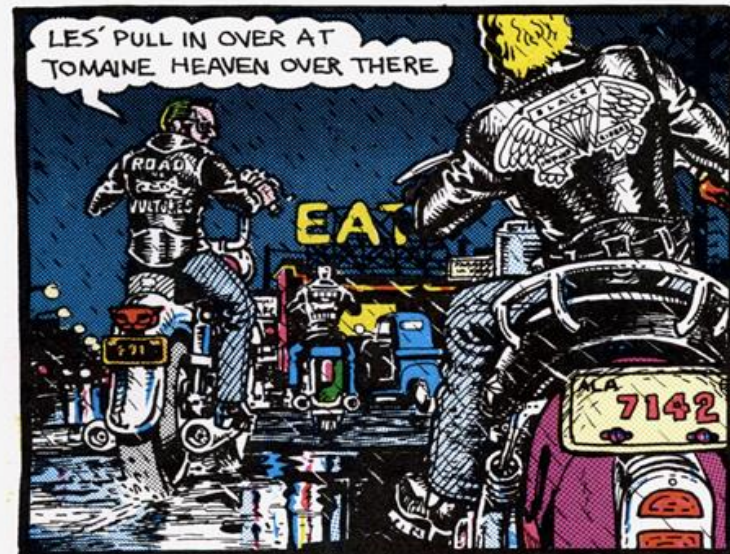
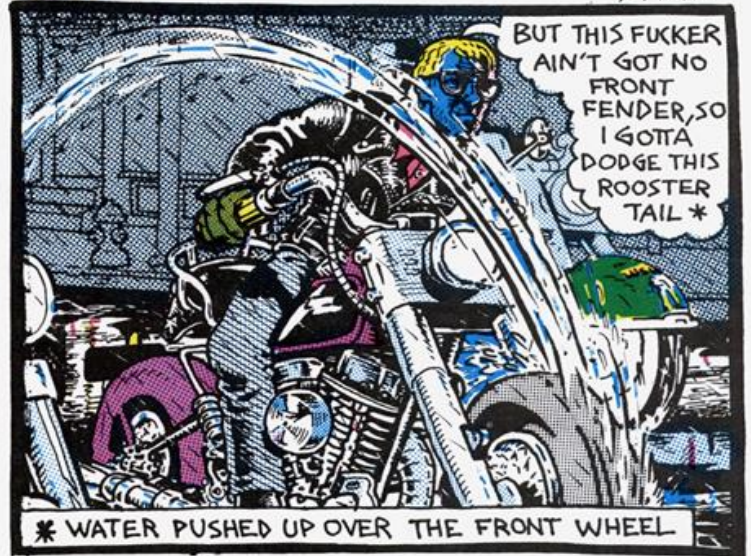
SUDDENLY, A BIZARRE VISITOR MARCHES MAGICALLY THROUGH THE PADDED WALLS!



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when *Harleys* ruled the road

SPAIN 76



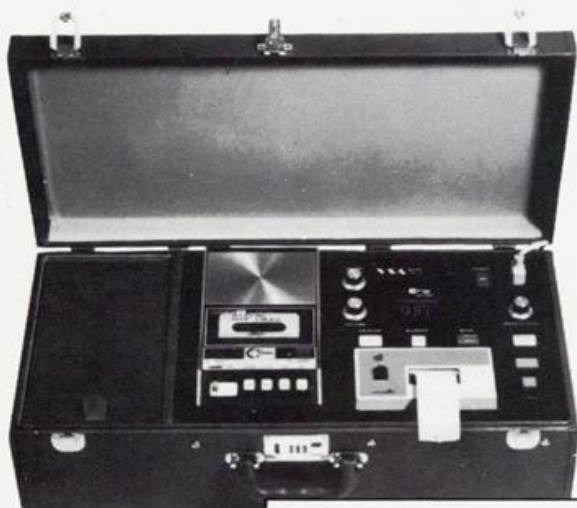
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**Culture
Hero**

Judge Bruce Wright

by A. Craig Copetas



Photos by Carrie Boretz

"Woodstock Revisited" by Judge Bruce Wright

*Wear bell-bottom pants
and dirty old sneakers
bring scag and smack
and horse for freaks
make us lay down in fields of grass
with LSD while you say mass.
Let every dream go up in smoke
with redolence of hash and coke
and once again we'll stone your head
as you rejoin the Grateful Dead.*

Three Manhattan cops outfitted like Starsky and Hutch snarl and hiss as New York Criminal Court Judge Bruce Wright refuses to grant preventive detention of a man charged with stealing a car. There are two possible charges for the crime in New York: illegal use of a motor vehicle (a misdemeanor) or grand-theft auto (a felony). The defendant is black, so the DA calls it a felony. Nonplussed, the 60-year-old judge—who quotes Lenny Bruce, digs the Grateful Dead, smokes marijuana and refuses to "kiss the buttocks of political pooh-bahs"—ignores the courtroom flack and turns the man loose.

The unusual Judge Wright, who grew up in New Jersey and attended New York Law School, served as a sergeant in the army in World War II and represented jazz musicians before assuming the bench; he relishes spicy French mustard, blueberry muffins and a strict adherence to the Constitution.

"My desire to apply the law gets me into

trouble," chuckles Turn 'Em Loose Bruce, a nickname given to him by New York's powerful Police Benevolent Association, which has been screaming for his ouster since his appointment to the bench by Mayor John Lindsay. "The police force of this country—and there is a national police force—has somehow forgotten that a person is innocent until proven guilty."

"We arrest 'em, and he lets 'em right back out on the street," lamented a New York City cop who backs the PBA move to dump Wright. "Crime knows no color."

Wright is a jovial but stern man who has also published several volumes of his own poetry. Sitting with a leg dropped across an office chair and drinking orange juice from a wide-mouthed bottle, one of the country's few judges who advocates legal marijuana proudly admits to being called before the Judicial Disciplinary Board 12 times in eight years for his leniency toward marijuana smokers, minority groups and ridiculous prosecutions. "Racism is the major cause for the injustice in the American courts," says Wright. When he was thrown off the criminal bench two years ago, New York attorney Mark Amsterdam defended Judge Wright for free and was instrumental in getting him reinstated.

The judge is critical of his less enlightened colleagues. "I sneak incognito into other criminal courts to see what's happening," Wright says. "Judges tend to forget that every human being is different and that they should go into a decision with this in mind. The courts of this country make no distinction between law

enforcement and judging."

An appearance before Judge Wright is often a lesson in law unlike any other anywhere. "Agitate, agitate, agitate," Wright tells heroin addicts on trial before him. Complain to the consumer-fraud bureau if the heroin you've bought turns out to be sugar, he counsels. A veteran observer of American justice, Judge Wright sees racism and dope repression as kin problems. "There's an odium attached to smoking dope. For many years it was associated with blacks and Puerto Ricans, and maybe the respectable branch of society—if there is such a branch—just doesn't care to be associated with urban peasants. It was thought that we were the only users of heroin until it started to spread to the white suburbs. I suggest that there will be a cure for heroin, too, once it spreads to Rosalynn Carter."

"The cops are arrogant, always screaming for preventive detention, a code word for nigger and spic," explains Wright, whose Muslim name is Lufwalnu Nabru-Orgen, Unlawful Urban Negro spelled backward. "And the judges of this country aren't taught anything except to go to the bathroom before going to court. The appellate judges are just whores who have become madams, and it is not recorded whether the whores feel debased by comparison."

A hero to the oppressed, Judge Wright will probably not be reappointed to criminal court this fall, say sources in Mayor Koch's office. As for his future, possibly on a federal bench: "Carter has my résumé on his desk." ■

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Bad Boys

Not all boys are bad. Some of them are worse. Photographer Marcia Resnick decided to round up the usual suspects and separate the men from the boys. She wound up with thirteen bad boys. One of them was so bad he had his picture taken twice. The fourteenth was so bad he turned out to be a girl. Does bad mean good, ugly or what? If all men are repressed boys and all men are beasts, isn't that an insult to beasts? Given the choice, most people would rather have Johnny Carson. You can tell *he* was well brought up.



Legs McNeil, *Punk* magazine's resident punk, in his first and last tuxedo.



Gordon Stevenson of Teenage Jesus and the Jerks. (Jesus was unavailable; Stevenson's a Jerk.)



Boy, bad; hair, red.



"Hello, Sailor"—or, Ex-Marines Broke My Nose.



Ex-Marines Strike Again! James Chance of the Contortions with two black eyes.



Bad boys should be kept with the empties, where they won't frighten the horses.



"Yadda, yadda, warden!"



Don't all swoon, girls—it's Stiv Bators of the Dead Boys!



(Cute. How's he hung?)



Poor excuse for a man: A Bad Girl.



Steven Kramer. Claims he's an "artist."



Embalmed in Wax Five Years, Ex-New York Dolls Lead Singer David Johansson Announces Punk Comeback.



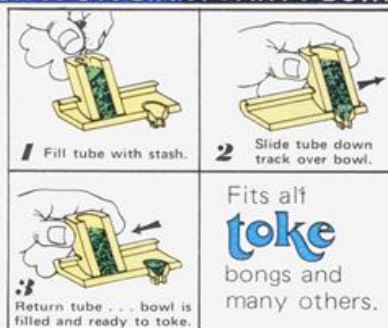
Allen Suicide in the bathroom (Max's Kansas City). 📷

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Laraine Newman

(continued from page 44)

High Times: Do you think the Lucille Ball character was more progressive because she rebelled against her husband, or was it still a "dizzy dame" stereotype?

Newman: It was still dizzy dame. Although I don't mean to take anything away from Lucille Ball, it was still like "I Married Joan." The plot was perpetuated by the stupidity and oversight of the people involved, which I always found kind of irritating. Sometimes it was funny, other times it was just irritating.

High Times: Do you think women are funnier than men?

Newman: I think what's funny is funny.

High Times: Does humor have sex—are there men jokes and women jokes?

Newman: Yes, there definitely are. Obviously, if we do a scene on our show where women are discussing their menstrual cycle, women laugh for one reason and men laugh for a different reason. So you might get laughs unanimously but for different reasons. There is such a thing as women's humor, but ultimately if you're trying for a statement it's not going to be funny.

High Times: Is there any sexual tension on the show, not in terms of let's-go-to-bed sexual tension, but say, will Belushi feel threatened if you're funnier than he is?

Newman: I don't know, but Belushi wanted to come here with me today, and I said, "You upstage me and I'll stick a knife in your lungs." The guys are all different. Danny is very benevolent and yielding and understands because he used to be partners with Valerie. So he's seen how excellent women can be, and he has the proper respect for them. The other guys, I've rarely seen them laugh at what we do.

High Times: Did you ever want to kick one of the guys in the balls?

Newman: Sure, I've gotten mad at all of them at one time or another. Just basically because they have not acknowledged or validated me at a time when it was necessary.

High Times: What's it like being a successful woman in a male-dominated industry?

Newman: It's unique, and at times I think women can get away with murder because of the uniqueness of it. Women who might be mediocre are considered more unique than they really are just because they are in a unique field for their sex. But for me, what it's like is, it's just my life.

High Times: Do the writers take the men on the show more seriously than the women?

Newman: Men in the writers' meeting are louder than the women, and men generally tend to get up and talk, and the progesterone element can get up and perform, whereas the estrogen element would sort of say, "Well, I have this concept for...

umm..." y'know, but it's not a matter of taking anyone more seriously, it's just whose voice is louder.

High Times: Do you do any writing for the show?

Newman: I've done some, but I'm not very prolific. A lot of times I get my material through improvising, though I really haven't had a chance to improvise that much. It's been hard for me to come up with new characters, which means I appear less in new things, and I'd definitely like to appear more.

High Times: If you had a half hour on the show, all by yourself, what would you do?

Newman: I have a couple of pieces that are already written and that are very prime and could be done. Like a piece I wrote for *Titters* about a model named Alice who wants more than anything to have men think she's intelligent, but she's not, and so everything in her life is completely dramatized. Like in the monologue when she says, "I tried to kill myself," she means she took the hot pot off the stove without using a pot holder and dropped it on her feet and burned her hands and feet...this is her attempted suicide.

High Times: Ever want to do serious acting? Ever want to make people cry?

Newman: Well, in *American Hot Wax* I'm not doing a comedy role; I don't get one laugh in that movie as a matter of fact.

High Times: How does the experience of working in a movie compare to working on TV?

Newman: Well, this particular experience was probably atypical because we improvised the movie. On the weekend the director, Floyd Mutrux, would call me up and say, "I want you to think about this." So I write out this entire scene and I show it to him, and he'd say, "Say this," and it was ultimately his lines. I had some scenes with Tim McIntire, who plays the pioneer rock DJ Alan Freed. Mostly I appear with the four singers who play the Chesterfields, and they're not actors, so it was on my shoulders to carry the scenes.

High Times: Does the movie take a sympathetic attitude to Freed, even though he was eventually arrested for payola?

Newman: Definitely sympathetic, yes. Evidently he was quite an altruistic fellow, he really wanted to bring rock 'n' roll to the kids. It was the first thing that they had that was their own. And he would get his own play list, and it was usually black artists. But he was hassled because songs like "Tutti Frutti," "Sixty-Minute Man" and "Rubber Biscuit" and all those songs were considered to be about prostitution and drugs and sex.

High Times: Since your boyfriend is the rock star Andrew Gold, you must have some insight into what goes on behind the scenes in the music industry. Is corruption more rampant today than in Freed's time?

Newman: I don't know, really. I do know there are a lot of forms and contracts that are specific now, that prevent any form of payola. But I'm sure other forms of it go



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on, whether it's like, "Come on, I've got some lines laid out on this album," or something else. I'm really not that familiar with it.

High Times: Who are your favorite rock musicians besides Andrew Gold?

Newman: I like Elvis Costello, LTD, Peter Gabriel...

High Times: How about punk rock?

Newman: I've heard the Sex Pistols, and they're okay. But I think some of these guys in punk rock are really medium talents, and they've just gotten onto a good gig.

High Times: How do you keep so skinny?

Newman: I've been thin all my life, and when I first came to New York I lost about 10 pounds. I used to weigh 108, so actually I lost 15. I fluctuate between 90 and 95 pounds. If I have tremendous anxiety my stomach will be upset and I won't eat. Or if I do a lot of enthusiasm drugs it will make me not eat. But I don't do that as a habit, I mean it's not what keeps me thin.

High Times: Any sports you're into?

Newman: I do exercises at home, I do an hour ritual. I lift weights.

High Times: You lift weights? How much do you press?

Newman: Three pounds on each baby! I'm in very good shape. It was always a matter of macho because I was always short and always thin, so people assumed that I was sickly and weak. But while everyone else in the commune was humping, I was pumping.

High Times: If you were stuck on a desert island, who and what would you want to be stuck with?

Newman: My record player and all my records, enough contact-lens cleaner to last me my entire life and either Andrew Gold or Clint Eastwood.

High Times: Have you mentioned this to Clint? You could lift weights together.

Newman: No, I haven't, but that's a good idea.

High Times: Have you ever traveled to any interesting places?

Newman: I love all the places I've been to except Philadelphia. As W. C. Fields said, "On the whole I'd rather be..."

High Times: How do you want to go when you die?

Newman: I'd like to die in my sleep. I hate pain...

High Times: Do you have any religious beliefs?

Newman: Yeah, but they're so ambiguous. I'm basically superstitious more than anything else. I'm telling you, every dandelion, every eyelash that comes out, every turkey wishbone, I'm there.

And I have immediate karma; if I do something bad I am immediately repaid. And my bad karma dividends come back at me at the worst times in my life. Something bad happens to me, like during the Emmy nominations. Gilda and Jane were nominated and I wasn't, which was devastating, and the next day I got shit on my head by a bird. ☐

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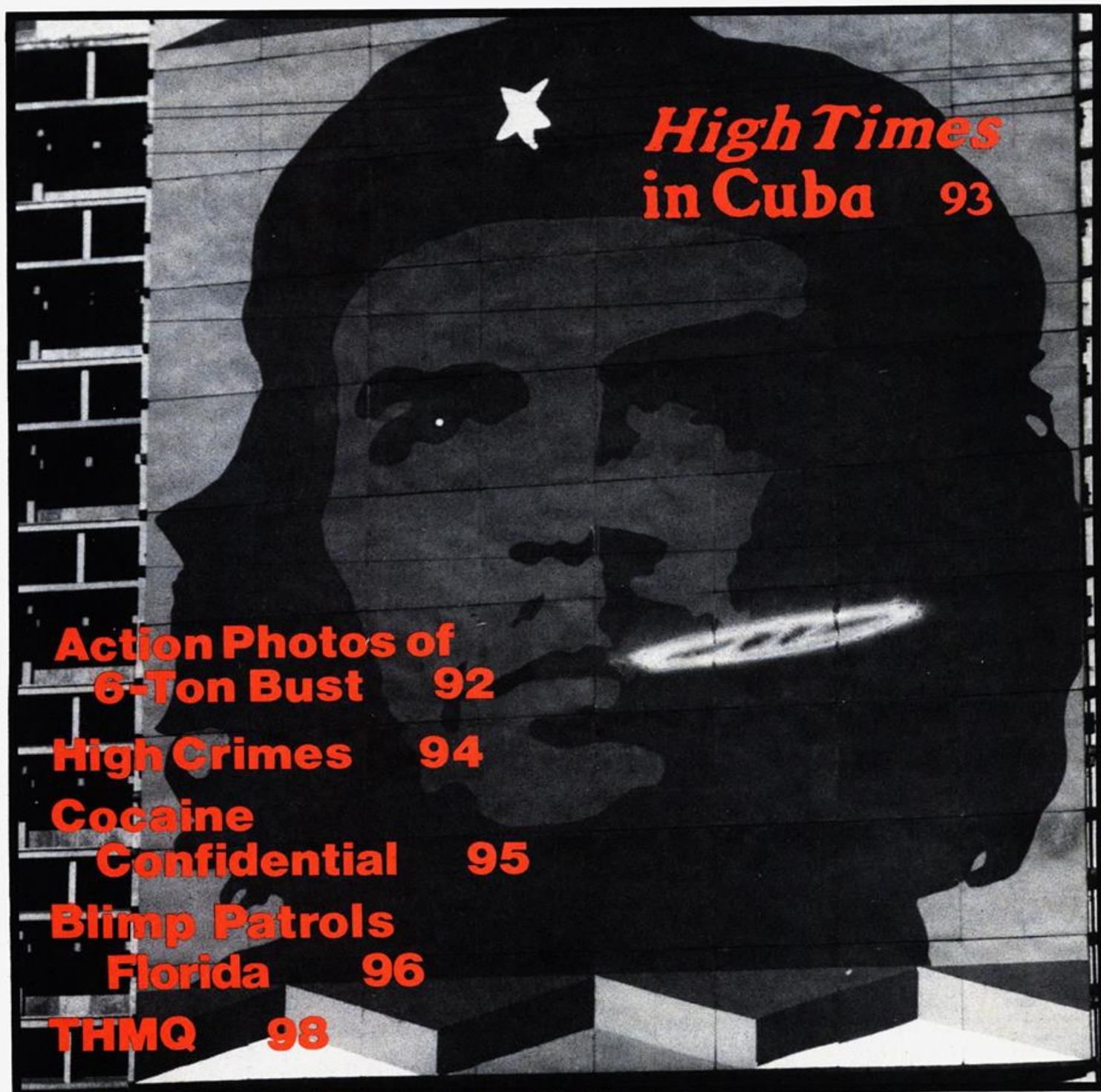


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July '78

No. 35



6 Tons Busted on the High Seas



by Bob Kleinman

This dramatic sequence of photos shows the tracking and capture of the unregistered freighter Piter, seized in the Bahamas with six tons of smoke:

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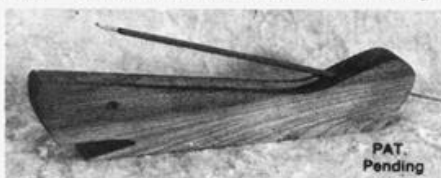
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Photos by Bob Kleinman

Fidel Fights Resurging Pot Trade

by Aureliano Segundo

HAVANA—Before the Cuban revolution, Cubanos and gringos alike could cop a Prince Albert tin of Santa Maestra gold at the La Florida, get stoned beneath the palms and return to listen to Ernest Hemingway tell lies at the local cantina. Plumes of smoke mingled with the fruit headdresses at the Tropicana and magnified the moon over the Havana Riviera. Workers in the Matanza pineapple fields would drop their machetes at noon and take till three, when siesta ended. Fishermen knitted hemp nets while smoking hemp flowers.

After the revolution, the pot fields were destroyed, eliminating the mountain potline across the island to Havana. Another area renowned for its pot was a mountain range behind Trinidad, Cuba's oldest city, and traffic there was closed to all outsiders.

Today, however, heads can once again find pot in the streets of New Havana, at the University of Havana and at select cabanas and bars. According to patrons of La Aeroplano, a gay bar just off Malcolm Drive considered one of the city's subculture centers, dope more exotic than pot is almost nonexistent. "What is cocaine?" asked one young dude. He was likewise unaware of amyl nitrites, the universal aphrodisiac of Western gays.

At the University of Havana, pot is on the up. Economics professor Oscar Rodriguez, who lived in Nashville for ten years before returning just prior to the revolution, explained the resurgence. "It's based in the tradition. The Guamo Indians, killed off by the Spanish, cultivated both hemp and tobacco. There are still songs to the



smoke gods and a statue of a god at the ancient Indian village outside of Cienfuegos, an Indian snorting ground-up tobacco snuff like. When smoked, the tobacco and marijuana were mixed."

Government antipot propaganda had accelerated in the past year, culminating with Fidel's public denunciation of pot before the Revolutionary Council. Explained Rodriguez. "Until lately the Communist Party considered pot smoking in the same light as Christianity or homosexuality—as long as it didn't hurt anybody but the participants and they met their production quotas, let them be. But that type of thing can spread, and after the arrest of some students last year for smoking marijuana, and the tourist influx, they have put the pressure on again."

Another center of pot smoking is the unusual "welfare" community, a small group of hijackers and political refugees from such places as the U.S., Africa and South America, who are not allowed to work but are paid a dole



Cuban Indian smoke god (upper left), Guamo Indian village outside Cienfuegos (upper right), and gay blade plays with his props outside plane converted into Cuba's only gay bar.

because of fears they are spies. Most of them live in New Havana.

Two American draft dodgers who were on the dole from 1968 until being assigned recently to the streetlight crews opined that the pot comeback is due in part to Mexican revolutionaries. "They're being trained here, and they bring pot with them. They are heroes, and pot is part of their image," explained one. "Most of them end up on posters and people draw joints in their mouths."

The use of pot in Cuba's legendary Venceremos brigades has been cited by some former VBers as the reason for their dissolution. John Matteson of Madison, Wisconsin, spent two years in an Oriente Province VB and got

stoned "every day." As Matteson explained, "It was hotter than fuck in those cane fields. A lot of the others, especially the German and French communists, were gung ho, down on weed, but the rest of us, and all the Africans, smoked all the time. The wild weed we got wasn't too hot but better than Mex." Matteson left the VB in '73.

For those companeros unlucky enough to be caught with the evil weed, the cane fields await. Three to six years of this reeducation is considered sufficient punishment for first-time transgressors, with a second bust bringing 15 and up.

Still it is doubtful that Fidel's puritanical dictates will deter the Cubano doper from tasting a traditional high.

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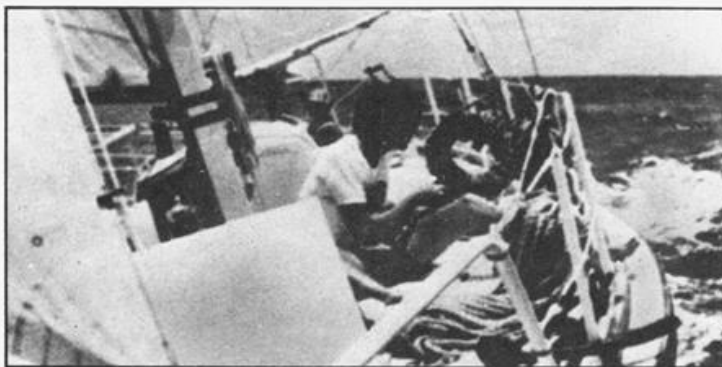
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Vietnam Releases Pot Prisoners

South Florida lawmen are scratching their heads over what to do with all the pot they are capturing. Successive multi-ton busts have produced such high pot tonnage that it cannot be burned quickly. Because the pot burns at such a high temperature it must be mixed with garbage so as not to destroy the incinerators. **Broward County** officials, required to dispose of **over 100 tons of pot** seized in less than a month, had to hire extra help to protect the pot while it was slowly going up in smoke. Another time there was such a backlog of untorched smoke that it was stored in a bus kept under police guard.



Three Americans are pictured here in their yacht shortly before it was seized by Vietnam last summer. After finding the trio were smugglers and not spies, the Vietnamese released them.



Lost at sea: South Florida boats busted for ferrying weed bob at Customs docks waiting for auction.

charges of smuggling the weed to the island.

● Three Americans have been released by **Vietnam** after spending three months in a 'Nam hoosegow on a smuggling rap. The three admitted they were smuggling **1,320 pounds of weed** when their 33-foot concrete boat *Brillig* strayed into Vietnamese waters. The Vietnamese thought the two men and a woman were spies "using the hippie thing as a cover-up," said one of the men. The Americans, who say they have been living at sea for years, "thought the Vietnamese were pirates" at first. They tried to escape, but the Vietnamese boats were faster. They dumped 5 of the 20 boxes of marijuana off the boat while being towed into Saigon.

After three days of interrogation by the Vietnamese, the three were labeled smugglers and fined \$243,000. When it became apparent the three didn't have the money, they were turned loose and sailed to Singapore.

● A former **South Carolina** state representative has taken a fall in the seizure of **19,000 pounds of weed**. The stash was found on an island partially owned by Governor James B. Edwards. Former Rep. J. Sidi Limehouse, 39, a Republican farmer from Johns Island in Charleston County, was busted along with seven other men on

Hit Parade

Narcs in the Southeast have been making hay lately, picking off about one of five as the early buds from the spring harvest head north. Ships and planes are following a pattern away from the red-hot Miami area, opting for the serrated coasts to the north and west.

- 40,000 lbs, New Bern, N.C., shrimp boat *Lady Ellen*, 13 arrests.
- 40,000 lbs, Egmont Key, Fla., freighter *Mariana*, 11 seized.
- 20,000 lbs, Florence, S.C., twin-engine Beechcraft, 2 arrests.
- 16,000 lbs, Port Everglades, Fla., yacht, 2 arrests.

- 12,000 lbs, Bahamas, freighter *Piter*, 12 arrests.
- 10,000 lbs, Mobile, Ala., freighter, 20 seized.
- 5,000 lbs, Kingston, Jamaica, truck, 13 arrests.
- 4,200 lbs, Kingston, N.Y., farm, 4 arrests.
- 4,000 lbs, Fort Pierce, Fla., woods stash, no arrests.
- 3,000 lbs, Tuscon, Ariz., truck, 1 arrest.
- 2,700 lbs, San Antonio, Tex., 4 safe houses, 3 arrests.
- 2,500 lbs, Clearwater, Fla., Lockheed Lodestar, 5 arrests.
- 1,300 lbs, Virgin Islands, safe house, 1 arrest.
- 1,000 lbs, Gainesville, Fla., camper, 2 arrests.

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Bag 35 Lbs. on British Frigate

Tampa Customs officials on a routine shakedown of a boat recently arrived from Colombia turned up **35 pounds of uncut blow**. The crew of the 385-foot British-registered *Patuca* expressed astonishment at the find. None were arrested. The C-men also picked up **6 pounds of Colombian buds** from beneath the decks.

● If you're looking to cop in California, check the **San Jose** Police Department, which may be the biggest dealer in town. After **seven pounds of cocaine** were seized from a local attorney charged with dealing, it was stashed in the police station. After an arduous court battle the mouthpiece managed to convince the judge that cops had set him up, lied, cheated and planted evidence to get him. When the time came to dispose of the evidence it was discovered that a **pound of blow** was absent without official leave. A secret departmental investigation turned up a cop dealing blow, but it wasn't the same stuff, so the investigation continued. Meanwhile, **eight pounds of speed** disappeared. The cocaine caper has city fathers and mothers in an uproar.

● Yank coke exporters may be



Coast Guard hauls six tons seized off the Bahamas back to Miami.

connected with a Bogota machine-gun slaying, say investigators from the Colombian F-2 police unit.

Juan Bernal, Rodrigo Córdoba and Juan Angel Gallego were talking near Bernal's car in a quiet northwest **Bogota** street when a man dressed in black walked up with a machine carbine and sprayed a full clip at them from 15 feet away before calmly driving off in a Renault sedan. A woman waiting nearby quickly emptied the dying Bernal's pockets, leaving only a bag of grass.

While no obvious motive for the killing has appeared, the investigating detectives have come up with the theory that it was in revenge for a three-year-old kidnapping of Ecuadorian toot executive Mario Ceballos Ramos.

● Colombian narcs hit a cocaine laboratory hidden on a farm near the village of **Cachipay**, 30 miles west of the capital. Paste, **ten kilos of refined blow**, processing equipment and three lab technicians were captured. Narcs say the lab had a production turnover of eight kilos a day.

● Tough rocks for actress Gail Fisher, busted for possession of blow and a blue box used to evade long-distance phone charges. The 42-year-old actress was frequently seen with a phone in her hand as the secretary of Mannix, the TV superdick. Officers of the law found about a **tenth of a gram of cocaine** during a shakedown at her **Malibu**, California, apartment for the blue box.



DEA agents in Las Vegas feed a ton of Acapulco gold into an incinerator designed with an "afterburn" unit to minimize escaping smoke. The weed was seized in nearby Lincoln County in 1975 and held till now as evidence.

Ken Jones/Sun

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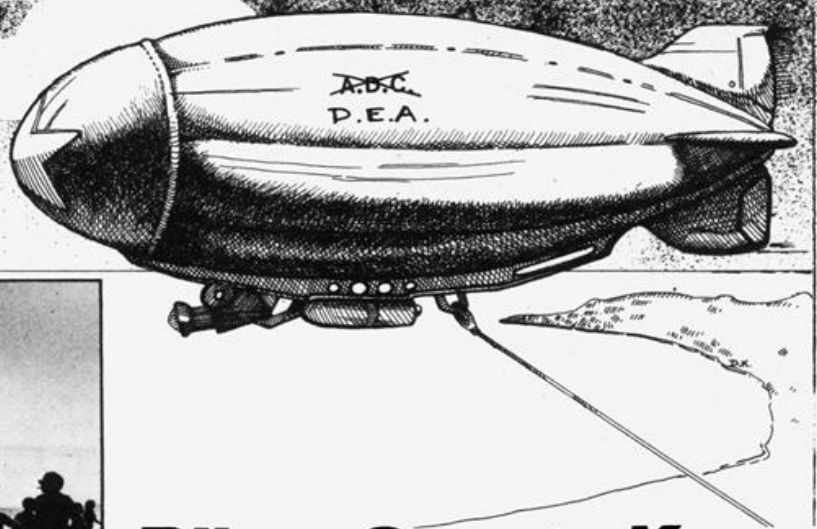
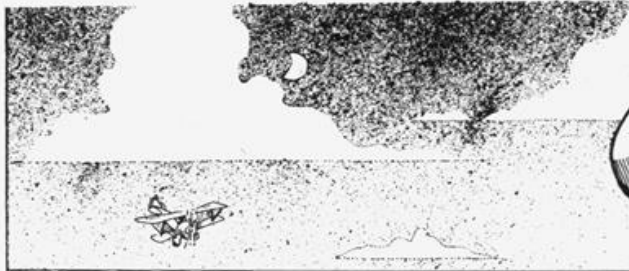
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Don Klotz

Blimp Scouts Keys

BAHIA HONDA BRIDGE, FLORIDA—An unmanned tethered blimp based on Cudjoe Key is being used for low-altitude surveillance of the Florida straits. The gasoline-powered electrical radar system, known as Fat Albert, is 162 feet long, 52 feet in diameter and 75 feet high, holds 200,000 cubic feet of helium and is part of an air force surveillance blimp budget of \$2 million annually.

The spotter blimp can operate between 10,000 and 12,000 feet on a 24-hour basis. When aloft, the blimp sends back all it sees

through a sophisticated telemetry link to the 671st Radar Squadron of the Air Defense Command on Cudjoe Key.

Although those traveling through the straits will only be able to see Fat Albert between Marathon and Key West, the sophisticated 1,000-pound anti-smuggling blimp is reportedly more advanced than ground-based radar systems. If Fat Albert is a success and accepted by government officials after testing, unmanned spotter blimps may be patrolling the East Coast by 1980.



Bob Eighmie

Pot Floods Beach

FORT LAUDERDALE—Thousands of curious onlookers crowded the beach and packed condominium terraces as an estimated 100 burlap-wrapped bales of marijuana drifted ashore from a foundering 42-foot yacht a quarter-mile off Fort Lauderdale's posh Galt Ocean Mile.

The Coast Guard and police, alerted by astounded condominium residents, dragged bale after bale of pot out of the surf while keeping back a crowd of passers-by claiming salvage rights. The skipper of the *Francis T*, Peter Cardanelli, 26, was arrested after swimming to shore.

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Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	150-250
		kilo	6 pipes
			20

BRAZIL

Amazon grass	excellent, increasing	oz	20-25
Paraguayan grass	sublime	lb	200-300
Cocaine	the toast of the Copacabana	oz	25-35
LSD	dandy windowpane	gm	40-50
Magic mushrooms	4 bites to heaven	oz	650-800
		hit	2.50-3.50
		15 gm	10-15

CANADA

Domestic	off season	oz	10-20
Top-grade Mexican	rare of late	lb	100-125
Commercial	glut	oz	40-50
Colombian		lb	475-700
Connoisseur	increasing flow	oz	30-45
Colombian		lb	350-450
Hawaiian	variety, good	oz	40-60
Thai sticks	to excellent	lb	450-550
Afghani hash	up	oz	180-200
Kashmiri hash	black slabs, worthwhile	one	2000-3100
Afghani hash oil	excellent	oz	20-25
Honey oil	when found	lb	160-200
	fair supply	oz	1200-1800
		gm	180-220
		oz	1800-2500
		gm	35-50
		oz	450-550
		gm	35-50
		oz	450-600
		oz	30-50
		hit	1-3
		100	100-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000
		gm	40-60

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Punta roja	pick of the litter	lb	55-75
Commercial	leafy brown	oz	7-10
Colombian hash	improving, still	lb	50-75
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	oz	2-4
Mushrooms	OK supply	lb	30-40
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	10-30
		lb	750-1250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1250
		oz	3-5
		lb	100-300
		oz	100-300
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Domestic	some good violet	oz	free, 8-10
Thai sticks	costly treats	kilo	150
Moroccan hash	dusty green	one	15-20
Lebanese hash	prices dropping	gm	2.50-3.50
Afghani hash	tasty, fresh shipments expected	kilo	175-250
Paki hash	oily	gm	250-350
Nepalese hash	hand-pressed eggs	kilo	1500-2500
Opium	exclusive item	gm	3-5
LSD	microdots	kilo	250-400
Cocaine	direct from South America	gm	200-350
		hit	3.50-5
		100	325-400
		100	12-15
		gm	2.50-4
		gm	150
		gm	75-100
		oz	1800-2200

ENGLAND

African grass	plentiful	oz	35
Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	30-40
Lebanese hash	cloth wrapped, OK	lb	400-600
Afghani hash	thin slabs, good	oz	70-100
Colombian hash	quality up	lb	800-1000
Hash oil	some Afghani	oz	75-150
LSD	big blotter	lb	800-1250
Cocaine	OK to good	oz	50-65
Mandrax	large demand, steady supply	gm	500-800
		hit	25-35
		100	375-500
		oz	1-1.50
		gm	75-150
		oz	75-150
		one	1600-2000
		100	1-3
			100-200

FRANCE

Congo grass	short supply	oz	50-80
Thai sticks	excellent if found	lb	500-800
Lebanese hash	fair to good, for here	one	10-25
Moroccan hash	OK blond	100	750-1200
Nepalese hash	scarce of late	oz	50-60
LSD	some blotter	lb	400-700
Opium	available, hot shit	oz	25-50
		lb	350-500
		one	65-100
		100	900-1100
		gm	2.50-5
		gm	200-350
			10-15

GERMANY

Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	soft red, good	lb	500-725
Moroccan hash	just OK	gm	2-5
Thai sticks	high quality	kilo	1200-1350
LSD	blotter	oz	35-50
Cocaine	decent supply	lb	475-575
		one	15-25
		100	800-1200
		hit	2.50-5
		100	200-400
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

JAPAN

Paki hash	dark, OK head	gm	20-25
Thai	Buddha sticks, supershake	one	20-25
Vapors	industrial toluene	oz	75-100
Speed	resurgence	gallon	10-15
		gm	20-25

MEXICO

Torreon violet	breathtaking	oz	8-12
Guadalajara	scant supply	lb	50-75
Oaxacan tops	rising potency	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	50-75
Pueblo	good	oz	4-6
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	lb	65-90
Cocaine	brown to pure white	oz	3-6
Opium	not much	lb	20-50
		oz	3-6
		lb	20-70
		oz	5-10
		lb	50-125
		gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
		oz	30-50
		lb	300-400

SPAIN

Spanish griffa	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	fresh commercial	kilo	400-500
Lebanese red hash	chocolate, good sacks, blond & red, not the best	oz	40-50
		kilo	1000-1200
		oz	50-60
		kilo	1500-1700

Chitral hash	hard to find	oz	70-80
Hash oil	Moroccan dark green, abundant	kilo	2000-2500
LSD	good blotter	liter	1200-1500
Cocaine	good to excellent	hit	3-5
Quaaludes	different kinds in quantity	100	200-300
		gm	80-100
		oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	2000-2250

USA

Contiguous

Top-grade Mexican	tasty colas	oz	30-60
Quality Jamaican	good brown	lb	150-400
Jamaican	fickle supply	oz	30-40
Lambs	but excellent	lb	125-300
Bread Prayer		oz	175-200
Commercial	mucho, some skank	lb	1500-2000
Colombian	likewise	oz	25-40
Connoisseur		lb	250-400
Colombian		oz	40-50
Seedless	top stuff, scarce	lb	375-650
Colombian	off season	oz	40-75
California	sinsemilla	lb	750-1000
Hawaiian	sweet and seedless, astronomical	oz	150-175
Puna buds	not moving	lb	100-175
Moroccan hash	dirty blond, zzzzz	oz	800-1200
Lebanese hash	overpriced	lb	80-100
Black Afghani hash	pressed balls, knockout	oz	625-800
Nepalese hash	just decent, no buy	lb	85-120
Paki hash	the bigger, the better	oz	1000-1400
Thai sticks	rare	lb	150-225
Hawaiian	potent Afghani to honey	oz	1500-1800
Hash oils	powder, the pits	lb	100-150
PCP	blotter, microdot, others	oz	1000-1200
LSD	available fresh, frozen	one	15-30
Psilocybin mushrooms	budding	oz	150-175
Peyote	rare, many "boots," some no good	oz	100-175
Quaaludes, 714s	various qualities	lb	100-175
Cocaine		gm	1000-1750
		gm	25-40
		gm	350-750
		gm	60-75
		hit	2-3
		100	75-200
		lb	25-45
		oz	100-250
		oz	100-150
		one	3-5
		100	350-500
		gm	60-120
		oz	1000-2000

Alaska

Domestic	off	oz	25-50
Regular Mexican	thin supply	lb	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	25-35
Colombian	mostly commercial	lb	250-350
		gm	100-120
		oz	1500-1750
		oz	75-100
		lb	400-600

Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	30-75
Maui	delicious, tourist prices	oz	750-1000
Kaui	stoney, overpriced	lb	20-40
Puna buds	sweet, red	oz	1000-1250
Oahu shake	nice buzz	lb	20-40
		oz	500-1000
		oz	20-40

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

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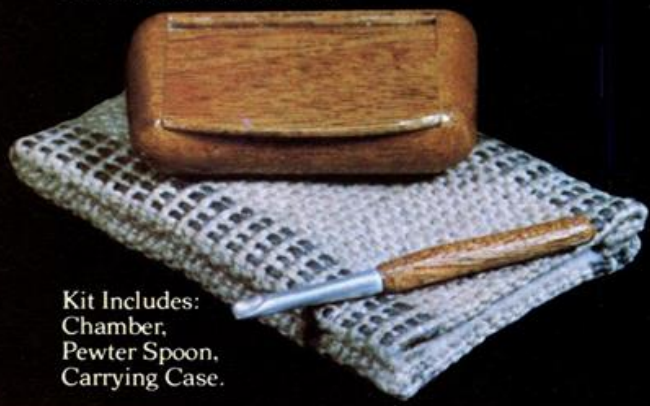
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Hashish & Terrorism

(continued from page 54)

So while most Muslim authorities automatically ranked kaff with wine as an abominable, unclean substance, the question was never really resolved. Some predicted that hash eaters, on the point of death, would forget the magic incantation from the Quran that would admit them into heaven and should therefore be protected from themselves. Others actually made up fake antihashish verses and attributed them to Muhammad himself: "The greatest destruction at the end of time will result from eating the green hashish," and "Beware of the Green One, for it is the greatest wine." But the reverend Imams of Islam were honest theologues and could never quite dispose of the nagging problem that the Quran really doesn't mention hashish, one way or the other.

The civil authorities, contrariwise, were absolutely firm about it: kaff eating corrupted the poor, by God, and it should be stamped out. Wine is illegal because it makes people combative and energetic; just so, hashish is illegal for making them remote and apathetic. The law was simple and straightforward: you could not sell or give hashish to known "addicts," except in cases of extreme hunger or as an anesthetic during a radical amputation, at penalty of whipping or fine.

Not really a hell of a law, as you can imagine. For the most part it was wholly ineffective, but its existence on the books was handy for chastising dope dealers so impudent they neglected to pay off the qadis. Even so, it was always difficult to keep the suspect from eating the evidence. The customary procedure on arraignment was to force the alleged perpetrator to guzzle a quart or two of spoiled milk, and then check the vomit for telltale traces of the Green One. In the fourteenth century, the official Cairo ta'zir for kaff dealing was the forcible extraction of all the back teeth; what they did to recidivists they didn't say.

As science grew ever more respectable over the medieval era, it was naturally enlisted in the continual fight against kaff eating. Of course they didn't know about broken chromosomes back then, but in Galen the Mustansiriyah researchers discovered properties just as elusive and ominous: the various "biles" and "humours" that supposedly govern body functions, and the insubstantial qualities of "heat" and "texture" that they control, could be made to sound just as scary as cancer and birth defects.

Kaff, some said, "ruins the temper by desiccating the brain in a preponderance of black bile." Others, going by the color of the dope, identified the yellow bile. The exact color of kaff was never absolutely determined, but everyone at least agreed that it was dry and consequently gave rise

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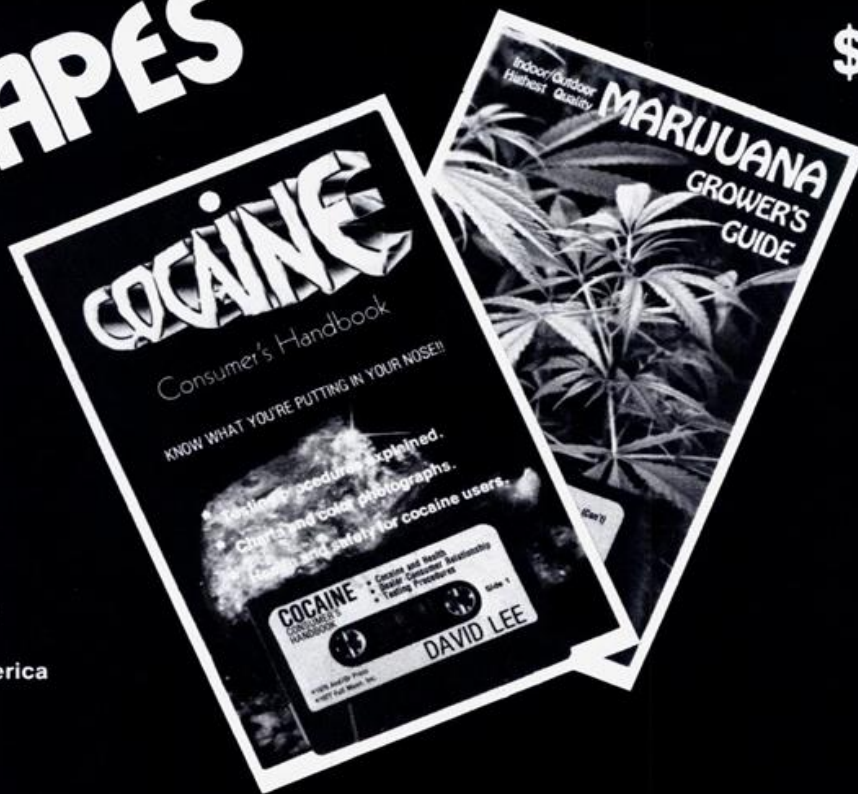
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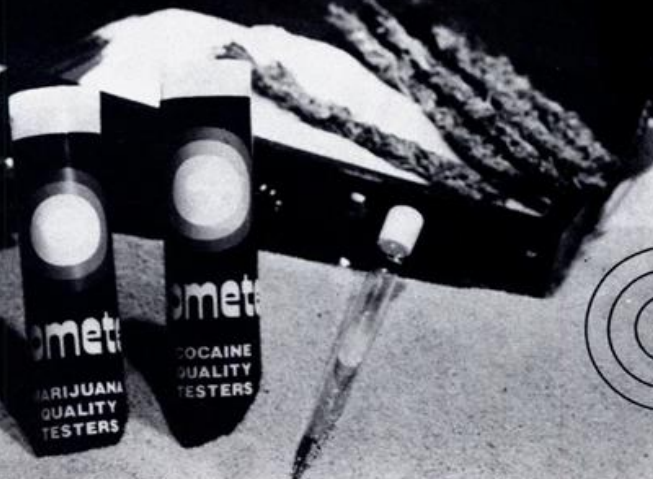
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That was an early and rather tentative stab at scientificating the supposed depredations of dope. Later, more sophisticated antikaff tracts read exactly like a Harry Anslinger broadside:

"It destroys the mind and the sex drive, causes elephantiasis, transmits leprosy, attracts diseases, causes ague, makes the mouth smell foul, dries up the semen, causes the eyebrows to fall out, burns in the guts, brings on paralysis, clots the lungs, produces hallucinations, diminishes the soul, reduces modesty, yellows the face, blackens the teeth, riddles the liver like a sponge, inflames the stomach, leaves a foul film on the tongue and a lasting melancholy... It turns a lion into a beetle, makes the proud man humble, the healthy man sick. If he eats, he can't stop. If you speak to him, he hears nothing. The eloquent go dumb, the bright go stupid. Every manly virtue is annulled, and all youthful prowess. Furthermore it destroys the mind, stunts natural talent, blunts the wits. It produces gluttony and inordinate sleepiness. But he is remote from slumber, driven out of Paradise, under God's malediction unless he gnashes his teeth in repentance and prays to God."

Hash people reacted to all this badinage with a few feeble attempts at self-justification but pretty much gave up after a while. "When God created this plant," quoth a would-be rewriter of the Quran, "and called for it to appear before Him, He said to it: by My might, majesty, splendor and perfection! I have not created a plant nobler and finer than thou art! Nowhere else shall I let thee dwell but in the minds and clean stomachs of My most favored servants." When taken up for their kaff eating, the Sufis merely quoted Muhammad: "good deeds wipe out evil ones." What was a little hash and honey paste? Otherwise they lived like saints, didn't they?

Well, as to that, the sources are mixed. Wonderfully and strenuously ascetic they undoubtedly were, and of course they abhorred the very notion of ever touching a woman or eating food prepared by one. Why, when Baybars al-Bunduqdari was khalif in Cairo, the baths were visited regularly by a perfectly irreproachable Sufi subfraternity whose advocates proudly displayed the lead bars and iron locks they'd had driven through their circumcised penises to prevent all possibility of carnal connection....

But there are plenty other nasty things you can do, even without access to your



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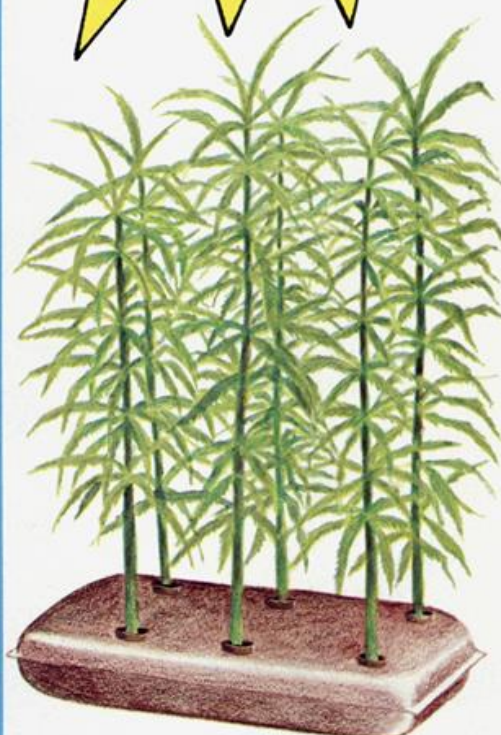


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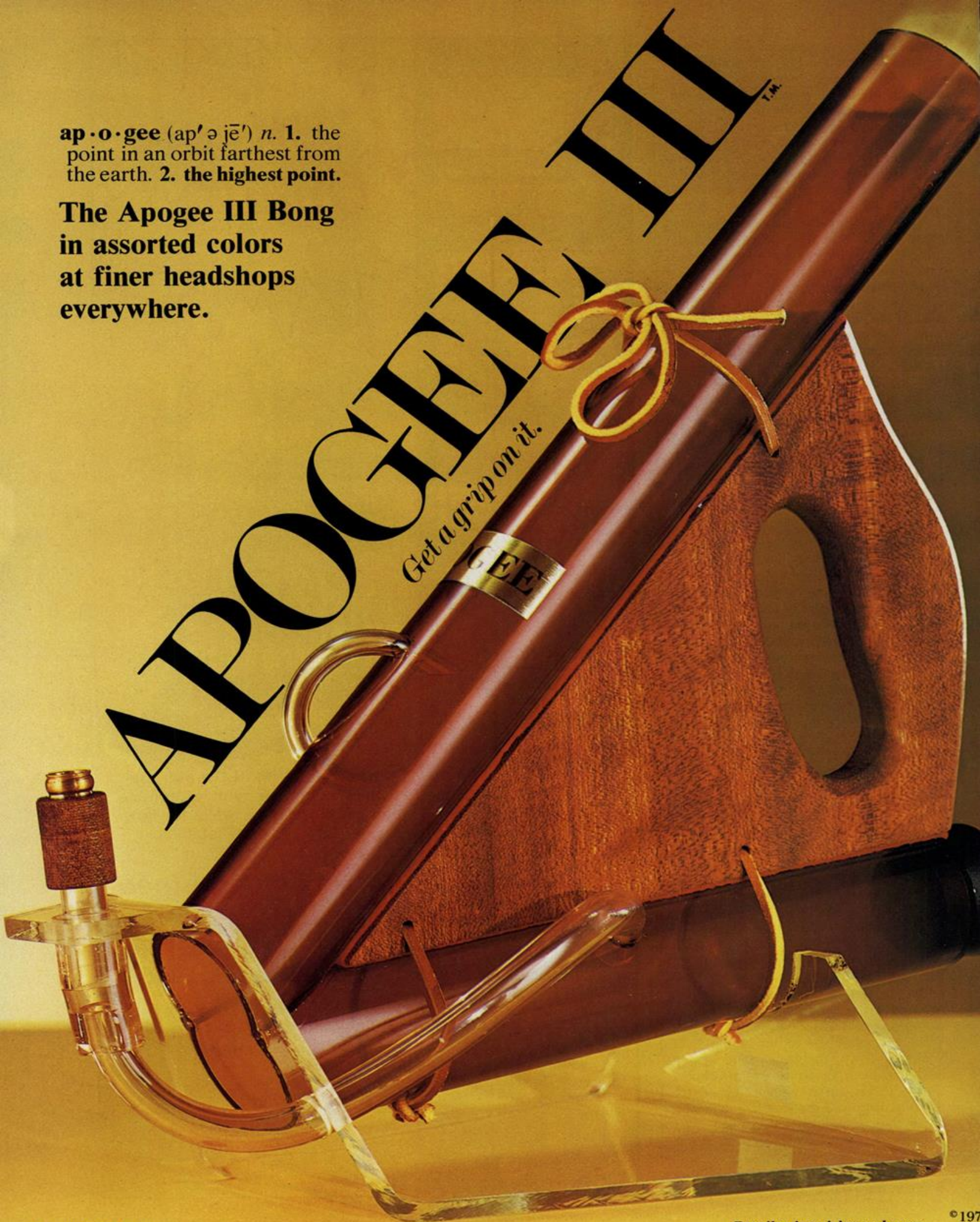
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locked-up joint, mainly involving well-endowed young boys. One Sufi poet nearly attained the eloquence of Omar Khayyam himself in enumerating the four simple things needful to contentment:

A handful of kaff, a pound of meat,
A loaf of bread, and a willing boy.

It was considered tasteful and poetic, in Cairo kaff circles, to compare the color and texture of Kafuri green to "the first down on the cheeks of a boy" and evoke dimly lit hash gardens, fragrant of mimosa and aflutter with pigeons, where one receives his crunchy bunduqdah from the fingers of a boy "supple as a willow branch trailing in the stream" and "his glances wide awake, but his eyes full of sleep."

Oh sure, there were straight verses in abundance:

A pretty girl high on kaff,
When rebuked for being crass,
Says: the gazelle's dark-eyed calf
Browses naught but sweet green grass.

But this was the stuff that predominated in kaff poetry:

Mix it with dung, with proportion in mind,
Chew it and kill it until you go blind;
Eat up a storm—an occasion, you'll find—
And if you get horny, just use your behind.

"My friend in hashish is a gazelle... He flirts with me in secret with the eyes of a doe-gazelle, and his teeth in his smile are set like pearls." This sort of thing did little to promote a more favorable public image for al-Khadra the Green One.

The Holy Brotherhood of the Assassins never lifted a kriss against the Khalif Baybars, even during the big cleanup of 1266. Mind you, they'd murdered people for a lot less, in the past. But Baybars al-Bunduqdari (that no poems exist using the obvious hash pun in his title is a testament to how much he was feared) had already foxed them out in 1259, in the course of devastating the Mongol horde all the way back across the Euphrates. The Assassins were so scared of the Mongols that they not only let Baybars pitch his Mamluke army in the Golan Heights, with a superb tactical view of occupied Damascus, but they even opened their castles to his soldiers.

After Baybars eliminated the Mongols and gained the khalifate, things went straight downhill for the poor Hashishim, and their last castle was torn down in 1277. In the very same month—providentially, perhaps—the Khalif Baybars held a monumental kumiss drunk at his gorgeous Piebald Palace in Damascus, came down with a horrible bellyache and bequeathed his empire to his first-begotten son, el-Malik al-Sayeed Baraka ibn-Baybars, who was gay as *all* get-out.

And al-Khadra the Green One, of course, will be around long after we have all been dead longer than Baybars, Omar Khayyam, Muhammad and Hasan ibn-Sabah put together. ■



Hand-Screened
Red, White
on Blue "T"



Hand-Screened
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SAN QUENTIN

Nunu is the artist who created these originals. Among his credits; Zig-Zag design conceived while attending the Sorbonne and the Andy Award, graphic art's highest acclaim. Specify which shirt and size, S,M,L,XL. Each \$10 + \$1 postage to Gale Martin Advertising, Dept. T, Station Plaza East, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021.

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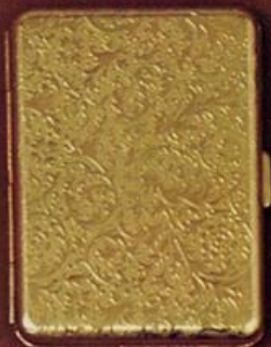
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by Gary Stimeling

Harnessing Storm Energy

Human ingenuity has had little trouble inventing ways to make the most of our energy resources. However, waste means added profit for power suppliers, so most of the technology remains on the drawing board, ignored by the captains of industry. Electrothermodynamic (ETD) energy is an example of this process in action.

Ben Franklin's dream of harnessing the storm principle has been realized by ETD designer Alvin Marks. In a thunderstorm, bolts of lightning snap between pockets of



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Alvin Marks, inventor of the ionic doughnut electric generator.

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which burns at several thousand degrees Fahrenheit, is normally lost. The ETD system generates electricity at high temperatures and uses only the residual heat for winter warmth. Thus, the device could spell an end to utility-company monopolies and regional power blackouts as well as cut our consumption of fossil fuels in half and save billions on oil imports.

Predictably, business and government response has been underwhelming. Marks had a proven prototype by 1968 and presented a \$60-million changeover program to the federal Office of Science and Technology in 1971. Although \$1 million in government grants has helped fund the research since 1959, federal agencies have shown no interest in the commitment needed for widespread use. Marks estimates that a mere \$5 to \$10 million more could put an ETD home heating system on the market for \$2,000, including installation.

Response from industry has been even more anemic. Last August, 31 major corporations placed a full-page ad in the New York Times proclaiming, "Energy is not a political issue. It's an issue of survival," and calling on the private sector to invest in new and alternative sources of energy. Marks wrote to all 31 and was not surprised to find that two-thirds answered only with vague dismissals that showed "more interest in short-term profit than long-term survival." A few are intrigued enough to study the idea, but readers with loose capital are urgently needed by Alvin Marks, Marks Polarized Corp., 153-16 10th Avenue, Whitestone, New York 11357, (212) 767-9600.

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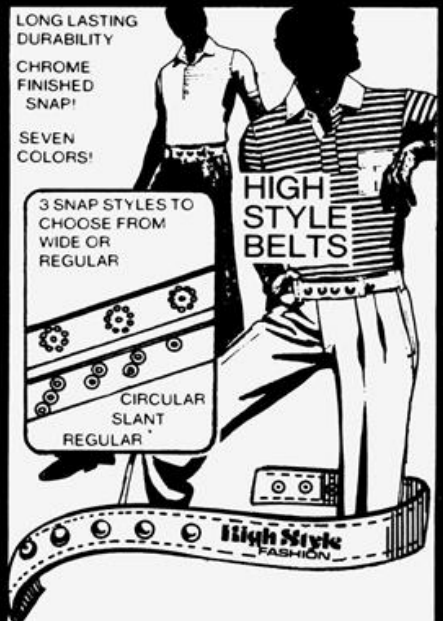


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Model demonstrates how to use the Hewlett-Packard wrist genie to balance your checkbook.

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Solar Stoves

Whether used to broil a sunbather's chin at the beach or a burger in the backyard, solar reflectors for cooking are nothing new. All that's necessary is a large mirror shaped to focus sufficient rays for cooking. Several entrepreneurs have tried marketing them on a small scale, and some people have built their own, aligning many small mirrors by hand on a large mounting platform. But there is at least one large, collapsible cooker that can be bought ready-made.

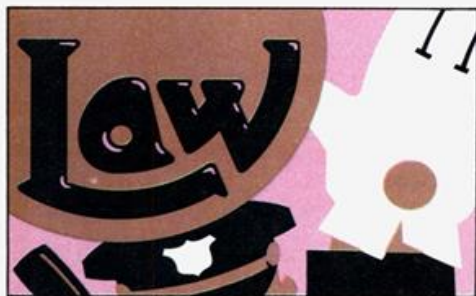
Over a yard in diameter for heating efficiency, this one compacts into a 17 x 19



Pete Lippincott

The solar stove set up for a rooftop burger.

x 3-inch case for easy transport. You must use dark-colored pots to absorb heat for effective cooking, and even so most foods take a little longer than with fire—20 to 25 minutes for scrambled eggs, for example. And for camping, you will of course need a stove or cookfire on cloudy days. But the solar stove can give you a hot meal in places where fires are impossible—boats, parks, dry forests, etc.—and dispenses with the need to forage for wood or clean up afterward. It's available at \$150 from Intercontinental Enterprises Co., 69 Stewart Avenue, Eastchester, New York 10707. (914) 337-2475. ■



Two States Allow Medical Pot Use

New Mexico and Hawaii recently legalized marijuana for selected medical uses in state-controlled research programs. Details of the two laws differ, but both allow doctors to prescribe cannabis for glaucoma, asthma and as an aid in cancer chemotherapy. New Mexico patients will get their medicine from the National Institute on Drug Abuse, after their doctor's request passes a three-member state review panel and the research setup is approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

Sources close to the Hawaiian legislation expect fewer bureaucratic delays, since the program bypasses the federal level entirely. The island program will get its pot from private licensed growers, process it at the University of Hawaii and distribute it to patients through local pharmacies. Cannabis is reclassified in Schedule II for the purposes of the Controlled Substances Therapeutic Research Act, although it remains in Schedule I for most smokers. The arrangement is said to have the tacit approval of the Carter Administration through Dr. Peter Bourne's Office of Drug Abuse Policy.

Crunch Testifies on AT&T Tap Center

John Draper, a.k.a. Captain Crunch, was recently subpoenaed by an Iowa grand jury investigating his charges that Ameri-



Pete Lippincott

John Draper, aka Captain Crunch, relaxes on the roof after blowing the whistle on Ma Bell one more time.

can Telephone and Telegraph is setting up a national phone-tapping center in Davenport, Iowa. Draper was called as a witness soon after New Jersey phone-phreaking charges against him were dropped because of unconstitutional ar-

rest procedure. He was sworn not to reveal specifics of the hearing, but told *High Times* that he "really got to present a lot of important information" about the alleged system that would enable phone company agents to tap into any phone conversation undetected.

Judge Orders Pot for Cancer Victim

San Diego County Judge Don Work made legal history recently when he ordered that confiscated marijuana be made available to Craig Reichert, 21, who had been undergoing cancer chemotherapy. The suit was filed on Reichert's behalf by his physician, Dr. Michael Conjalka, and several friends. Work issued the order after attempts to get cannabis through federal agencies became bogged down in bureaucratic delays for which Reichert had no time.

Judge Work had promised all interested parties that the marijuana would be "available as long as he needs it," but, unfortunately, the courageous young man no longer does. Although the disease went into temporary remission soon after his first cannabis treatments, Reichert was subsequently readmitted to Scripps Clinic in La Jolla and died last March.

U.S. Judge Limits Coast Guard Powers

The U.S. Coast Guard's traditional authority to board any vessel in U.S. waters at any time has been seriously challenged by a recent court decision in San Francisco. U.S. District Court Judge William Schwarzer overturned the service's *carte blanche* by ruling that the Coast Guard has no right to board or search any pleasure craft without a warrant.

The trial involved two Los Angeles men who were arrested last January after the Guard stopped their boat and found 4,500 pounds of marijuana onboard. The pair's attorney argued that the pot was inadmissible evidence because it was seized without a warrant. Judge Schwarzer agreed, saying that only if there is a visible safety hazard or suspicion that a law is being broken can the C.G. conduct a warrantless search or seizure.

Court Junks Florida Pot Law

Arrests for possessing or using marijuana in one's own home are unconstitutional, ruled Judge N. Joseph Durant of the Florida Circuit Court for Dade County recently. In dismissing the case against Sandra Leigh, busted in her Hialeah apartment in December 1976, Durant found the law had no rational basis and constituted cruel and unusual punishment. Though a land-

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mark decision sure to be cited in many other trials, Durant's ruling sets a binding precedent only in his own jurisdiction.

Numerous expert witnesses established that marijuana poses no public health problem, is far less damaging than alcohol or nicotine and does not cause brain damage, amotivation, psychosis, addiction, violence or the other horrors imputed to it. Particularly telling was testimony from Dr. J. Thomas Ungerleider, who pointed out that 200 people die from aspirin every year, while no one has ever died from cannabis. Ungerleider told the judge that marijuana's greatest danger is "the threat of going to jail."

Vet Escapes Korean Frame

Ex-GI Ernest Bruch, sentenced to two and a half years for the death of a Korean secret-police agent, recently won his freedom after a three-year court battle in Kansas.

In May 1973, Bruch and other GIs went to the aid of Bruch's girlfriend Chu-na, who had previously been roughed up by Korean police for possessing American cigarettes, a serious crime there. They found Chu-na safely hidden in a cabinet, but while returning to base the Americans were attacked by a group of Koreans. After helping to drive them off, Bruch, a medic, administered closed-chest heart massage to one of them who had sustained a heart attack while running away. The Korean agent, who shortly died, suffered several broken ribs, a common occurrence from this last-resort treatment. Bruch was charged with assault and convicted by perjured testimony in a trial held entirely in a language he does not understand. The army failed to provide him with a translator or lawyer.

Bruch was able to return to America before entering prison because his father's death got him emergency leave from the army. He then went to court to seek an honorable discharge with veteran's benefits and keep the army from sending him back to Korea to serve time. His long fight finally brought these results in the recent U.S. District Court ruling.

Con Fights for High Times

Joseph Dougherty recently won a partial victory in a court suit against Marion, Illinois, prison officials for their ban on his preferred reading matter—*High Times* and the prison organizing newsletter *Sanity Now*. The U.S. District Court for Eastern Illinois supported the warden's confiscation of specific issues that pose a threat to "security, good order and/or discipline of the prison," but said the ban must be issue by issue, rather than a cancellation of the entire subscription. □

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Joni Mitchell

Joni Mitchell's *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter* (Elektra/Asylum BB-701) is a double-disk extravaganza that allows Joni room for experimentation—notably the exorcistic "Tenth World" and the wrestling intensity of Wayne Shorter's sax on



Ken Regan/Camera 5

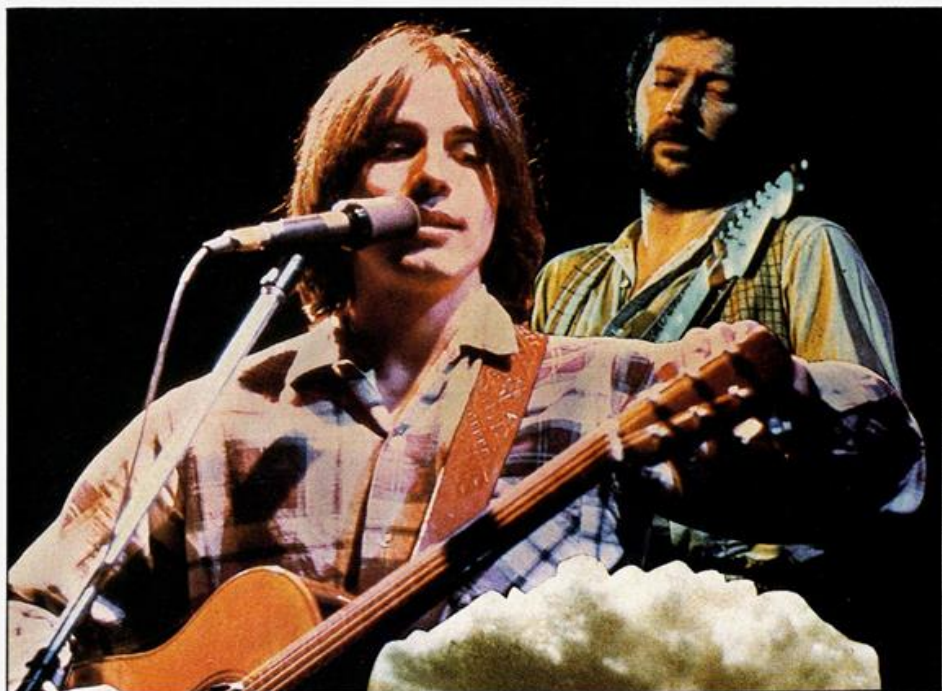
"Jericho"—as well as expansion; the haunting, Indian-imagined "Paprika Plains" covers all of side two.

Joni's tunes and arrangements are the bedrock from which she shamans the listener: "Talk to Me" and "Offnight Backstreet" move recklessly on the borders of expressive love and blunted desire; "Dreamland" merges Joni's impassioned vocals with the torchiness of Chaka Khan; and the album's title song proves a schizoid quest along the boundaries of the same dreamscape Joni earlier explored on the *Hejira* album. *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter* reasserts the scope and vividness of Joni Mitchell's vision.

—Gary von Tersch

Jazz Piano Jamboree

Nothing reaches the outer limits of higher consciousness like a good jazz piano solo, and here's the best of current jazz piano releases. Herbie Nichols spent years in the thankless rhythm sections of the Greenwich Village Dixieland joints of the late '40s. He died in 1958, but stoned-out jazz aficionados can hear him again on *The Bethlehem Years* (Bethlehem BCP6028). Nichols gets the spotlight and incorporates a multitude of different nuances and emotions, weaving incredible right-hand scales with a decidedly bop left hand. Most of his melodies dwell in the upper voices of the 88s with trills, arpeggios and rapid flurries. Nichols tickled the ivories a thousand times, but his legacy is only a



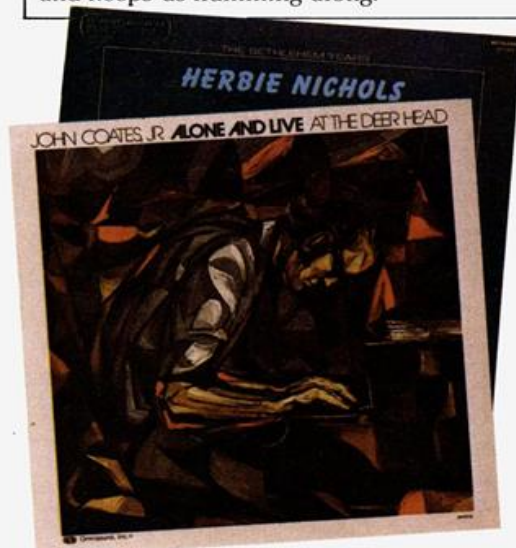
Photos by Joel Bernstein, David Jones and RSO Records

Coke Rock

The hit parade has cocaine fever these days, with two top-selling rock albums—Jackson Browne's *Running on Empty* (Elektra/Asylum 6E-113) and Eric Clapton's *Slowhand* (RSO Records RS-1-3030)—featuring songs entitled "Cocaine." *Running on Empty* is Browne's least pretentious album in years; it describes the happy-go-lucky life of a rich hippie rock star on the road and not Browne's usual existential melancholy. His coke song is by Reverend Gary Davis with additional lyrics by Browne and Eagles member Glenn Frey. Although cocaine may make you crazy, start fights, age you rapidly and burn you out before your time, sings Browne, it's all-important for energy on a grueling concert tour or the trying road of life—especially if you're running on empty. The song ends with the sound of muffled laughter and rapid-fire nostril inhalation.

But getting up for a performance is only half as important as getting it up afterward. On *Slowhand*, Eric Clapton testifies that the cosmic energy of cocaine will get you by when your natural physical energy lets you down. On J. J. Cale's "Cocaine," Clapton croons tough and gruff, singing, "If your loving is gone/And you want a hard-on," you need cocaine. He twitches the strings of his guitar as if they were his own jagged nerve endings, overdubbed riffs whizzing throughout the song like thoughts through a coked-up brain. Years after Cream, Clapton has reached a cheesy mellow grace and glory that, even with a slow hand, keeps him strumming and keeps us humming along.

—Harry Wasserman



handful of sessions, and *The Bethlehem Years* is a fine selection of his last recorded work.

Hank Jones (big brother to Elvin and Thad on drums and trumpet, respectively) is a 30-year jazz veteran—from the pre-swing Fats Waller and Teddy Wilson, on to countless one-nighters on 52nd Street's Tin Pan Alley and a 15-year stint as studio support for greats like Charlie Parker and Ella Fitzgerald. Only in the past few years has he stepped forward to solo performing. On *Just for Fun* (Galaxy GXY 5105) he's joined by solid bassist Ray Brown, drummer Shelly Manne and versatile guitarist Howard Roberts, all jazz veterans themselves, for some relaxed jamming that brings together the best elements of new and old, bop and mainstream.

Piano man Jimmy Rowles first joined forces with sax man Stan Getz in the '40s when they used to provide sizzling licks for Benny Goodman and Woody Herman. Last year Getz persuaded Rowles to get back to the Big Apple for a musical re-

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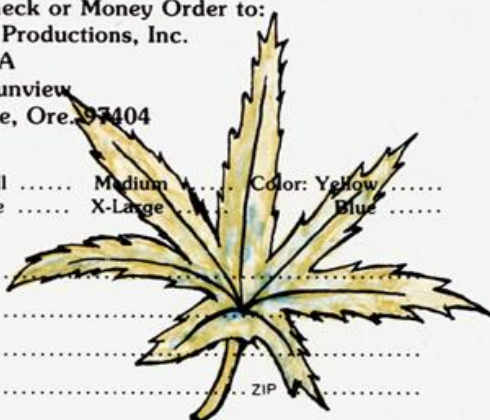
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union. The result is *The Peacocks* (Columbia 34873). The title cut is a lush and sensitive mood piece redolent of the Hamptons or Nantucket on a late September afternoon; Getz, the ever-masterful innovator, turns his sax into a flock of seagulls against Rowles's emotional piano wanderings. There's material from Hoagy Carmichael through Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn and Wayne Shorter, and the result is an intimate album by two giants of modern jazz.

From almost out of nowhere—the Deer Head Bar in Delaware Water, Pennsylvania, to be exact—comes a mystery man, John Coates, Jr., who turns out to be a genius of modern improvisation. *Alone and Live at the Deer Head* (Omnisound N1015) is a live recording with all the ambiance of the piano bar left in the final mix. The tinkling of glasses and murmured conversations blend with the unlimited magic of Coates's lyrical incantations. He has the crystal clarity of a concert pianist, yet he retains the unpredictability of a jazzman at heart.

—Charlie Frick

BURNING SPEAR LIVE (Island ILPS 9513). While the Wailers rock 'n' roll,



and the Maytals soothe with soul, Burning Spear goes back to reggae's roots. On this great recording of a recent London gig, lead singer Winston Rodney captures the cry of the shantytown ghetto and the Rastafarian idolatry of Marcus Garvey over the chugging rhythm guitar of Brinsley Forde and the poignant horns of George Lee and Bobby Ellis. Rodney cries out, "Do you remember the days of slavery?" over George Oban's demanding bass in his incredible "Slavery Days," asking his dreadlocked brethren if they are looking out for the future—"Don't sit still," he pleads. *Burning Spear Live* is a flaming scepter aimed at the heart of oppression.

—Bob Grossweiner

THE MOONLIGHTERS (Amherst Amh1009). Billy Kirchen's sad, crooning



voice was featured on the classic Commander Cody doper's lament, "Down to Seeds and Stems Again." His own band, the Moonlighters, is paced by Kirchen's twanging guitar and vocals, Steve (Iggy and the Stooges) Mackay's down-home sax stylings, Tony (Junior Walker and the All-Stars) Johnson's pounding drums, Richard (Asleep at the Wheel) Casanova's flashy fiddling and Rick (Lost Planet Airmen) Higginbotham's stalwart rhythm guitar and vocals.

Steve Fishell on pedal steel guitar and Don Kennedy on bass provide the band's traditional country roots. Sometimes Kirchen even sheds guitar and picks up the

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trombone to join sax and pedal steel for some highly original swamp-dog section work. For those who like their rhythm 'n' western sizzling hot, *The Moonlighters* is great danceable disco-billy. —Cris Cioe

SYLVESTER (Fantasy 9531). On the front



cover there is Sylvester the man. On the back cover there is Sylvester the woman. When he performs he sometimes appears as his masculine entity and at other times as its female counterpart. But within Sylvester lurks the real Sylvester—a red-hot disco singer preserved on vinyl that practically smokes as it revolves on the turntable.

Sylvester's voice incorporates the smoothness of Eddie Kendrick's falsetto and the raspy raunchiness of Al Green's ventures into the upper vocal registers. He's amply backed by two robust women, Izora Rhodes and Martha Walsh, who offer the power and sonorous harmonies of a Baptist choir. Cuts like "Over and Over" and "Down, Down, Down" pulsate with an intense gospel fervor complete with background clapping and shouting that can't help but lift you spiritually.

Backed by soulful guitarist Tip Wirrick and produced with the masterful touch of Harvey Fuqua, Sylvester is a very tasty album of disco-funk. —Mharlyn Merritt

ROMEO ET JULIETTE, by Hector Berlioz, Boston Symphony Orchestra under Seiji Ozawa (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 089, two-record set). Ignoring



France's greatest composer was a popular pastime in the bourgeois republic of the 1830s, so popular that Berlioz had to earn his living reviewing other people's music. But after a performance of his second symphony, violin superstar Niccolò Paganini knelt to kiss his hand and then dashed off a check for 20,000 francs with a note that read: "Beethoven being dead, only Berlioz can bring him to life again." Thus assured of a year's groceries, Berlioz responded with the most sumptuous of all symphonic feasts.

All the fervor of gonzo Hector himself is boiling in this marvelous musical machine, driven steadily through every hairpin allegro by that pint-sized colossus of the podium, Seiji Ozawa. Bedazzled Romeo in the Capulet garden dreams amid exploding stars. Queen Mab's pianissimo scherzo makes the dew glisten on the cobwebs. And the love scene, which the composer prized above all his other creations, is a river of sensuous sonority that could float Cleopatra's barge. Come to think of it, one sentence is really all that's necessary: This is simply one of the finest classical recordings ever made.

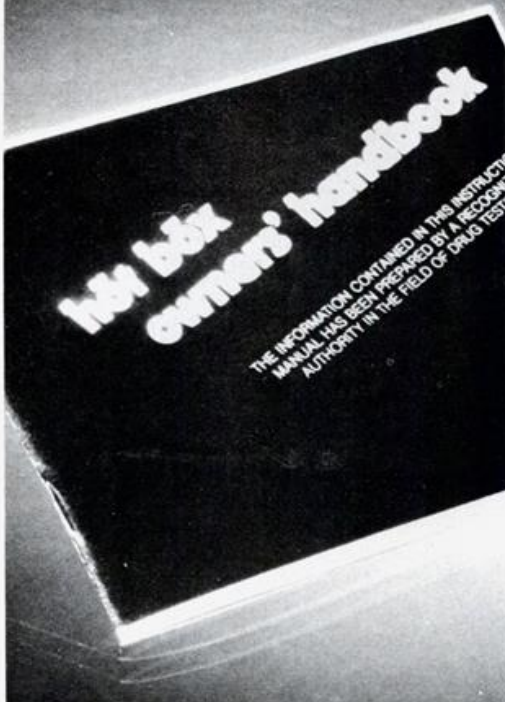
—Gary Stimeling

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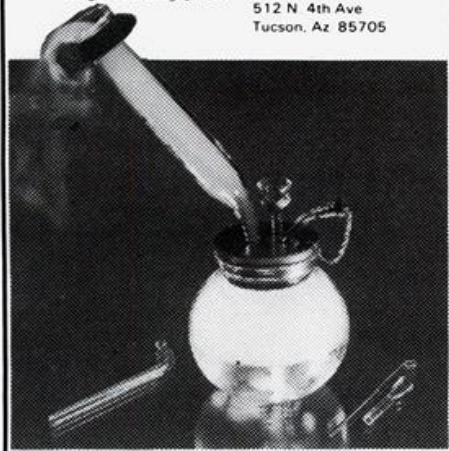
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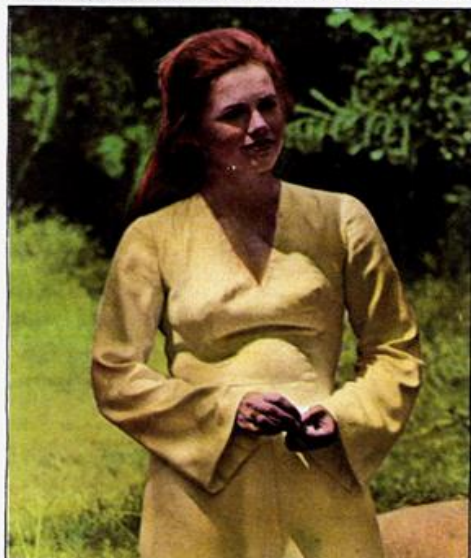
Art Bevacqua



Women and the Cinema

Women and the Cinema: A Critical Anthology, edited by Karyn Kay and Gerald Peary (New York: E. P. Dutton, \$8.95), is an instructive collection of well-written essays, interviews and pieces of reportage about women in film.

There is Simone de Beauvoir on the mythic qualities of Brigitte Bardot, Molly Haskell's interview with Liv Ullmann and



Liv Ullmann cries and whispers in *Women and the Cinema*.

Susan Sontag's analysis of Leni Riefenstahl, der Fuhrer's favorite cinematrix, called "Fascinating Fascism" (a must for all habitués of gay bars like *The Toilet*).

The first women of the cinema are presented sympathetically, not didactically. The facts make wonderful cocktail-party chatter: Did you know that Ida Lupino actually had her own production company long before it was acceptable for a woman to work behind the camera? That three of Howard Hawks's films—*Rio Bravo*, *Hatari!* and *El Dorado*—were written by a woman? Or that one Stephanie Rothman is responsible for *The Student Nurses*, *The Velvet Vampire* and *Group Marriage*?

My favorite thing about this book is the fact that Lina Wertmüller is discussed, pro and con, on no less than 30 pages, almost three times as much as Mae West and Adolf Hitler.

—Deanne Stillman



Psychedelics Encyclopedia

The Psychedelics Encyclopedia, by Peter Stafford (Berkeley, California: And/Or Press, \$7.95), systematically arranged and indexed, is handy for consultation any time a fascinating question about dope arises. How, for example, can some molecule with a name like delta-9-trans tetrahydrocannabinol possibly move such colossal and pleasant things around in your interior universe? To this day, nobody knows how it performs its lovely magic in your cortex, says author Stafford, and virtually all the street dope peddled as THC is really MDA or PCP, so best you stick to plain grass and hash. Or if you've ever wondered how Dr. Albert Hofmann discovered LSD-25, the story of his official and unofficial collaboration with such mythic personalities as Aldous Huxley, Tim Leary, R. Gordon Wasson and Humphrey Osmond is presented here with all the excitement of a thrilling mystery novel. And DMT, as it turns out, never was "CIA nerve gas" as advertised: it's a perfectly respectable and harmless chemical that can be synthesized by any seventh-grade chemistry buff by following the simple recipe here.

Or just open this book at random, for the hell of it, and read something entirely new: the subjective log of a participant in a native American peyote ceremony, ritual use of *Amanita muscaria* (or "Soma") as described in the 3,000-year-old *Rig Veda* or an on-the-spot 1659 description of the whole Jamestown garrison flipped out on jimson weed. There's no end to the great new things you'll learn about dope in *The Psychedelics Encyclopedia*.

—Dean Latimer

The First X-Rated Coloring Book

The cover of *The First X-Rated Coloring Book*, by Jeffrey Kerns (Los Angeles: Canvas Publications, \$5.95), is made to resemble a package of Crayolas, but inside are "23 erotic art drawings for the

terrific turn-on for those who are sexually liberated and for those who'd like to be.

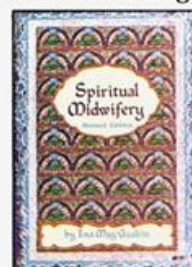
Group sex, hot lesbo love, ancient Indian and Japanese customs and Victorian images are served up in a large format, all ready to be brightly colored with your favorite crayons. Perhaps the funniest—and the best—picture is a pop-art hermaphrodite parody of Tom Wesselman's work. Color the X-rated coloring book promiscuous.

—Mike Luckman



mature colorist." Any kid accidentally stumbling upon this coloring book is in for a quickie course in sex education. Illustrator Jeffrey Kerns has based his good-humored drawings on the works of erotic artists through the centuries, adding his own interpretations and fantasies. The result is an adult coloring book that is a

SPIRITUAL MIDWIFERY, by Ina May Gaskin (Summertown, Tennessee: The Book Publishing Company, \$8.50). Author



Ina May Gaskin is the wife of Stephen Gaskin, spiritual leader of the Farm, a commune in Tennessee with its own medical facilities, phone system and over 1,000 vegetarian adults who take dope, attend church and have

babies regularly. Women are forbidden to wear jewelry, remain single or use foul language during labor.

Basically, Ina May and the other mid-

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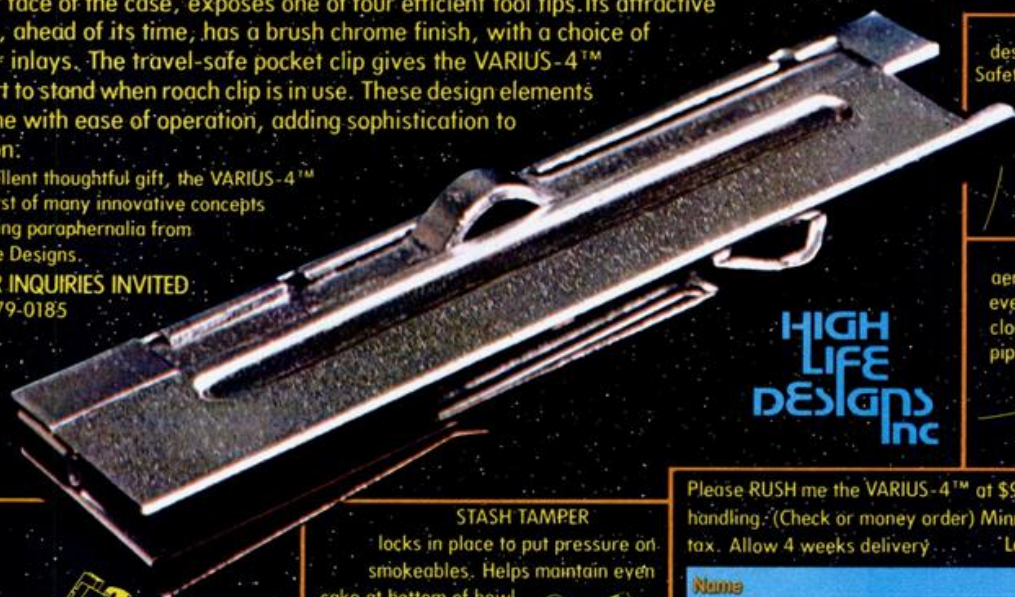
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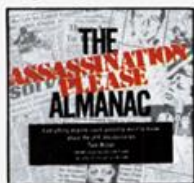
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wives subscribe to the Lamaze method of breathing to reduce pain and aid birthing. Contractions are called "rushes" to better describe the energy put out by the women's bodies during labor. The husband is always present, not only to benefit by the "holy vibes" and his lady's strength, but to aid in labor by "smooching" with her, bringing on more rushes.

The book also includes detailed and clear chapters on the physiology of labor, problem births and postnatal care of baby and mother, complete with drawing and photos of full-term pregnancies, fetal positions and birth stages. Any method claiming to make labor and birth as pleasant as possible I greet with open legs.

—Virginia Cava-Rizzuto

THE ASSASSINATION PLEASE ALMANAC, by Tom Miller (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., \$5.95).



This book offers full-some details on every official and free-lance investigation into the '63 Dallas assassinations of Kennedy and Oswald, a bibliography of some thousand conspiracy books (including A. J. Weberman's "revealing" *Coup d'Etat in America*), accounts of every record, film, TV show, cartoon and magazine article pertaining to the assassinations and a wholly absorbing chronological account incorporating everything of conceivable interest to snuff buffs from Jack Ruby's birth in 1911 to last fall's congressional investigation. Clearly Oswald and Ruby were only two of the countless thousands of people who are *always* plotting to kill the president at any given moment; these saboteurs continually blunder over each other's turf, so that any time some ghastly creep like Kennedy really is wasted, the investigation can easily implicate everyone from Henry Luce to Fidel Castro to Gordon Liddy. This book performs a public service, and it's a must-have for anyone the least bit into the Kennedy-conspiracy trip.

—Dean Latimer

THE MAGICIANS OF THE GOLDEN DAWN, by Ellic Howe (England: Routledge & Kegan Paul, \$8.95).

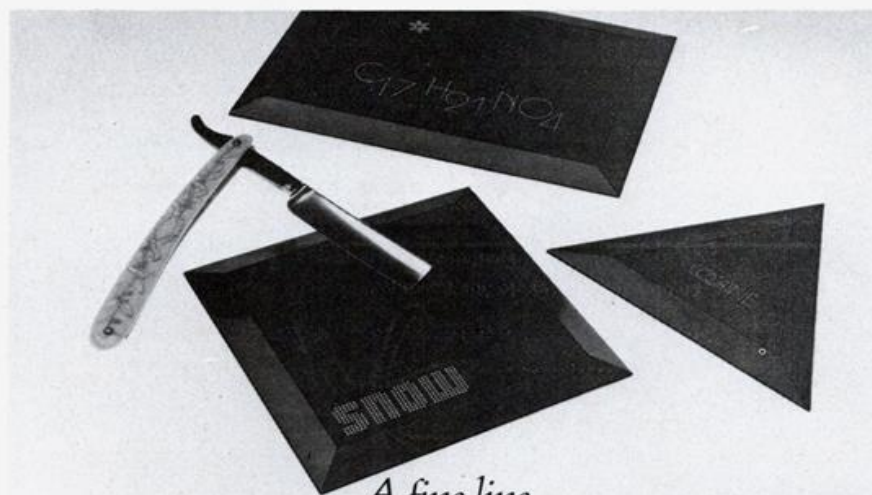


Y.B. Wicce, Annie Horniman, Florence Farr, MacGregor Mathers, Esoteric Society, Dr. W.P. Collins, R.W.A. Ayton, E.L. Gardner, A.E. Waite, Alexander Crowley, et al.

A Documentary History of a Magical Order 1887-1913

ELIC HOWE

Order of the Golden Dawn, which flourished between 1888 and 1923, was the crowning glory of the occult revival of the nineteenth century. The Golden Dawn was the first occult university, offering classes in such magical matters as tarot, the cabala, astrology, alchemy and the *I Ching*—texts that were to become required reading for



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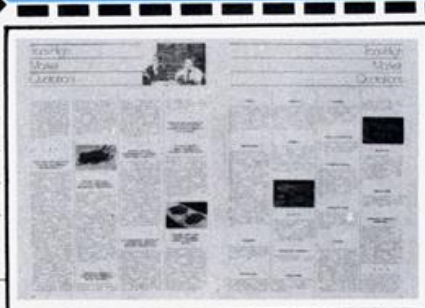
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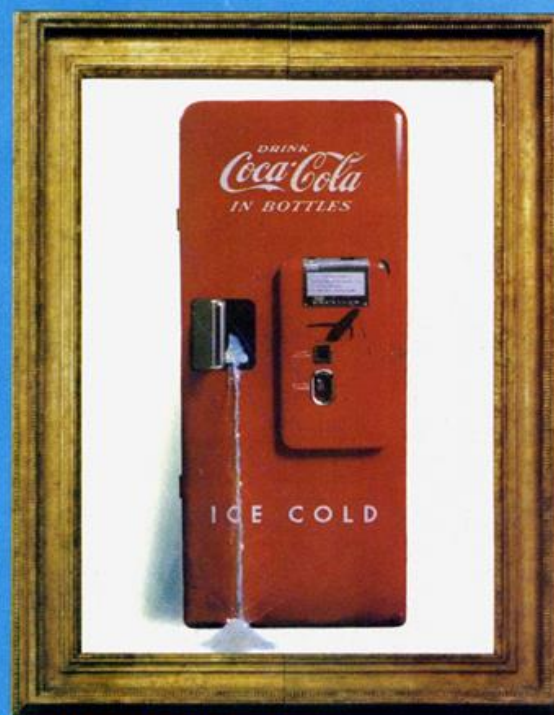
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the counterculture of the late '60s.

The order's most infamous member was magician / prophet Aleister Crowley, who made a dramatic departure from the order in 1900, when he besieged the society's headquarters wearing highland dress, an enormous gilt cross and a black mask over his face. Four years later he received by demonic revelation *The Book of the Law*, considered by many to be the prophetic text for the Age of Aquarius. The Golden Dawn's other alumni include poet W. B. Yeats, Oscar Wilde's wife Constance and Bernard Shaw's mistress Florence Farr.

Howe's book contains many bizarre tales (my favorite concerns MacGregor Mathers, the order's one-time leader, who spent his afternoons rattling dried peas in a sieve under the delusion that they were the defected members of the Golden Dawn), but not as mere sensationalism. *The Magicians of the Golden Dawn* is an ingenious piece of historical detective work by a leading authority on occult societies.

—David Dalton

GETTING SCREWED, by Philip F. Tennyson (Portland, Oregon: Impartiality, Inc., \$14.95), and **THE WHOREHOUSE**, by F. N. Wright (Thousand Oaks, California: Young-Davis Press, \$5.95). Both of these new West Coast novels deal with consumer rape, perhaps accounting for the similarity in titles. *Getting Screwed* is a welcome satire of America's premier passion outside of sex: cars, but not just cars, car dealers, and not just the standard shyster stereotypes of car dealers, but car dealerships that have grown into slick mini-conglomerates. Tennyson's fictional Skrooo Motors has its own insurance company, credit-and-loan association and car-service division, each ripping a piece off of the protagonists: Jim, a mattress-factory hognailer, and his wife Betty. *Getting Screwed* is a good guide to what to watch out for when buying a car, and its author knows whereof he writes; Tennyson spent five years burning real-life customers as a car salesman.

GETTING SCREWED

Philip F. Tennyson

not just cars, car dealers, and not just the standard shyster stereotypes of car dealers, but car dealerships that have grown into slick mini-conglomerates. Tennyson's fictional Skrooo Motors has its own insurance company, credit-and-loan association and car-service division, each ripping a piece off of the protagonists: Jim, a mattress-factory hognailer, and his wife Betty. *Getting Screwed* is a good guide to what to watch out for when buying a car, and its author knows whereof he writes; Tennyson spent five years burning real-life customers as a car salesman.



F. N. Wright's *The Whorehouse* is a manic picture of thriving, dope-smoking, fornicating working stiffs employed by a booming record-store chain, who are assiduously abused by their boss, an avaricious Japanese-Jew named Abe Fugumomma, and self-abused by their own troublesome incompetence. Capitalism slams into true funk, with scatological consequences. Not for the weak of mind.

—Craig Silver

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Jack Abraham

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Jack Abraham



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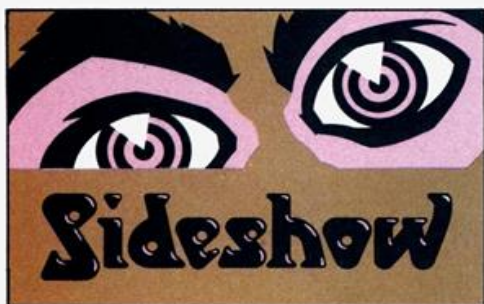


Jack Abraham

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You'll have fun fun fun till your daddy takes your Seasmokes away. This line of puffers features a mating of ceramics and exotic sea shells. The California Seasnail (left) has the shell of a ram's horn snail, \$6.50; the Candy Stripe Set (center) has a base of white auger from the Philippines and pipe of Haitian tree snail; \$5; and the Baja Whale (right) is a gold-mouthed turbo, \$8. From Seasmoke Products, 7302 La Cienaga Blvd., Inglewood, California 90302.

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, send it to the Flash editor. ☛



Pete Lippincott

Strictly By Chance

Michael Chance's expertise in dope laws and lobbies is tempered by his experience as writer-reporter for the underground Madison, Wisconsin, newspaper *Take Over* before coming to *High Times* as crime and society editor in 1976. He also served as editor for the "National Weed" back in the days of its original tabloid incarnation. Amidst his pipe collection and photography equipment, Chance likes to pursue the ramifications of eventual legalization on law, medicine and education.



It's a Setup

Glamour and Unbearable Excitement Department: Welcome backstage at a *High Times* photo session. Design director T. Courtney Brown (left) carefully positions the model's knee and cops a feel at the same time while photographer Mick Rock (center) checks the air for any negative ions that might cause an overexposure. At right, Mick's partner and illustrator Ernie Thormalin uses complicated Egyptian arm method to measure light. Readers are familiar with Mick and Ernie's creations for "Fuck-Me Fashions" (March '78) and "Don't Bug Me" (April '78), respectively. Mick's album covers for Lou Reed's *Transformer* and Iggy Pop's *Raw Power* are classics.

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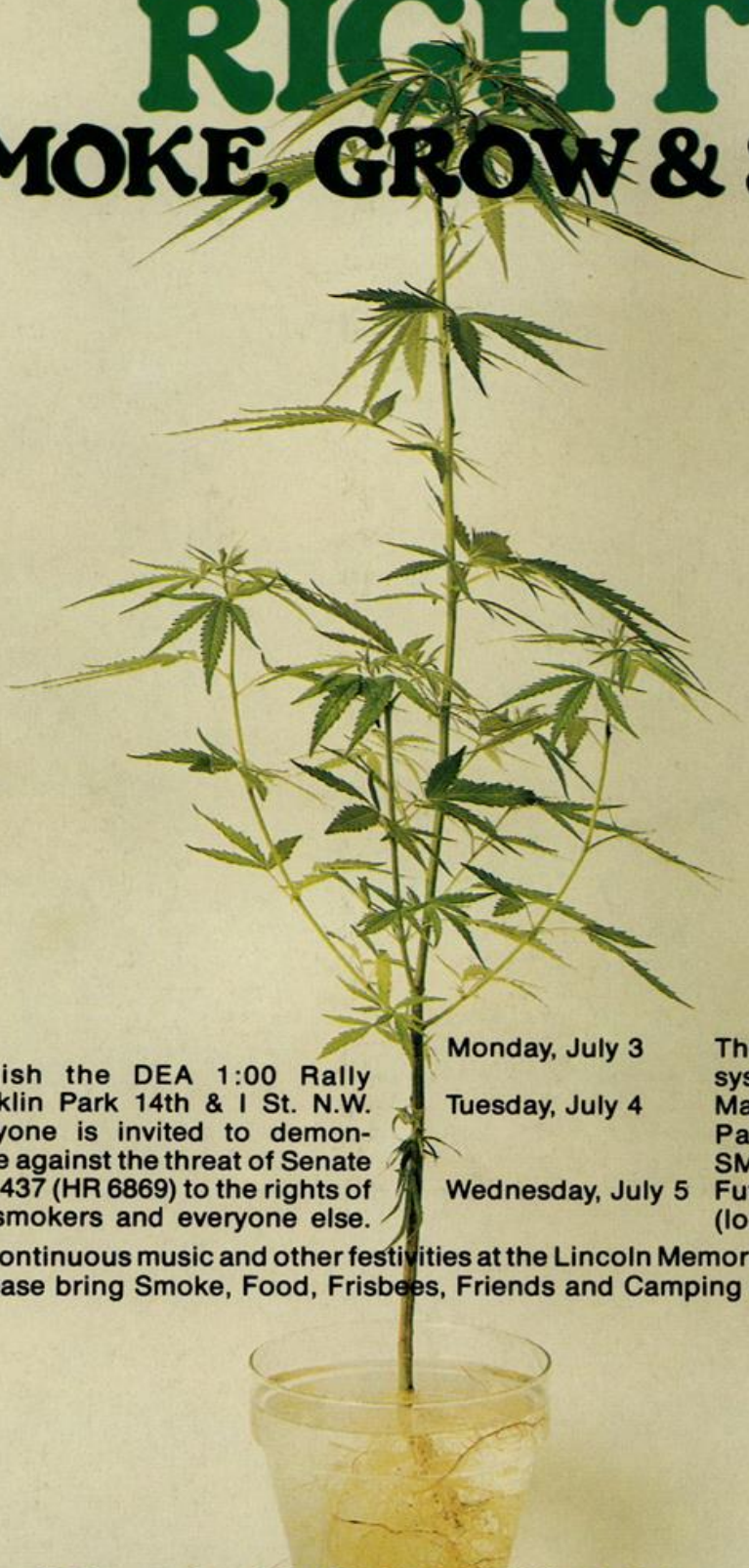
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High Times

JULY 1978



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